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(FRONTISPIECE.) — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

ASHBY'S ESCAPE.

BATTLE-FIELDS OF '61

A NARRATIVE OF THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF THE WAR
FOR THE UNION UP TO THE END OF THE
PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

BY
WILLIS J. ABBOT

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. C. JACKSON



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INTRODUCTION.



THE events in that colossal struggle for national unity on the one side, and for sectional independence upon the other, generally termed the Civil War in the United States, seem naturally to fall into three groups or periods.

The first period was one of doubt and uncertainty; of measuring strength; of forming and rejecting plans; of testing and discarding generals. Beginning with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and ending with the disastrous failure of General McClellan's peninsular campaign, it comprehended many notable victories for both Federals and Confederates. It was a period in which the men of the South held themselves wholly on the defensive. The battles were fought upon Southern soil. The gray-clad armies did not set foot upon Northern territory during its continuance. Yet at the end of this period the work of quelling the uprising of the Southern people seemed as far from completion as on that July day when McDowell's troops recoiled, shattered and bleeding, from the fatal field of Bull Run.

The second period begins with General Lee's invasion of Maryland. The Confederates had become alive to the magnitude of the task they had imposed upon themselves when they sought to rend in twain the American Union. They had discovered the determination of the North. They had seen more than a year pass with no sign of recognition from any European nation. They felt themselves growing exhausted by the strain of a purely defensive warfare. Rallying all their strength they carried the war into the Northern States, and fought fiercely to maintain it there. It was during this period that the most

hotly contested battles were fought, and the most dashing and colossal campaigns undertaken.

The third period dates from the accession of General Grant to the supreme command of the Union armies. Before the constant and merciless blows of "the Great Hammerer" the Confederate armies wasted away. It was an era of fighting against fate. All hope of victory was dead. The one chance of success for the Confederates lay in the recognition of the Confederacy by some foreign power, which should give them succor and assistance. Clinging to this desperate hope they fought a dilatory warfare against overwhelming odds, until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox happily ended the fratricidal war.

Under the title "Battle Fields of '61" I have tried to tell the story of the first period of this protracted struggle. In telling it I have ever kept in mind the fact that military genius and human bravery must always awaken admiration, even when enlisted in support of a cause which we may regard as eternally wrong. The march of time has put the civil war and its causes far behind us. Let us recognize the sincerity and conscientiousness of the men who drew the sword in support of the South, and accept the records of their valor, perseverance, and uncomplaining endurance as a part of the glorious heritage of the people of the United States.

WILLIS J. ABBOT.



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BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUARREL. — HOW THE WAR SPIRIT GREW AND WAS FOSTERED. — SLAVERY. — THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE. — THE WAR IN KANSAS. — THE MASSACRE AT DUTCH HENRY'S CROSSING. — ACTS OF VIOLENCE. — THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. — JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.



URING the winter of 1860 and the early spring of 1861 the eyes of the civilized world were fixed upon the comparatively insignificant American seaport town, Charleston, South Carolina. Rising directly from the water, in the very centre of the entrance to that harbor stood the mass of masonry known as Fort Sumter, — a name destined to go down to fame along with Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, and other by-words of American history. A handful of United States soldiers occupied the fort, and from its flag-staff floated the stars and stripes. The national colors, floating over a national fortress, in the harbor of one of the oldest cities of the United States, —

surely in that there could be nothing to excite apprehension at home, or to cause European peoples to divert their attention from the political quarrels and dissensions with which Europe is forever racked, and to shake their heads with apprehension of grave troubles in store for the great American republic.

But was Fort Sumter in a United States port? The blue-clad Federal soldier, peering through a casemate across the cold gray waters of Charleston harbor in January, '61, might well be excused for doubt upon this point. From the low-lying shores surrounding the harbor ramparts and bastions were rising, and the black muzzles of half a hundred guns were pointed towards Sumter. Over these armed works flags were flying, but the familiar flag of the Union was nowhere to be seen. Over most of the batteries waved the palmetto flag of South Carolina. At one point a banner, bearing a representation of a pelican feeding its young, told that a celebrated artillery company from Louisiana was encamped beneath its shadow. After the 5th of March, the beleaguered garrison saw a new flag appear over the hostile works,—the stars and bars of the young Confederate States of America.

Had any soldier among the besieged wearers of the blue felt any doubt as to the true meaning of those frowning ramparts, those menacing cannon, and those strange and unaccustomed flags, he had not long to wait for enlightenment: for at half-past four, on the morning of the 12th of April, 1861, a gun fired from a battery on James Island sent a shell shrieking through the air to burst directly above the flag waving from the bastion of Fort Sumter. It was the appointed signal for the opening of the bombardment, and it proved to be, moreover, the signal for the commencement of the most colossal and the most bloody war of modern history; and, saddest of all, it was the signal for civil war,—a war in which brother was arrayed against brother, and fathers against their sons.

But, though the civil war began with that shot fired at Fort Sumter, we must go back in the history of the United States several years, to find the causes which gradually led up to the bitter struggle. Mere

sectional jealousy had much to do with it. In those days the railroads did not bind together the widely separated parts of the country with iron bonds. New Orleans was as far from New York then, as New York is now from London or Paris. The business interests of the North and South were diverse. News and letters travelled slowly between the sections. Though nominally a united nation, the States of the Union were in reality strangers to each other, full of jealousies and bickerings, and ripe for a civil war that to-day would be impossible.

With so little to unite the individual States into one strong nation, it is small wonder that a political question of supreme importance should serve to divide the Union into two hostile parties, and that the bitterness engendered by political discussion, victory, and defeat should finally result in the withdrawal of a number of the States for the purpose of setting up a nation of their own. Such a question there was, embittering the debates in Congress, breaking up political parties and organized churches, and carrying hatred even into families. It was the question of SLAVERY.

But, while the existence of slavery in the Southern States did lead up to the war, it is a mistake to look upon that great conflict as an organized and deliberate effort to achieve the freedom of the negro by the sword. That in the end that long and bloody struggle did result in the total abolition of slavery in the United States was, indeed, so great a boon to the cause of civilization, that before it all other evidences of the world's progress during the present century seem as nothing; but that the war did so result was due to no preconcerted plan. The South may have avowedly gone to war for the protection of its slaves, but the North, in taking up arms, strenuously denied its intention of looking upon the enslaved blacks as other than private property, just like the planter's horses or oxen. Even after the war was fairly opened, when General Fremont, commanding the United States troops in Missouri, took it upon himself to declare free all those slaves in Missouri whose owners had taken up arms against the Federal government, his action was severely condemned by the Federal authori-

ties, and the order revoked by the direction of President Lincoln himself.

But though the North, through its representatives at Washington, before the beginning of the war and for some time after active hostilities had begun, denied any intention to interfere with slavery in the States in which it already existed, yet popular sentiment in the North was boldly outspoken in demanding that as new States were admitted to the Union from the rapidly growing territory west of the Mississippi river, they should be admitted as free States, and have incorporated in the constitution of each a section declaring human slavery illegal. The people of the South saw that, if this were done, the free States would soon outnumber the slave States, and the existence of the institution of slavery in the South would be jeopardized. Quick to take alarm, and having always looked upon the Federal union as a union of sovereign States, created by the States and terminable at the will of any one of them, the people of the Southern States were readily persuaded by their leaders that their wisest course was to withdraw entirely from a Union in which their property rights were menaced by the growing strength of the party of anti-slavery. And so it happened that when the presidential election of 1860 ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Southern States, one after another, declared their intention of immediately seceding from the United States. The States of the North, remaining loyal to the national government, declared that that government was founded upon an irrevocable pact; that no State had the authority to declare itself free of Federal authority, and that that authority should be established and its mandates enforced in every city and village of the seceding States. There lay the issue, and then followed the war which was to decide it.

This quarrel between the slavery and anti-slavery parties began as early as 1820, when Missouri, the first of the new States west of the Mississippi, knocked for admission to the Union. After prolonged debate she was admitted as a slave State, but at the same time Congress enacted a law which provided that thereafter no new State or Territory

lying north of the southern boundary of Missouri should recognize slavery as lawful. For a time this stilled the gathering storm, but when it again broke forth it was with renewed fury.

With the continued stream of émigration westward, the territory lying to the west of Missouri soon began to fill up. Settlers poured in, farms and clearings became numerous, little villages began to grow up. While the country was wild and sparsely populated the settlers governed themselves, recognizing no authority, and appealing to none for protection. But, as the population increased, the necessity for a regular form of government became apparent, and in 1854 we find the two Territories of Kansas and Nebraska organized, and asking Congress to provide them with territorial officers and recognize them as Territories of the United States. Both lay north of the southern boundary line of Missouri, but both were admitted as Territories, with the proviso that slavery should be recognized or prohibited according to the will of a majority of the settlers in the Territory. By this act the historic Missouri Compromise, which had been expected to settle the slavery question, was annulled. After this the struggle between the slavery and anti-slavery elements became one of deeds as well as of words. In the halls of Congress, in debating societies, and at political gatherings of all kinds the discussion was carried on. But out in Kansas the rifle and the shot-gun were the arguments upon which both sides largely relied.

The bill by which Kansas and Nebraska were constituted Territories had, as we have said, left the question of slavery to the attention of the territorial legislatures alone. Slaveholders and politicians of the South determined that, in Kansas at least, the legislature should recognize slavery as a lawful institution. In order that the legislature might be controlled, it was essential that Kansas should be settled by slave-owners, or, at least, believers in slavery. Hardly had the bill become a law when colonizing parties from all parts of the South were on the march for Kansas. The people of Missouri were particularly active in this work. Dominated by the slave power, this State did not wish to see a free

State organized upon her western border. Therefore Missourians were untiring in the work of colonization. .

This work of the pro-slavery people had been prosecuted for several months before the anti-slavery societies of the North conceived the idea of using the same tactics. Once embarked upon this course, however they followed it with unflagging zeal, and a stream of emigrants began to flow from New England into Kansas. The pro-slavery movement had begun first, however, and the first trial of strength between the two parties—the election of a delegate to Congress—resulted in the election of the pro-slavery candidate by an enormous majority.

Of course the victorious party was loud in its boasting, but the anti-slavery men were in no wise cast down. The election upon which the existence of slavery within the Territory should depend, was the election of a territorial legislature, and this was not to be held until the 30th of March, four months later. So they plucked up courage, sent for reënforcements of voters from New England, and prepared to measure their strength with their adversaries again. When the test actually occurred a surprising thing happened.

Thirty days before the election an official census of the Territory showed that there were therein 2,905 voters, about equally divided between the two parties. No one moving into the Territory after that census was legally entitled to vote; yet when the ballots were counted after the election, March 30, 1855, there were found 6,307 votes, and over three-fourths of them were for the pro-slavery candidates.

How did it happen? The Missourians had simply taken a very audacious method of demonstrating their intention of making Kansas a slave State. From Westport and Independence, and the Missouri towns near the Kansas border, crowds of Missourians, carrying rifles and bowie-knives, had crossed the State line and taken possession of the polling-places. Any protest on the part of the election judges was met with a display of revolvers and knives that generally proved effectual. At Lawrence, Kans., the leader of a gang of Missourians stepped up with his ballot.

"Are you a resident of Kansas?" asked the judge of election.

"I am," was the unblushing answer.

"Does your family reside in the Territory?" continued the judge, with some incredulity.

"None of your business! If you give me any more of your impertinence I'll knock your head off your shoulders."

The judge looked at the brawny Missourian, pistol in belt, the hilt of a knife protruding from the top of his boot. Behind him were a hundred more of the same sort. Evidently discretion was the wisest course, and setting the ballot-box out where it would be most convenient for the Missourians, the judge of elections departed from the scene.

At Bloomington the judges stood guard over the ballot-box, and stoutly refused to allow the colonizers to cast a vote.

"Well, gentlemen," said the leader of the Missourians, "ye can hev just five minutes to make up yer minds. At the end of that time you resign, or —" and he patted the lock of his rifle significantly.

When the time expired, there was no need to use the rifle. The judges were nowhere to be seen.

So the first Kansas legislature was elected, — a legislature, of course, strongly pro-slavery in its character. But violence and fraud of this kind always works the defeat of the cause it is intended to serve, and the indignation aroused among all honorable and fair-minded men, by this bold act of the Missourians, did much toward making Kansas ultimately a free State.

But for the time it was not safe for any one in Kansas or Missouri to condemn the high-handed lawlessness by which the election was carried. A Missouri editor who rashly condemned the proceedings saw the entire equipment of his newspaper office thrown into the Missouri river by an enraged mob. A Kansas lawyer, active in protesting, was seized by a mob, coated with tar and feathers, carried through the streets of Leavenworth on a rail, and finally sold at a public mock auction, a negro slave acting as auctioneer.

Nevertheless, mob law never yet accomplished a political victory, and Kansas became a free State, after all.

It is not necessary here to tell the story of the long struggle for Kansas: how New England immigrants came pouring in by thousands, well furnished with Sharps' rifles, and but meagrely provided with ploughs and hoes. The Missourians had thrown down the gauntlet. New England took it up. From literary Boston one hundred cases, marked "books," were sent to certain prominent free-State men of Lawrence, Kans. When opened, the library was found to consist of Sharps' rifles only. From New Haven came seventy-nine trusty men, whose stock in trade was "Bibles and loaded carbines." Collisions between the antagonistic parties soon became frequent, and the struggle for supremacy in Kansas took on the proportions of a war.

To tell in detail the events of the war for Kansas: how now the free-State and now the pro-slavery party was in the ascendancy; how, one after the other, the territorial governors sent out to govern the Territory failed in their efforts to preserve order; how men were murdered in cold blood or shot down in hot fight, — all this would require a volume to itself, and has but a remote bearing upon the subject of this book. But as some of the leading events of the Kansas war are pertinent to the narrative of the civil war, as showing how bitter was the struggle over the existence of slavery, even ten years before a single statesman, or newspaper of note, dared to demand its entire abolition, they may be briefly touched upon here.

For some time after the election a kind of armed peace rested upon Kansas. The territorial legislature adopted a constitution and enacted statutes in which the slavery question was evaded with extreme neatness. Then both parties rested on their arms, and each waited for the other to make the first move. The importation of Sharps' rifles was in no way checked, and the Missourians still paid friendly visits to the Territory when any question of importance was to be settled at the polls. That beneath the calm surface there raged the fires of partisan hatred was occasionally shown. Thus, at Atchison, a clergyman, an

outspoken abolitionist, was taken from his house by a mob, dragged to the Missouri river, there placed on a raft and sent drifting down that turbid stream with the curses of a pro-slavery mob, and a warning not to return, under penalty of death ringing in his ears. He did come back, despite the warning, and, though his life was spared, was escorted out of town for the second time, this time clad in a coat of tar and feathers.

Soon after, a sheriff of strong pro-slavery beliefs had occasion to arrest a free-State man. Before getting his prisoner to jail he was stopped by an armed party of free-State men and the prisoner liberated. The Missourians thereupon poured over the border to help a Kansas sheriff enforce the laws. The town of Lawrence, a very head-centre of the free-State movement, was besieged. The people of the town rallied to its defence, shouldered their rifles, and spent days and nights in the trenches. An immense amount of parleying was done, but no fighting; and, after the two hostile parties had doggedly confronted each other for four days, a storm of snow and sleet drove the Missourians home. But the siege of Lawrence should be ever memorable, for there first appeared, as a public advocate of immediate and uncompromising warfare upon slavery, that inscrutable character, half madman, half seer, John Brown.

An uncompromising foe to slavery was old John Brown. While others fought to make Kansas a free State, he fought only for the total abolition of slavery in all parts of the United States. A stern, hard nature was his; all warrior, with none of the arts of the politician. Stood a stone wall in his path, he would go through or over it; the idea of getting around an obstacle never occurred to him. He came to Kansas, not as a settler seeking a home, but as a self-appointed crusader, to begin there that struggle against slavery which culminated in his measuring his single-handed strength against the power of the United States, and paying for his rashness upon the scaffold.

John Brown was a believer in fighting fire with fire. His remedy

for the violence existing in Kansas was, more violence. If the pro-slavery men terrorized the anti-slavery settlers, his advice to the injured party was to get down their carbines and send their persecutors out of the world. In later days this sword-wielding Puritan has been exalted on high as a martyr and saint; but it is hard to read the account of his first exploit without feeling that, though in his war upon slavery he was enlisted in a good cause, the methods he pursued were enough to have made the cause odious.

In May, 1856, word reached John Brown that certain pro-slavery people, in the vicinity known as Dutch Henry's Crossing, were intimidating free-State men and forcing them to leave the country. No violence had been done, though threats were freely used. In fact, the pro-slavery men were employing the same tactics toward the free-State men that John Brown, and his son of the same name, had freely used in their operations against the men arrayed upon the side of slavery. But for some reason this news seemed to work strangely upon Brown, and aroused all the fanaticism in his nature.

Hastily organizing a party of eight men, all but two of whom were members of his own household, Brown armed them with swords and cutlasses.

"It is time these outrages were stopped," said he; "I shall make an example of those fellows."

With this vague declaration of his intentions, he led his party to the neighborhood of Dutch Henry's Crossing. Then, stopping by night in the dark woods that fringed the banks of the Pottawatomie, he unfolded his plan. This was nothing less than to raid up and down the banks of the creek, murdering all settlers who were suspected of sympathy with the cause of slavery.

But against this bloody programme his followers rebelled. For hours Brown harangued, argued, and pleaded with them. He declared that it had been foreordained by God that he should perform the deed. He quoted the Scriptures to prove that in thus shedding the blood of innocent men they were only acting in accordance with eternal

teachings. The men's scruples, at first strong, gradually gave way, and when the sun rose the plan for the ghastly deed was fully matured.

Not until night did Brown and his followers leave the concealment of the thicket. Then, silently stealing forth, they turned their horses' heads towards the cabin of the nearest settler marked for execution. One man advanced and rapped on the door, as though a guest requesting entrance. No answer was returned, and, after knocking again, the raiders went away without forcing their way in. "The cabin seemed to be empty," said one of them later, "though I thought I heard somebody cock a rifle inside."

Then on, up the lonely road, along by the fields which the young grain was just clothing in vernal green, and through the woods fresh with spring-time verdure.

A light shows dimly through the window of a little cabin standing back from the road. The leader pulls up.

"This is the next one," says he hoarsely, and all alight.

This time the door flies open at the knock. A flood of light pours out upon the black night. The man in the open door-way starts back in surprise, seeing the armed figures that confront him. In a moment he is seized, dragged away from his cabin door and hacked to pieces by the sharp cutlasses of Brown's men. A pistol-shot would be more merciful, but the sound would alarm the other victims, still sleeping unsuspecting in their homes, a little further on. So the heavy blows fall upon the unhappy wretch, and, almost before his wife and children can realize the sorrow that has come upon them, he lies a bleeding, lifeless form before his door-way.

"In the name of the Northern army," shouts Brown, as he mounts his horse and gallops off to seek another victim.

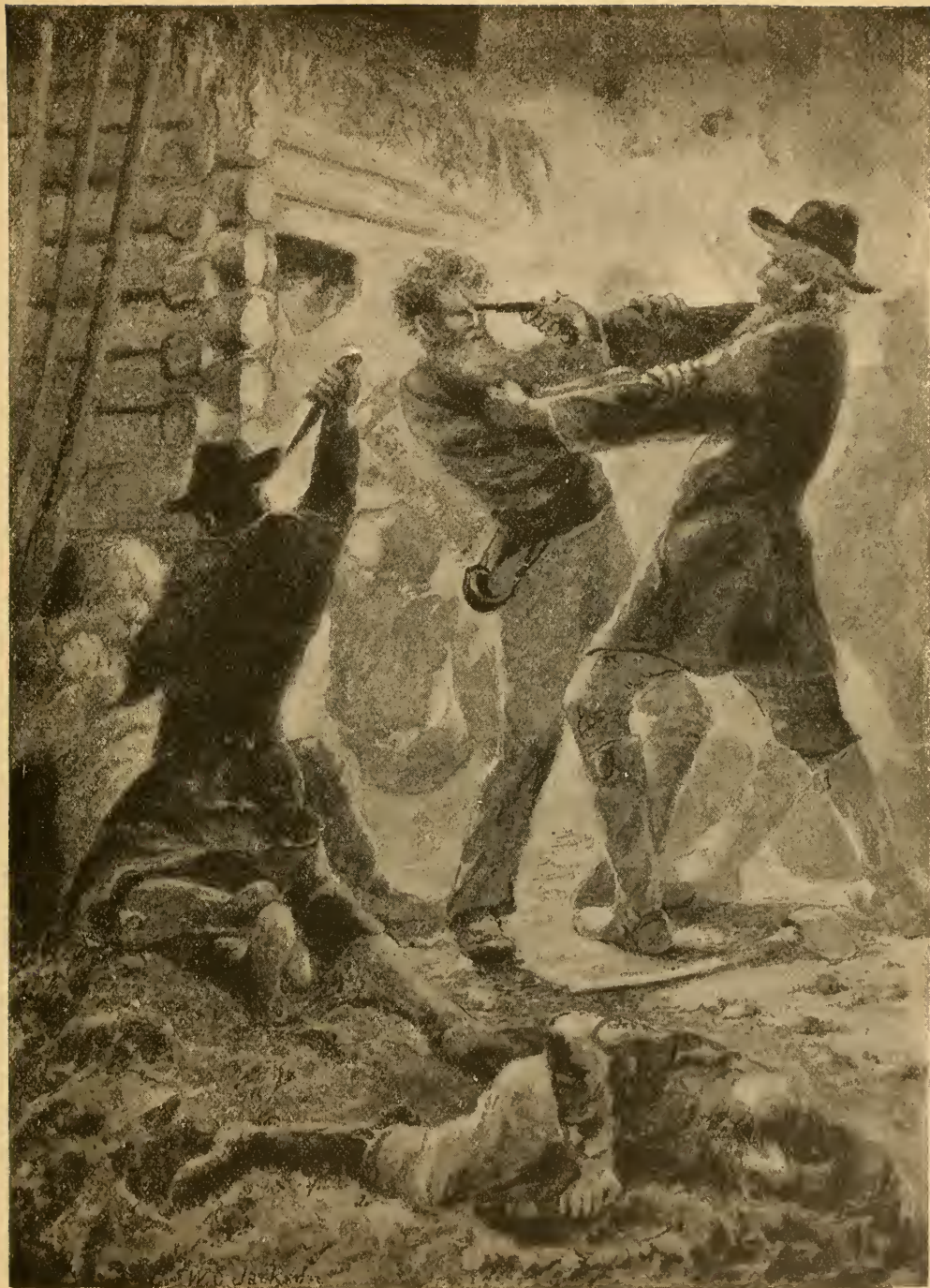
And so on, from house to house, until five men had been foully murdered and five households made desolate. These were the murders of Dutch Henry's Crossing, and this was the way in which John Brown thought the cause of freedom might best be served.

The news soon spread far and wide. Abolitionists were horrified.

Pro-slavery men were infuriated. A party of Missourians set out breathing vengeance upon John Brown, and seeking his capture. He reënforced himself, out-manœuvred his pursuers and captured them. A company of United States regular troops at this juncture appeared upon the scene and dispersed both capturers and captured. A larger party of Missourians, bent upon the same errand, was ordered out of Kansas by the United States troops, and obeyed, but on its way to the State line it made a *détour*, captured and pillaged Brown's village of Ossawatimie, and would have burned it had not the Federal troops put in a timely appearance.

Justice moved with a leaden heel in Kansas in those days. Before an indictment was found against Brown or his followers, before they could be captured, the Missourians and the pro-slavery Kansans, in their eagerness to avenge the massacre of their comrades, had committed such excesses that the massacre of Dutch Henry's Crossing was either wholly forgotten, or looked back upon as an act of war, and not of murder. Neither Brown nor any one of his companions was ever brought before a judicial tribunal to answer for those five midnight murders. Brown's act was that of a monomaniac. Brooding ever upon the wrongs of the slave, and seeing how fruitless had been every attempt to peacefully settle the point at issue between the factions, he thought to solve the question by recourse to the sword. The cause which enlisted his ill-advised energy is worthy of all reverence; but let us turn from the indiscriminate eulogy of the John Brown who died for the slave at Harper's Ferry, to consider the John Brown who dragged Kansas settlers from their humble cabins, and before the eyes of their wives and children hewed them down like cattle, with the sword. Such a deed of devilry can be excused by no plea. Brown's guilt can be palliated only by the charitable supposition that he was insane.

The massacre at Dutch Henry's Crossing was but the beginning of the struggle in Kansas. Not until 1857 did the pro-slavery men give up the contest, and even after that time the fray broke out from time to time. But during the year that followed Brown's bloody deed



PAGE 13. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

MASSACRE AT DUTCH HENRY'S CROSSING.

towns were sacked and burned, pitched battles fought, prisoners massacred, and settlers driven from the country. The law was wholly set at naught. Government there appeared to be none. Governor Shannon, who fled from the country in fear of his life, once exclaimed, in later life, "Govern the Kansas of 1855-56,—you might as well have attempted to govern the devil in hell!"

So much for the manner in which the slavery troubles rent Kansas in twain, and set neighbors on to shed each others' blood. We shall now see how the strife born in Kansas spread abroad over the entire land, and how after the fires of factional hatred had been quenched in Kansas, they broke out still more fiercely in the States along the Atlantic seaboard.

First and greatest of the causes of irritation between the slave and free States was the Fugitive Slave Law. This was an act of Congress passed in 1850, which made it imperative for the authorities of a free State to return to their masters any slaves who should have escaped and sought shelter within the boundaries of a commonwealth in which slavery was illegal. Moreover, this act declared it a crime for any one to assist a slave to escape.

Hardly had this law been placed upon the statute-books when trouble began. Slaves from Kentucky escaping from their masters crossed into Ohio. Slaves from Virginia reached Pennsylvania, or States even further north. So far from seeking to deliver them up, the people gave them shelter, hid them by day, and by night sent them a few miles nearer Canada,—the Mecca of the escaping slave. The slave-owners called upon the authorities of the Northern States to assist in the recovery of their lost property. "We are not slave-takers," was the response; and the Federal law was ignored, while the free States passed laws which impeded the slave-owner in searching for his human chattels. In more than one Northern city the populace was infuriated by the spectacle of a recaptured slave being taken in shackles back to his master. More than once such a spectacle led to a riot and the liberation of the negro.

It soon became evident to the slave-owners that there existed so lively an antipathy to the institution of slavery among the people of the free States, that a slave had but to cross the State line in order to be assured of aid in securing his freedom. The Fugitive Slave Law was a dead letter, and the "Underground Railway," as the systematized coöperation with escaping slaves was called, was in full operation. Then cried the slave-owners, "If the laws of the Union cannot protect our property, let the Union be dissolved, and we will form for ourselves a government capable of affording us protection."

Nor did the cry for the dissolution of the Union come altogether from the South. In the North most of the people had no desire to interfere with the existence of slavery in those States wherein it was already established. The creation of new slave States they vehemently opposed, and they stubbornly refused to aid slave-owners in recovering their lost property; but beyond this their hostility to slavery did not go. There were, however, in the North a few men of strong convictions, extraordinary intellectual ability, and vast energy, who held that slavery should be abolished in all parts of the United States. More by virtue of their uncompromising activity and their fearless oratory, than by their numerical strength, these men had made themselves and their doctrine the dread of the Southern slave-holder. And as the slave-holder demanded that the Union should be dissolved because its laws did not sufficiently protect slavery, so these abolitionists insisted that the Union should be dissolved because it recognized slavery as a legal institution within certain geographical bounds.

Here we have all the conditions necessary for a fierce outbreak. In the South an army of slave-holders, convinced that their prosperity was dependent upon the existence of slavery; in the North the great body of the people quietly hostile to slavery, though not seeking to accomplish its overthrow, and behind this mass of the people a score or more of uncompromising abolitionists, printing anti-slavery newspapers, haranguing anti-slavery meetings, writing anti-slavery books, and losing no opportunity to help a slave to run away or to incite others

to the same work. Naturally the people of the South thought that the abolitionists represented the opinion of all the Northern people, and it needed only slight provocation to arouse their already open resentment to vindictive retaliation.

The spark which was to touch off this mine was supplied by that firebrand of Kansas, John Brown.

Kansas no longer offered a field for Brown's peculiar energies. The question of slavery had been settled there once for all, by the overwhelming victory of the free-State party. For Brown, however, the cause in which he had already seen the life's blood of two of his sons shed was not settled by the victory in Kansas. Nothing less than the complete and immediate abolition of slavery throughout the United States would satisfy him, and with his characteristic scorn of political methods, and complete indifference to the odds against him, he set about the task of crushing slavery, alone and with the sword.

The preparations for the first blow were quietly made. Brown left Kansas, hired a small farm in Virginia, near Harper's Ferry, and there settled down, seemingly to lead the quiet life of a farmer. Observing neighbors, however, might have noticed that Brown's fields were little tilled, and that by day his farm wagon was kept busy in dragging heavy boxes from the nearest railway station to his house. Few inquiries were made, for Brown's manner was stern and repellant, and people were slow to become intimate with him. But had any inquisitive neighbor persistently pushed his investigations into the mysterious freight which was continually received at Brown's farm, he would have found that the boxes contained Sharps' rifles, revolvers, and cutlasses,—a species of agricultural implement with the use of which John Brown had become quite familiar during the stormy days in Kansas.

The mind of this strange old man—a mind shrewd and sound enough upon all questions save one—was now working upon a plan for striking slavery a blow which should cripple it, if not, indeed, immediately put an end to it for all time. It was an absurd plan,—a plan which could only have been conceived by a maniac; a plan which was

based upon a complete misunderstanding of the character of the people who it was intended should coöperate in this effort to secure their freedom; a plan the success of which was only possible in case the authorities of the United States should prove incompetent to put down a petty uprising.

What, then, was the enterprise upon which old John Brown, of Ossawatimic, was about to embark?

Briefly summarized, it was a plan to incite the negro slaves to rise against their masters, to furnish the insurgents with arms and with white leaders; and finally, if the United States government should throw its power in the scale with the masters, Brown proposed to lead a rebellion against the government, and establish a commonwealth in which the white man and the black should enjoy equal political rights.

And all this he proposed to accomplish with a few rifles and a handful of men!

Before taking his little farm in Virginia, Brown had carefully matured his plans. In the little village of Harper's Ferry, set down on the Virginia side of the Potomac river just where that noble stream forces its way through the rocky fastnesses of the Alleghany mountains, was a United States arsenal, well stored with rifles, cutlasses, cannon, and all the munitions of war. To seize this armory, to hold the town by force of arms, to send the news far and wide across slave-holding Virginia, that slaves could find arms and leaders ready for them at Harper's Ferry,—these were the primary features of Brown's great project, and these he carried out. But in the expectation that the slaves would flock to his banner he was most cruelly deceived.

With this project in his mind Brown rented his little farm on the hills above Harper's Ferry, and began getting together his arms and the men to wield them. By the time eighteen men had gathered there his impatience for immediate action would brook no further delay. Moreover, the people in that quiet place were becoming curious as to the meaning of this force of armed men at Old Brown's farm; so, on the 16th of October, 1859, John Brown shouldered his

musket and led his little troop of seventeen men down into Harper's Ferry.

Of course at the outset he met only success. The people of the little village had no idea that grim-visaged war was at their very doors, that calm Sabbath evening. Few citizens were on the streets. The marauders reached the arsenal almost unmolested, though on the way they shot down one negro slave who refused to join them. It is worthy of note that thus early in the history of Brown's raid appears that element which led to the complete downfall of his hopes and plans, *i.e.*, the naturally peaceful and law-abiding disposition of the negro, which made him unwilling to join in any violence, even when the purpose of that violence was to secure his own freedom. So it happened that the first negro whom Brown sought to win over to his side refused, and laid down his life in the refusal. Indeed, the few slaves who joined Brown after the raid was begun, did so upon compulsion, and not of their own volition.

Meeting but little opposition in their march through the streets of the city, Brown and his men reached the arsenal, seized it, and fortified themselves to meet the attack which they knew would be made the day following.

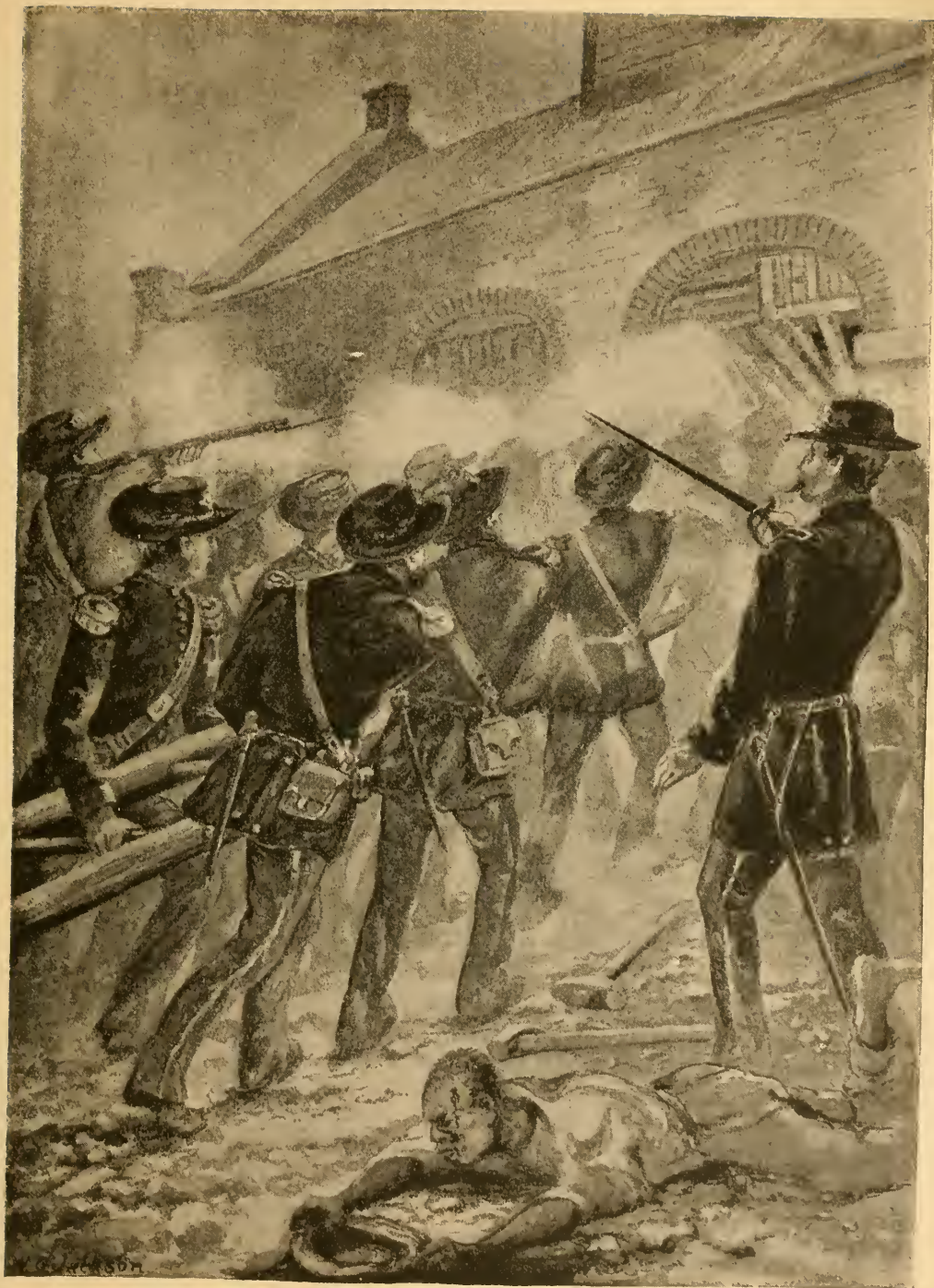
They had not long to wait. The towns-people, enraged by the audacious affront, advanced early to the attack. The besieged defended themselves vigorously. The mayor of the city, who was undauntedly leading an assault upon the stone engine-house in which the invaders had barricaded themselves, was shot down. After the mayor's death the fight slackened for a time. Brown sent out a party to cut the telegraph-wires and arouse the slaves. In the latter undertaking, however, they met little success; and Brown realized, when it was too late, that the people he had come to free had not the courage to lift a hand or fire a shot to free themselves. By nightfall on the 17th Brown must have seen the hopelessness of his position. With his handful of comrades he was cooped up in a small building not naturally fitted for defence. On the hills that surrounded it on all sides, behind trees, stone walls,

fences, and everything that could afford a little shelter, were militia-men and citizens, each armed with a rifle, and all intent upon killing the first man who showed himself at window or door. A continual fusilade was kept up, and one by one Brown's men were laid low. Once he offered to surrender, but the killing of the mayor and of two other popular citizens had maddened the towns-people, and they spurned the proffered compromise. So the fight continued, a fight with rifles at short range, until Tuesday morning, when a squad of United States marines, sent from Washington to put a speedy end to this petty rebellion, appeared upon the scene.

In command of this body of regulars were two United States officers, of whom we shall hear much in the course of this book,—Col. Robert E. Lee and Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart.

The appearance of the Federal forces put a speedy end to the battle. Wasting no time on long-range rifle practice, they charged the building in which the insurgents were housed. A ladder was brought to the scene, and, wielded by stalwart arms, was used as a battering-ram. A warm reception was given them. From window and door rifles were levelled, and spat out their spiteful messages of death. Old Brown was wounded, one of his sons lay dead at his feet, and a second, mortally wounded, clung to his knee. But the grim old man still cheered on his comrades to a gallant, though hopeless, resistance, and loaded and fired his own rifle with the calmness of a veteran. At last the door gave way before the blows of the attacking party. A volley is fired into the midst of the despairing defenders. Pistol and cutlass in hand, the marines, led by Lee and Stuart, rush in and cut down all who oppose them. Old Brown, bleeding from half a dozen ghastly wounds, is dragged out. Ten of his comrades were left dead upon the floor of the engine-house, and seven were taken prisoners. All were speedily thrown into jail to await their trial for treason.

The news of this occurrence spread like wildfire over the land. Among the abolitionists Brown and his companions were lauded as heroes, martyrs to a great and undying cause. Among the slave-holders



Brown was looked upon as a typical Northerner. "This," they cried, "is what we may expect from the people of the North. They will come among us with rifles and with sabres in their hands. They will shoot down our citizens in our streets. They will incite our slaves to rise and murder us. Let us hasten to form for ourselves a government which shall afford us protection against those who now are our fellow-countrymen."

Not even after Brown and his seven comrades had paid, upon the scaffold, the penalty of their crime did the slave-holders feel reassured. The blow had been too great. The abolitionists had been too outspoken in their approval of Brown's course, and too vigorous in their denunciation of the court that inflicted upon him the death-penalty, for the slave-holders to feel any confidence that similar expeditions would not be organized. And so the ill-feeling and jealousy between the two sections was bred and fostered, and the talk of dissolving the Union, which in 1857 and earlier had been a mere threat uttered by discontented parties North and South alike, became in 1859 a plan of action discussed in legislative assemblies and in mass meetings of the people of the Southern cities.

John Brown builded far better than he knew. Beyond a doubt he marched down into Harper's Ferry that October night thinking that to his standard would flock the slaves, and he would lead them through bloody strife to freedom. Therein he was most bitterly deceived. But his ill-fated expedition stirred the South to a course of action in which the North never could acquiesce. His death on the scaffold, too, set men thinking of the cause for which he died. And so it happened, that though John Brown suffered death in a shameful form, yet the cause he loved sprang strengthened from his grave, and his name survived to be a watchword upon the lips of the Union soldier as he fought the long and hard contested fights which ended in the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery.

Right well did the poet Stedman warn the men who cried out for the execution of John Brown, when the old man lay still suffering from his wounds in the jail at Charlestown:—

"But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon

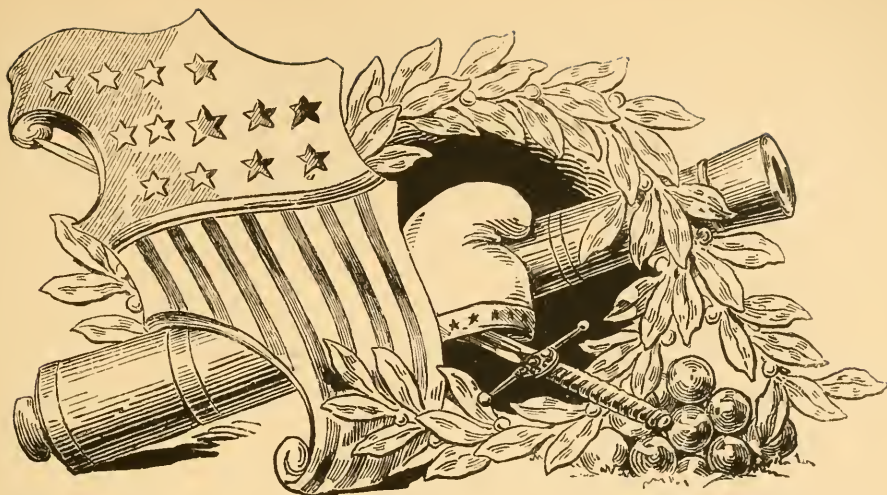
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life veins, like the red gore of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands,
And Old Brown.

Ossawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down."





CHAPTER II.

THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE. — NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN ELECTED. — THE SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA. — SEIZURE OF FEDERAL FORTS. — LIEUTENANT SLEMME SAVED FORT PICKENS. — SECRETARY DIX AND THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THESE, then, were the causes that were operating to destroy the Union, and when the year 1860 came in, the movement had taken shape, and thoughtful people began to see that a long and bitter conflict between the two sections was inevitable. This was a year of political activity. Before appealing to the sword the South was to make a last attempt to maintain its supremacy by the ballot. And so, though the cry of secession was heard in the public places of more than one Southern State during the year, yet the South put a presidential candidate in the field, and awaited the result of the election before taking any active steps toward the dissolution of the Union.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth president of the United States, then occupied the White House. He had been raised to office by the vote

of the Democratic party, the party with which the people of the South were almost universally in accord, and which, in the election of 1856, had shown itself an irresistible force in national politics. But when a successor to Buchanan came to be chosen, it became evident that this great party was split in two, divided against itself. And the rock upon which it had split was slavery. The Democratic party had been a national party, though in its councils the South had hitherto been the controlling element. But in April, 1860, when the national convention of the party met in Charleston, the demands of the Southern delegates for a recognition of slavery by the party were so extreme, that, after several days of wrangling, the convention adjourned in an uproar, without having made any nominations, each faction agreeing to meet later, and put its nominations in the field.

In May the national convention of the then young Republican party met at Chicago, and nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for the presidency. In its platform this party declared that the national Congress should prohibit the establishment of slavery in the Territories.

June 23 the Northern Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore, and nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, for the presidency. In its platform this convention declared that the question of slavery in the Territories should be left to a vote of the people of the Territories, or made subject to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

June 28 the Southern "National Democratic party" assembled in convention at Baltimore, and nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President. The declaration of this party as to slavery was to the effect that neither Congress nor any territorial legislature had the right to prohibit slavery in a Territory, and that it was the duty of the Federal government to protect slavery in the Territories whenever such protection seemed necessary.

Besides these three candidates for the presidency there was James Bell, the candidate of the "Constitutional Union party,"—a political organization built from the ruins of the old Native American or

"Know-Nothing" party. The platform of this party evaded the slavery issue altogether.

Here, then, were four candidates for the Presidency of the United States. The one great issue of the day was the toleration of slavery in the Territories. One party evaded this issue, and it was clear, therefore, that its candidate was out of the race. The Democratic party, with all its traditions and tremendous numerical strength, was split in twain. At a time when one candidate would need every Democratic vote to secure his election, the vote of the party was to be divided between two candidates. The young Republican party, born only four years before, was, on the contrary, strong and lusty. Its platform disposed of the slavery question in no uncertain tones. Its leader was a man of the people, — no politician with a record of political chicanery to cover up, but a sturdy, sterling son of the soil, an American whom Americans of to-day are proud to call a typical American. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was called a strong presidential candidate. In 1865 the grandeur of his character was the theme of world-wide eulogy.

Seeing the party upon which they relied for the protection of slavery thus divided, and the party from which they had everything to fear so strong and hopeful, the Southern leaders admitted among themselves that the political fight was lost, and, while keeping up a show of political activity, were secretly making their preparations for the war by which they hoped to regain that which they knew they were destined to lose by the ballot. The power was still in their hands, and would remain theirs until March 4, 1861, when President Buchanan's successor would be inaugurated.

Oct. 5, 1860, the secession movement was given definite shape by Governor Gist, of South Carolina, who sent letters to the governors of the so-called cotton States, asking whether their States would join South Carolina in withdrawing from the Union in the event of Lincoln's election. The answers received were not enthusiastic, but neither did the writers show any surprise at the query, nor pronounce it revolutionary or treasonable. But by the time the last answer had been

received the election had ended in the overwhelming victory of Lincoln, and the hot-headed South Carolinians had straightway called a convention for the purpose of declaring their State independent of the United States.

Thenceforth the progress of the secessionists was uninterrupted. In Washington a handful of Southern congressmen, senators, and government officials held almost daily meetings to discuss the situation and to devise means for making the destruction of the Union speedy and certain when the hour for striking the blow should arrive. By the orders of the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Virginia, vast quantities of arms and munitions of war were withdrawn from the United States arsenals in the North, and sent to arsenals in Tennessee and Mississippi. The little Federal army, of about twelve thousand men, was dispersed in all directions, so that Washington should be left defenceless when the hour should arrive for touching off the mine which was to blow the American Union to pieces. Many of the troops were sent into the Southern States in the expectation that they might be induced to give allegiance to the State in which they happened to be stationed. In this expectation Floyd was bitterly deceived, as was he when he appointed a Kentucky officer, one Robert Anderson, to the command of the troops in Charleston harbor, thinking that he would, at the first note of battle, cast his lot with the Southern States. But of that more anon.

So with secessionists secretly plotting in Washington, and openly making revolutionary speeches in the Southern States, the first month after the election of Abraham Lincoln passed away. December came, and with it the time for holding the convention called by South Carolina to consider the advisability of seceding from the Union. On the 17th of the month the delegates assembled at Columbia, but, learning that the town was being ravaged by small-pox, speedily adjourned to Charleston. There they organized their convention, sat two days in secret session, and on the afternoon of December 20 threw open the doors of the convention hall, and announced to the crowds

standing without, the news that "the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

Then from the mighty throng assembled before the convention hall went up a deafening shout. "The Union is dissolved!" was the cry that, caught up by those on the outskirts of the crowd, was passed from one to another until every street in the city rang with the chorus. Speedily huge placards, with the text of the secession ordinance displayed in large letters, appeared upon the bill-boards and dead-walls of the town. The bells of the city rang out a pæan of triumph, loudest among them the chimes of historic St. Michael's. Palmetto flags appeared at the windows, and were run up on every flag-staff in town. Women paraded the streets wearing "secession bonnets." Cannon thundered in the open squares, and all was rejoicing and triumph. "The Union is dissolved! We are independent!" were the words heard on every hand. If any one in that populous city thought that the act of the convention was but the signal for a long and horrid war, he held his peace.

That night the convention reassembled, that the members might sign the secession ordinance. Back of the speaker's chair hung a huge banner, upon which was depicted a graceful arch, built of stones, bearing the names of the slave States. At the base of the arch lay the fragments of other stones, bearing the names of the Northern States. "Built from the Ruins" was the significant legend which gave point to this work of art.

The ordinance was signed with due pomp. A paper giving the reasons for the act, and intended to induce the other slave States to follow South Carolina, was adopted. Then came the important question of a flag. The stars and stripes had been discarded. What should take its place? A banner of red silk, bearing a blue cross studded with stars, and having in the corners a silver cross and palmetto-tree, was chosen. The next morning the new flag was seen upon the streets. South Carolina had spurned the Union and its flag. The

newspapers even went so far as to class news items from the other States under the heading of "Foreign News."

The telegraph-wires between Charleston and the rest of the country were kept busy that night, and in the morning people North and South read the news in the morning papers. Northern men were amazed and grieved, — amazed that the people of South Carolina should believe that by a simple resolution they could disrupt the Union; grieved that the political differences between the two sections should have come to so critical a pass. In the South there was only rejoicing apparent on the surface. Bells were rung, cannon fired. Telegrams and resolutions of congratulation were sent to Charleston. At every city were the agents of the secessionists, and they spared no effort to influence public sentiment in behalf of the movement they represented, and to crush out all individual or official resistance to it.

By this time President Buchanan had become seriously alarmed. Until South Carolina had formally declared itself independent of the United States, he had been as wax in the hands of his advisers, the chief of whom were cabinet officers chosen from among the leaders of the Southern wing of the Democratic party, and Southern senators. By assuring the President that a policy of conciliation toward the discontented Southern States might lead to the happiest results, while the inevitable result of exercising force to compel them to remain in the Union would be to all the more speedily drive them to secession, these counsellors had induced the President to sit idly by while the work of organizing the forces that should be arrayed against the nation went busily on. To this work Mr. Buchanan was blind for a long time, — so long, in fact, that when the war fairly burst upon the country many people went so far as to charge him with having connived at the plans of the conspirators, and aided in their execution. To-day, when the heat of party hatred has somewhat died away, this charge seems in a measure unjust; but it is not to be denied that he weakly allowed his own judgment and authority to be superseded by that of influential Southerners in Washington.

But when South Carolina had passed her ordinance of secession; when the people of the other Southern States received the news with general acclamation, and prepared to follow the example of the Palmetto State; when the populace of Charleston seized the forts that guarded the harbor, and began putting them in condition for defence; when the Federal flag disappeared from all the cotton States, and strange devices of palmettos, and pelicans, and rattlesnakes, and "Lone Stars," and the like appeared instead,—when these things happened, President Buchanan could no longer be blind to the fact that the advisers who counselled him to do nothing were, in fact, in league with the conspirators against the peace of the Union.

Turning from his false counsellors, the President sent post-haste for the veteran General-in-Chief of the United States army, Winfield Scott. The veteran was quickly on the ground. His practised eye quickly detected the magnitude of the military preparations of the South. He pointed out to the President that in Washington, in the very national capital itself, secession was rampant, and that militia companies were being organized among the enemies of the government, and that to these companies United States arms and ammunition were being issued. This the general soon put an end to; but in his more important plans for quelling the rising rebellion he was thwarted by the Secretary of War, Floyd, who still retained his place, though openly and notoriously in sympathy with the enemies of the government. Along the seaboard of the Southern States was a chain of forts, built at the expense of the national government, but now standing empty or garrisoned only with a corporal's guard. These forts General Scott wished to fill with Federal soldiers, that they might not fall into the hands of the Southern forces; but Floyd, without whose permission not a soldier could be moved, defeated the plan.

But on Dec. 29, 1860, Floyd sent to the President his resignation, and soon after took his departure from Washington. His place was quickly filled with a loyal Kentuckian, Joseph Holt by name; and as the old year took out with it the traitorous Floyd and his policy of

yielding everything, the new year saw the inauguration of that firm opposition to the spirit of secession which, after four years of fighting, resulted in the establishment of the Federal Union upon a firm and indestructible foundation.

Two months still remained of President Buchanan's administration. On March 4 Lincoln would be inaugurated. What course he might adopt in relation to the growing insurrection none could predict with certainty. Of Buchanan's weak and yielding disposition they felt assured, so in all parts of the South the leaders strained every nerve to make those two months a time of uninterrupted and energetic preparation for war.

As Charleston had been the nest of secession, so it was in Charleston that the preparations for war were most tremendous. But the operations in Charleston harbor possess such historic significance that we will defer the consideration of them until the next chapter, in which all those events which led up to the fall of Fort Sumter, and the bursting of the war-cloud, will be fully detailed.

But, though Charleston led in the work of breaking up the Union, there was no lack of energy in other States. Georgia was first to act. Near the mouth of the Savannah river stood two Federal forts, Pulaski and Jackson by name. Of these the former was a defensive work of no mean proportions. Its walls of solid masonry were six feet thick, and pierced with embrasures for more than one hundred and twenty-five guns. On the spacious parade within were furnaces for heating shot. Six hundred and fifty men was the normal garrison of this fortress, but the cunning of Secretary-of-War Floyd had left its barracks almost empty, and the handful of blue-coats quartered there were ready enough to yield to the overwhelming force of Georgia militia that on the 3d of January appeared before the sally-port of the fort and demanded its immediate surrender. Fort Jackson was taken possession of the same day, and the two were of incalculable benefit to the Confederates in the long war that followed. Though the forts were captured in the name of the State of Georgia, the State had not then seceded. The formal act

of secession followed on the 19th of January, and on the 24th the Governor of Georgia, in person, led the State troops that seized the United States arsenal at Augusta, wherein were stored twenty-two thousand muskets, some cannon, and a great quantity of powder.

The day after, the Georgians, by seizing Fort Pulaski, gave evidence that their State would stand with the secessionists; Alabama swung into line, by seizing the United States arsenal at Mount Vernon; and the next day saw the stars and stripes lowered from the flag-staffs of Forts Morgan and Gaines, in Mobile bay, and the State flag of Alabama hoisted in its stead. How Farragut wrested these forts from their captors we shall tell later on.

From this time until the 1st of March the work of seizing United States property went on without interruption in the Southern States. Scarcely a day passed without the news being flashed over the wires to the North that the Southerners had taken possession of some United States fort, arsenal, or military post. Soon, of all that chain of fortresses that fringes the coast from Charleston harbor to Fort Brown at the mouth of the Rio Grande, but three remained in possession of the United States forces: Forts Jefferson and Taylor on the Florida keys, and Fort Pickens at the entrance of Pensacola harbor. The story of how the last of these forts was saved to the United States is worth reading.

Most important of the three forts was Fort Pickens. It stood on a low-lying neck of land that separates Pensacola bay from the Gulf of Mexico, and with its heavy guns commands the entrance to the harbor. In January, 1861, it stood untenanted. Silence reigned in its gloomy galleries. Weeds grew on the parade within. The great cannon were securely housed, and many of the ports were blocked up. Over on the main-land, by water a mile and a half from Fort Pickens, stood Fort Barrancas, and a mile and a half further up the bay was the government navy-yard. Between the two, in 1861, stood the long frame buildings known as Barrancas Barracks, and there was stationed one company of United States artillery. In command was First Lieut.

Adam J. Slemmer, an officer who needed but an opportunity to show that he had in him the stuff of which heroes are made.

We are told often by military writers that he is the best soldier who is content to give unreasoning obedience to his superiors, letting them think for him, and never going beyond his orders or exceeding his authority. It was fortunate for the United States that it had in its army, in 1861, a few officers not wholly of this stamp, but men able to think for themselves, and daring to act upon their own authority. Major Robert Anderson was one such, and Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer was another. The exploits of the two men were much alike, and, though Anderson has received the lion's share of fame, Slemmer's pluck and quick decision should never be forgotten.

With his handful of men, in a locality that was fairly infested with secession sentiment, surrounded on every hand by government property, worth millions of dollars, which it was his duty to protect, Slemmer anxiously watched the progress of events, which seemed daily to make his situation more precarious. At the navy-yard was a detachment of marines, whose duty it was, equally with the soldiers, to see that the government property was protected. But the officers in command of the navy-yard were strongly Southern in their sympathies, and Slemmer soon learned that from them he could expect only a half-hearted support at most. So when the news came to him that the State forces had seized United States forts at Savannah and Mobile, he straightway set about guarding against any like proceeding in Pensacola bay.

His first act was to put an armed guard in possession of Fort Barrancas, which had stood empty. It was done none too soon. The very night that the guard was set, a party of secessionists marched over from a neighboring village to take possession of the fort, thinking it still empty. The sharp challenge of the sentry disconcerted the assailants, but they thought to ignore his authority, and after a moment's halt moved forward. The guard thereupon let fly a shot at the leader, which aroused the garrison; the drums beat the long roll,

and the startled Southerners, finding that they had to do with disciplined and determined soldiery, turned about and fled for dear life.

This was enough to convince Slemmer that the people of the vicinity were preparing to seize the forts, and that he must speedily make preparations for defence, to preserve to the government any of its property. Fort Barrancas, being on the main-land, could hardly be held by a force so small as that under his command, but Fort Pickens stood unoccupied, and thither he determined to move his troops. The first thing was to find transports in which to ferry his command across the mile and a half of water which separated Fort Pickens from the main-land. Early in the morning Slemmer visited the navy-yard to beg for aid. Fair promises were given him, but no boats appeared, and he had to wait twenty-four hours, and make appeal after appeal before the half-hearted officer in command at the navy-yard sent the needed vessels.

Once in Pickens, the soldiers speedily set to work to put the fort in condition for defence. Many embrasures were closed with bricks and mortar. The great guns were loaded with grape and canister, and so trained as to do havoc in the ranks of a storming party. While they were thus at work they saw the United States flag fall from the flag-staff at the navy-yard, and knew that the yard had been tamely surrendered. There was no flag-staff in the fort; but when Slemmer and his comrades saw this they made haste to hang out a flag over the bastion, that the insurgents might see that the Federal government still had brave defenders in Pensacola harbor.

Great was the rage of the insurgents when they saw that Slemmer had taken possession of Fort Pickens. Without delay they sent off a party to summon him, "in the name of the governors of Florida and Alabama," to surrender the fort.

"I am a soldier of the United States," was Slemmer's cool reply, "and I know nothing of the governors of Florida and Alabama. They are nothing to me."

And so that embassy returned to Pensacola discomfited.

A week later appeared another flag of truce. This time the bearers were two officers who had resigned from the United States army and navy to cast their lot with the South. One of them had supervised the building of Fort Pickens, and expressed some surprise when Slemmer met him on the sands before the sally-port and declined to admit the visitors to the fort. They came to demand the surrender of the work, and brought with them a written communication to that effect, which Colonel Chase, the elder officer, proceeded to read. But his voice soon became shaky, and his eyes filled with tears, as he thought that he now stood as an enemy before two officers of the army in which he once had held an honored station. Stamping his foot with vexation, he handed the paper to his colleague, saying, "Here, Farrand, you read it." But Captain Farrand was equally affected, and, with the remark that he had not his glasses, handed the paper on to Lieutenant Gilman, saying, "You have good eyes; read it for us." And so it happened that the summons to surrender was read aloud by one of the men to whom it was addressed.

This demand, like the first, Slemmer refused, and the two officers retired, warning him that Florida and Alabama would never allow the United States to hold Fort Pickens, and that the place should be taken by storm, even though it took a thousand lives to carry it. Nevertheless, their threats proved to be mere empty words; for Slemmer held Fort Pickens, undisturbed, until reënforced in April. Never throughout the long war did the United States lose the fort, and it proved of inestimable value as a station, and as an aid to the maintenance of the blockade.

One other incident of the early days of the uprising in the South deserves mention before we pass on to the story of actual war.

Louisiana was one of the States that early voted to leave the Union. New Orleans was a veritable fountain-head of secession. Even before the State seceded, the New Orleans militia went down the Mississippi river on steamers and took possession of Forts St. Philip

and Jackson, two low, squat structures of brick that guard the mouth of the great river.

At the levee in New Orleans, on the 29th of January, 1861, lay the United States revenue cutter "McClelland," in command of Captain Breshwood. Louisiana had just gone out of the Union. Secession sentiment ran high in the streets of the Crescent city, yet this vessel lay there an easy prey to the secessionists. A special agent of the Treasury Department, sent South to look up just such cases, went to Captain Breshwood, and gave him an order from the Secretary of the Treasury to take the vessel to New York. Breshwood refused. By telegraph Secretary Dix was speedily notified, and instantly sent back word: —

"Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order through you. If Captain Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him a mutineer, and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

The telegram never reached the agent to whom it was sent. But in the Northern newspapers it soon appeared, and the loyal ring of the closing words gave spirit and determination to many a heart that had faltered when so many trusted officers of the government had shown themselves faithless to their trust.





CHAPTER III.

IN CHARLESTON HARBOR. — DEFENCES OF THE PORT. — MAJOR ANDERSON IN FORT MOULTRIE. — GROWING HOSTILITY OF THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON. — ANDERSON REMOVES TO FORT SUMTER. — SECESSIONISTS SEIZE THE OTHER FORTS. — SECESSIONISTS FIRE UPON THE "STAR OF THE WEST." — ANDERSON SUMMONED TO SURRENDER. — BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER. — CAPITULATION, AND EVACUATION OF THE FORT.

BUT while such outbursts of rebellion as those described in the last chapter drew the attention of the people, now to New Orleans, again to Pensacola or Mobile, it was upon Charleston harbor that the anxious solicitude of all who hoped for peace was concentrated. There occurred the stirring incidents that really marked the beginning of the Civil War. As Lexington and Concord were to the American Revolution, so were Charleston harbor and Fort Sumter to the war between the States.

Charleston, in 1860, was a thriving city; the chief seaport of a fertile and prosperous State, and one of the chief points for shipping the slave-grown cotton of the South. Its streets were wide, well paved, shaded by fine trees, and lined with substantial buildings. Its people

were refined, hospitable, warm in their sympathies, and hot and unreasoning in their prejudices. South Carolina, like all the Southern States at that time, possessed a government which was Democratic only in name. Wealth and family influence were the only roads to power, and a few men controlled the destiny of the States as completely as though the government was an hereditary monarchy, and they members of the reigning family.

The city of Charleston, in its site and geographical peculiarities, is not unlike New York. The city is built on a narrow neck of land, flanked on either side by a river. Before it stretches out a noble harbor, narrowing slightly at its mouth. As was the case with most Southern seaports, elaborate preparations had been made by the United States government for the defence of Charleston in case of attack by a foreign invader. Four military works guarded the harbor; namely, Castle Pinckney, Fort Johnson, Fort Moultrie, and Fort Sumter.

The first two were of no value against modern artillery. Castle Pinckney is an old-fashioned brick fort, with a circular front facing the harbor. It stands on a small island near the water-front of the city. In 1860 it mounted a few smooth-bore cannon on the topmost tier, and had a small quantity of ammunition stored away in its magazine. Its garrison consisted of one man. Fort Johnson was a relic of the Revolutionary War. It stood on an isthmus, near the mouth of the harbor, and was neither garrisoned nor armed.

Moultrie and Sumter were defensive works of no mean strength. The latter was an enormous mass of masonry, built upon and wholly covering a small island directly in the entrance to the harbor. It was planned for three tiers of guns, but the embrasures for the second tier were unfinished; the barracks and storehouses within the ramparts too were still unfinished, and the parade was littered with building-materials, shot, shell, dismounted cannon, gun-carriages, derricks, blocks, and coils of rope. As this fort had never been completed, it had never, up to a certain eventful day in 1860, been garrisoned.

The fourth of the defences of Charleston, and the only one kept

regularly garrisoned by United States troops, was Fort Moultrie. It stood on historic ground, near the site of the famous old palmetto fort, from the ramparts of which the gallant Sergeant Jasper waved the flag of the thirteen rebellious colonies when it was shot away by a cannon-ball from a British ship, in the brave days of the Revolution. The fort that stood on this spot in 1860 was no very formidable structure. Its seaward front, which was finished, was built of double walls of brick, filled in between with sand. As a water-battery it was formidable, for its heavy guns commanded the main channel; but it would have been but an easy prey for a storming party, since the storms had so blown and piled the sand up against its ramparts that even wandering cows had been known to placidly make their way over walls that should have frowned back determined men.

In Fort Moultrie, in the year 1860, were stationed all the United States troops that were supposed to be necessary for the protection of the government property in Charleston harbor. These troops consisted of two skeleton companies of artillery and a band; in all, sixty-five men. The proper complement for Fort Moultrie alone was three hundred men; to properly man the four forts that line the harbor, one thousand would scarcely have sufficed. But no foreign foe was expected; few people thought that the growing estrangement between the North and South would lead to war, and so the handful of blue-coats were left to do what they could in Charleston harbor.

The station at Fort Moultrie had long been considered rather a pleasant one by army officers. It was near to Charleston, and in summer the fort was a favorite resort for the city folks. But as the year 1860 began to grow old, the officers and soldiers at the fort found their popularity waning. They had been there three years. All had pleasant friends, and many had relatives among the people of the city; but as the hatred of the Union began to spread among the South Carolinians they began to look with suspicion upon the soldiers, and regard them in the light of possible enemies. In November the old colonel who had long been in command at Fort Moultrie was relieved by order of the

Secretary of War, and a new man, one Major Robert Anderson, of Kentucky, put in command in his stead. His coming renewed the friendship of the towns-people for the soldiery. It was freely said on the streets that the former commander, Colonel Gardner, had been relieved because he had been too active in putting the fort in proper condition for defence. Major Anderson, on the contrary, had been put in command because he was a Southerner by birth, was a slave-owner himself, and was little likely to oppose any movement on the part of the people to take possession of the forts. So for a time Major Anderson enjoyed great popularity in Charleston.

But before long the secessionists began to think that they had mistaken their man. This slave-owning major seemed to show as much zeal in his preparations for the protection of the United States property as had his predecessor. He began digging away the sand before the bastions of Fort Moultrie. He bricked up embrasures that would have been easy entrance-places for conspirators. Heavy wooden gates blocked the pathway of pleasure-seekers from Charleston, and the man who sought entrance to Fort Moultrie had to painfully clamber in through a small man-hole. Worse than all (and of this the secessionists were well informed by their agents in Washington), Major Anderson began writing to the Secretary of War letters declaring that the South Carolinians were preparing to seize these forts, and begging that reënforcements might be sent him. He warned the war office at Washington that troops were drilling in the streets of Charleston, that cannon had already been seized, that the people spoke of the forts as being in their possession, and that unless reënforced he would be compelled to surrender at the first demand. But Secretary Floyd refused to send the reënforcements, saying that to do so would be an act of war.

So December came in. Anderson, with his handful of men, still occupied Fort Moultrie. The spirit of disunion was daily growing stronger in the streets of Charleston. A convention had been called to decide whether South Carolina should stay in the Union or go out of it. The Charleston newspapers were filled with abuse of the Union authori-

ties. Calls for the meeting of companies of militia filled their columns. Now and then appeared an allusion to Anderson and his work on Fort Moultrie. Thus, when he caused a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* to be placed on the top of the ramparts, the "Charleston Mercury" cried out, "Make ready your sharpened stakes, but you will not intimidate free men." One day an officer, with a few soldiers, was sent to the United States arsenal in the city to get some friction primers and a little ammunition. The army uniforms attracted the notice of the people, a mob formed in the streets, and the party was driven back. Then it was rumored that the South Carolinians would no longer delay their purpose of seizing the forts. Overlooking the ramparts of Fort Moultrie were a number of tall frame-houses. These, it was said, were to be seized and filled with sharp-shooters, who, from the windows in the upper stories, could at their ease pick off the soldiers within the fort. Anderson early heard of this plot, but feared to burn down the houses, as suggested by one of his officers, because to do so would be an act of war, and would bring on at once the storm which he still hoped was not inevitable.

While all this was going on at Charleston, the statesmen at Washington were wrangling over questions of States-rights, coercion, and the like, and leaving the malcontents at the South free to lay their plans for the trapping of every United States soldier who might be stationed south of Mason and Dixon's line. General Scott, who had come to the capital at the President's request, begged to be allowed to send troops to Sumter, and to every other fort on the Southern sea-coast; but the wily Floyd successfully opposed this wish. Had the gallant old soldier had his way, the uprising in the South would have been short-lived, or possibly prevented altogether.

At last, finding that his repeated appeals for reënforcements and supplies brought no response from Washington, Anderson determined to act for himself. He was a soldier. He proposed to play a soldier's part, and let the politicians settle the problems of statesmanship as best they might. When the South Carolinians passed the ordinance of secession, he knew that before many days passed his little force would have a foe

marshalled against it. Behind the low walls his sixty-five men would be no match for the thousands that would be led to the assault. It took but a moment for Anderson to decide that he had either to abandon Fort Moultrie or tamely surrender it at the first demand.

From the windows of his quarters in Fort Moultrie Major Anderson could see Fort Sumter rising dark and sullen, like some rocky crag straight from the waters of the bay. About it on every side the tides rushed in their daily ebb and flow. On three sides not a foothold could be secured at the base of the massive brick walls; the fourth side was fronted with an esplanade, which cannon, in the flanking towers, could sweep clean with grape, should any enemy secure a lodgement thereon. The nearest point of land on which the enemy could erect batteries was more than a mile away. "Once in Sumter," mused the major, "my command could hold an enemy at bay until those speech-making fellows up at Washington can determine whether I am to be reënforced, or left to be starved into surrender."

Straightway he wrote to Washington asking permission to transfer his command to Fort Sumter. "I am certain," he wrote, "that the authorities of South Carolina are determined to prevent, if possible, any troops from being placed in that fort; and that they will seize upon that most important work as soon as they think there is any reasonable ground for a doubt whether it will be turned over to the State. I think that I could, however, were I to receive instructions to do so, throw my garrison into that work. . . . Once in that work with my garrison, I could keep the entrance of this harbor open until they constructed works outside of me, which might, I presume, prevent vessels from coming into the outer harbor."

No answer came to this letter. Anderson waited, seeing day after day the situation grow more threatening. Finally he determined to wait no longer for permission from Washington, but to do at once that which his knowledge and soldierly instincts dictated.

It was the day before Christmas that Anderson arrived at the determination to abandon Moultrie and seize upon Fort Sumter. He

had said nothing of his doubts and fears to the younger officers, and they were still engaged in strengthening the defences of Fort Moultrie, with a view to resisting any possible attack. Even while the major was giving the preliminary orders for the move, one of the lieutenants went to him to ask for wire to weave into traps before the fort that the assailants might trip and fall should they essay a charge. The peculiar smile with which Major Anderson promised him "a mile of wire" set the subaltern thinking, and a moment later he heard his commander's order that all the women and children about Fort Moultrie should be moved at once to Fort Johnson.

This was quickly done. The authorities of Charleston were not blind to the movement, and speedily sent a messenger to Anderson to find out what it meant.

"I cannot be ignorant of your intention to attempt the capture of this fort," replied Anderson; "and as a soldier I can see that the attempt will certainly be successful. I have therefore sent away the women and children, that the defence I shall make may not be hampered by their presence."

This answer lulled the suspicions of the South Carolinians. They thought Anderson was quietly making preparations to submit to inevitable defeat. As a matter of fact, in sending the non-combatants away from Fort Moultrie he had only begun the work of taking possession of Fort Sumter. Had the South Carolinians sent spies to Fort Johnson, they would have discovered that the women and children were not disembarked there, but remained on board the schooners in which they had left Fort Moultrie. Crowded together upon those little crafts, they remained awaiting a certain signal-gun, for which Major Anderson had arranged.

Christmas day, 1860, came and passed away with no festivity to mark it at the fort. The next day the routine of guard mount, drill, and parade went on as usual, with nothing to indicate that anything was to occur that should make that day memorable in the history of the nation. But just at nightfall Major Anderson called his officers, and said quietly,

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes we will leave for Fort Sumter. Prepare yourselves, and see that the men make ready for the move."

There was bustle for the next twenty minutes in Fort Moultrie. The officers' suppers stood smoking on the tables, but there was no time for eating. Every one was packing knapsacks, looking up arms and equipments, and preparing for a quick and silent march. Just at sunset the little column filed out of Fort Moultrie, and took up the march to the point where boats were in waiting to ferry the troops over to Fort Sumter. A rear-guard was left in the deserted fort, with orders to keep the passage clear for the boats, even if in order to do so a few round shot had to be sent at the Charleston guard-boat that constantly patrolled the harbor about Fort Sumter. Soon the troops were all embarked, and the heavy boats were slowly making their way across the water. The rear-guard standing at the cannon on the sea-wall at Fort Moultrie watched them eagerly in their sluggish course. Before they were half-way across, the guard-boat was seen steaming down upon them; and the gunners in Fort Moultrie brought their shotted guns to bear upon her, ready to blow her out of the water if she should attempt to arrest or run down Major Anderson's troops. But after slowing up and giving the boats a careful examination, the people on the guard-boat seemed to reach the conclusion that all was right; and in a moment she was lost to sight in the gathering darkness, and the beating of her paddles died away. Five minutes later the boats made fast to the wharf in front of Fort Sumter, and the troops began to disembark. A crowd of excited workmen rushed out of the interior of the fort, where they had been employed, and began to abuse the soldiers. That was stopped in short order by the troops, who promptly charged upon the excited throng, drove them into the centre of the fort, and left them there, walled in by a cordon of sentinels with fixed bayonets.

Soon all of Anderson's command, save the rear-guard, had reached the fort. A signal-gun brought the schooners from Fort Johnson laden with women and children; and when they had disembarked, the captured workmen were put aboard the schooners and sent ashore. Signal was

then made for the rear-guard to abandon Fort Moultrie, which they speedily did, first chopping down the flag-staff, spiking the cannon, and burning the gun-carriages. By eight o'clock the movement was completed, and Anderson, with his little command, and provisions enough for six months, was safely housed behind the massive walls of Fort Sumter.

Charleston was furious next morning. The papers were fierce in their denunciation of the act of war. Messengers were sent from house to house to notify the people of Anderson's bold deed, and to stir up indignation. The local conspirators were quick to send telegrams to Floyd, the perfidious Secretary of War, telling of Anderson's movement and demanding his recall. The rage of those who conspired against the peace of the Union, both in Charleston and at the national capitol, knew no bounds.

Thousands of the people of Charleston, on hearing the news, flocked down to the water-front to look at the fort which had been thus summarily seized. There it stood, with its rows of embrasures, through which the cannon could be dimly seen. But there was no sign that it was in the possession of an armed force. No flag floated from the flag-staff. Not until late in the afternoon was the starry banner of the nation displayed.

Before daybreak some of the younger officers had gone to Major Anderson to ask permission to hoist the colors. But being deeply sensible of the gravity of the step he had taken, and being by nature a man of strong religious convictions, he had given orders that the ceremony should be deferred until the chaplain should arrive. Accordingly, a little after noon the whole command assembled upon the parade, and, after a brief prayer by Chaplain Harris, the colors were run up and the regimental band played "Hail Columbia."

Hardly was this ceremony completed when a telegram was handed to Anderson. Its angry wording told how completely his bold manœuvre had defeated the plans of Secretary Floyd, from whom the despatch came.

"Intelligence has reached here this morning," so ran the despatch, "that you have abandoned Fort Moultrie, spiked your guns, burnt the carriages, and gone to Fort Sumter. It is not believed, because there is no order for any such movement. Explain the meaning of this report."

To this Anderson replied, "The telegram is correct. I abandoned Fort Moultrie because I was certain that if attacked I must have been sacrificed, and the command at the harbor lost. I spiked the guns and destroyed the carriages so as to keep the guns from being turned against us. If attacked, the garrison would never have surrendered without a fight."

This plucky response had its effect in two cities. It set the double-faced Secretary of War a-planning to get from President Buchanan an order for Anderson's recall, and it set the Charlestonians to building forts and batteries and mounting big guns, with which to batter down the sturdy brick walls which encompassed Anderson and his little band of Yankee soldiers.

Floyd's efforts to induce the President to disavow Anderson's act and humiliate that plucky officer met with no success. A stormy meeting of the Cabinet was held, at which Floyd in vain argued that Anderson's movement was in violation of the "solemn pledges of the government." But the loyal members of the Cabinet were outspoken in their approval of Anderson's manœuvre. The President himself was firm, and when Floyd left the Cabinet that night it was with the knowledge that his influence at Washington was at an end. It was time for him to array himself openly on the side of the insurrection he had been secretly aiding. So, two days later, he tendered to the President his resignation of the office of Secretary of War, and betook himself to the South. We shall see him again as a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, — a position far more honorable than that of a man posing as a servant of the United States, commanding United States troops, drawing a salary from the United States treasury, and yet withal bending all his energies to the work of giving aid and comfort, and information and strength, to the enemies of the United States. There were men of stainless honor

and unimpeachable probity who fought under the Confederate flag. There were soldiers, sailors, and statesmen in the service of the short-lived Confederacy whose characters we must admire, though we deplore the errors which led them to array themselves against the Union. But with these men Floyd has no place. Treacherous as a statesman, he won no honor as a soldier. His place is with the traitors, whose treason possessed no mitigating qualities.

But to return to Charleston. While the populace was still mad with excitement and rage, the authorities of South Carolina proceeded to seize upon whatever United States property was left unprotected. First, the government arsenal, which Secretary Floyd had filled to overflowing with muskets, rifles, bayonets, sabres, and other arms, was seized. With the arms thus obtained, men were quickly armed; and within four hours from the moment the national ensign was first seen waving over the ramparts of Fort Sumter, two steamers, crowded with armed men, were speeding down the bay to capture and garrison Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney. Both were taken with but little difficulty. At Pinckney the puny garrison barricaded the door, and the assailants had to make their entrance by clambering over the wall. Once in, however, the conquerors speedily hoisted a palmetto flag over the castle walls, and the cheers of the multitudes gathered on the wharves that lined the harbor signalized the hoisting of the first insurgent flag over a Federal fortification. At Moultrie, the Carolinians met no opposition whatever. A solitary sentinel had been left there by Anderson, and he speedily surrendered the fort left in his charge. The victorious Southerners rushed in, but only to find that they had taken a dismantled fort. The guns were spiked. Many of the gun-carriages had been burned, and the smoke was still rising from their smouldering embers. No ammunition was left in the magazines; no provisions remained in the empty storehouse. Anderson had left the Southerners only the empty shell of a fort. But slight though their victory was, they exulted in it, and sent up three rockets, for it was then quite dark, to announce their triumph to the people in the city.

In the mean time the blue-coated soldiers in Fort Sumter had not been idle. With a few shots from some of the big cannon that peered from the topmost tier of Sumter, Anderson might have held Fort Moultrie against the onslaught of the enemy, or have battered down the crazy walls of Castle Pinckney, or have driven away from the Charleston wharves the crowd of mad secessionists that cheered each new insult to the national flag; but his hands were tied by his orders. Until the enemy opened fire on him he dared not aim a gun against the foe. So, paying no heed to the work of the secessionists, he set himself to work to strengthen the fort in which he had taken refuge.

Then set in three months of anxiety and preparation. The Federals within Sumter worked incessantly to get the fort in condition for defence. The secessionists 'outside were untiring in their labor upon the batteries and forts on Morris Island and the shores surrounding the harbor. Official notes, short and sharp, passed between the belligerents. Once the garrison in Fort Sumter wanted to try a Columbiad or heavy cannon that they had mounted as a mortar, so they loaded it up with what they thought a light charge of powder, dropped in a shell, and touched it off. To their horror the shell soared high in air and went sailing off towards the wharves of Charleston; it fell a trifle short, but near enough to frighten the city folk, and a flag of truce soon visited the fort, where the fullest explanations and apologies were made. Next time it was the turn of the secessionists to apologize, for a signal-gun fired from a battery on Cumming's Point proved to contain a solid shot, instead of a blank cartridge; and as the gun happened to be aimed at Fort Sumter, the error came near prematurely opening the war. But while the two hostile forces lay thus resting upon their arms, occurrences such as these only led to pleasant words of regret and explanation. Indeed, while professionally at war with each other, the officers of the hostile camps were on good terms; and it is even recorded that some of the generous Southerners, hearing that the younger officers in Anderson's command were deprived of the luxury of cigars, politely sent over a large quantity of the desired luxuries, together with several cases of claret.

Chaplain Harris, who had conducted the services upon the occasion of hoisting the United States flag over Fort Sumter, early came into collision with the forces of the enemy. His family lived in Moultrieville, on the main-land, and thither he returned after having seen Sumter put in the hands of the United States forces. When the enemy had completed the blockade of the harbor, when a secessionist guard-boat patrolled the waters about Fort Sumter, halting and examining every boat that tried to approach the fort, Chaplain Harris went to the commander of Fort Moultrie and asked if he would be hindered from going to Fort Sumter.

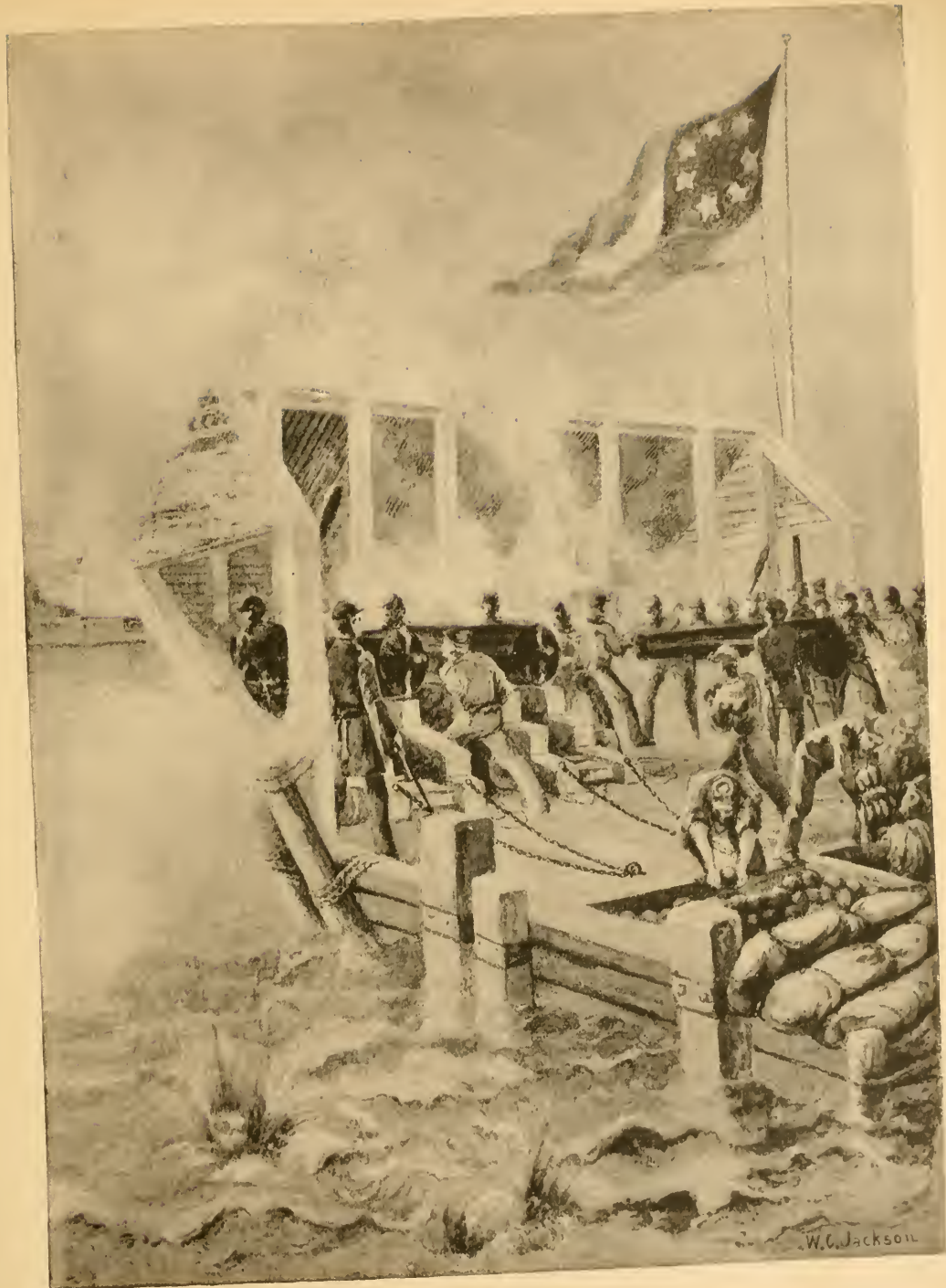
"Oh, no, parson," was the patronizing response. "You can have a pass, I reckon."

"I did not ask for a pass, sir," responded the chaplain, in high dudgeon; "I am a United States officer, and will visit any United States fort without permission. I asked you whether you would use force to prevent my visiting Fort Sumter whenever I may see fit to do so."

The South Carolinian shrugged his shoulders with seeming indifference, but Chaplain Harris never again succeeded in visiting the beleaguered fort.

For more than three months Major Anderson and his comrades remained penned up in Fort Sumter. But it was no time of idleness. They found the fort almost dismantled, and had to work long and unweariedly to get into condition for defence. Embrasures were bricked up, bomb-proofs repaired, guns shifted from tier to tier, mines planted beneath the esplanade fronting the fort so that a storming-party might be blown to pieces, and huge hand-grenades and infernal machines made to be toppled over the parapet, to the complete annihilation of any enemy beneath. Through it all, through overwork, extra guard-duty, and continually shortened rations, the soldiers maintained their good-humor, showing dissatisfaction only when their rations of tobacco were cut off.

Nor were the Southerners on their part idle. Moultrie was quickly put into good condition. The spiked guns and charred carriages were replaced by new cannon of the most approved make. New works began



to rise on all the islands of the harbor. On Sullivan's Island, beside Fort Moultrie, were two land batteries, and a floating battery cased with railroad iron was moored near by. Fort Ripley was armed and manned. Fort Johnston, dismantled since the Revolution, was provided with a battery and a garrison of artillery-men. Soon Fort Sumter was girdled with an iron band of cannon. All of this work could have been speedily checked had Anderson possessed the authority to open fire upon the long lines of slaves and workmen who, under his guns, were building offensive works for his discomfiture. But his instructions were to let the others begin the conflict, so the South Carolinians continued their work without hindrance.

On the 9th of January, 1861, the sentinel who paced the parapet of Fort Sumter saw, as the gray light of dawn lighted up the eastern horizon, a large steamer lying just outside the bar. Anderson knew, and some of his officers surmised, that it was the "Star of the West," which had thus tardily been sent from Washington to bear reënforcements and provisions to the beleaguered garrison. Only by the most urgent entreaties had General Scott and the new Secretary of War, Mr. Holt, succeeded in inducing President Buchanan to send this much-needed relief. The steamer carried troops to the number of about two thousand, and was heavily freighted with provisions and munitions of war. Though she had been despatched from New York with the utmost secrecy, some treacherous clerk at Washington had sent the secessionists warning, and they stood at their guns in Charleston harbor ready to drive her back, or sink her if necessary.

With early dawn the steamer got up her anchor and started up the harbor. Scarcely had she come within range of the battery on Morris Island when a shot was fired across her bows, and as she disregarded the hint, a second shot, more carefully aimed, whizzed above her deck. Then Fort Moultrie opened with two of its heavy guns, and in less than fifteen minutes the ship that might have given the beleaguered soldiers in Sumter such inestimable aid had swung around and was standing out to sea again. Throughout it all the garrison in

Sumter had been inactive; the soldiers angry, excited, and outspoken in their demands to be allowed to return the fire of the batteries that were firing on the flag; the younger officers no less eager to resent the insult to their country; Major Anderson silent, moody, racked with the conflict between his ideas of his duty and his desire, which could only have been to chastise the secessionists who thus wantonly affronted the flag of his country and of theirs. Two or three of the officers held a hasty conference with the commander when the firing began; but the result of the colloquy was not satisfactory to at least one of them, for he, as a fellow-officer writes, "came bounding up the two or three steps that led to the terre-plein, smashing his hat, and muttering something about the flag, of which the words 'trample on it' reached the ears of the men, and let them know that there was to be no fighting, on their part, at least."

So ended in a shameful failure the first attempt to relieve Fort Sumter. The very memory of it to-day is enough to bring the hot blood of shame to the cheeks of loyal Americans. It was bad enough for the United States to have to descend to the pitiable subterfuge of sending a merchant-vessel in secret to carry reënforcements to a government fort. It would have been better had President Buchanan shown some of that sturdy American spirit that animated Chaplain Harris when he refused to accept a Carolinian pass to visit a United States fort. But after the government had stooped to petty concealment, its purpose was defeated by a mere show of force on the part of its enemies. Had the captain of the "Star of the West" possessed the pluck that animated many a Confederate blockade-runner in later years, he would have taken his ship past the hostile battery, and laid her up beneath the protecting guns of Fort Sumter. And had Anderson not been disheartened by the half-hearted support he had received from Washington, he would have shown the insurgents that the time had not yet come when an insult to the Stars and Stripes would be allowed to go unavenged, even in Charleston harbor. But as it was, the "Star of the West" went tamely back to New York, and the Charleston papers next day were mightily boastful of the "lesson" they had taught the North.

The episode of the "Star of the West" marked the beginning of the end in the drama being performed in Charleston harbor. Thereafter Anderson's communication with the main-land was wholly cut off. He was no longer allowed to send for his daily mail and fresh provisions. He was made to feel that he was indeed an alien enemy in a foreign country. A formal demand was made by the Governor of South Carolina for the surrender of the fort two days after the failure to reënforce it, but Anderson refused. Then stone-boats were sunk in all the channels leading to Charleston harbor, and the secessionists, having thus made certain that no help could come to the garrison, set about the work of preparation for the bombardment, which was to put an end to the long occupation of Fort Sumter by the Union forces.

It is unnecessary to give in detail the events of the three months following the attack upon the "Star of the West." Enough to say that while the South abated not at all its energetic preparations for war, the North still maintained its attitude of indecision. By the early part of February the revolt in the South had attained such proportions that the seceded States, then six in number, formed themselves into a confederacy, and elected Jefferson Davis president. As soon as this was done, military companies from all the States in the Confederacy flocked to Charleston. The force arrayed against Anderson was daily increased. A Louisianian, Brig.-Gen. G. T. Beauregard, was put in command of the Confederate forces. And all the time Anderson, wholly cut off from any communication with the North, saw only the incessant activity of his enemies, and thought himself deserted by his friends.

But on the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States, and Buchanan and his faint-hearted advisers had been relegated to private life. Hardly had the new President taken the oath of office when he announced his determination to send succor to the garrison of Fort Sumter. But how? The reception met by the "Star of the West" was as nothing to what might be expected, now that the Confederates had planted batteries on every available neck of land that commanded Charleston harbor. War-vessels would be

needed to run the gauntlet of shot and shell, and Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy had sent most of the cruisers to foreign stations. However, a small squadron was got together and despatched for the relief of Fort Sumter. Unluckily, a fleet for the relief of Fort Pickens was sent off the same day, and the chief vessel intended for Fort Sumter, through some mistake in the orders, went to Pensacola instead of to Charleston.

The equipment of this relief expedition, like everything else done in Washington, was quickly made known to the Confederates, and they determined to get possession of the fort before its arrival. On the 10th of April the situation became warlike. The great iron-clad floating battery was towed out and moored at a point of vantage. Fire-ships were prepared, to be sent drifting down upon the relief squadron when it should appear. The artillery companies in the forts and batteries were put under arms. Signal-guns and bugle-calls summoned to their posts the officers and men who were pleasuring in the city. With his field-glass Major Anderson could see these signs of activity, and knew that a battle was impending.

Next day the Confederates made the first move, by sending two officers under a flag of truce to demand the immediate surrender of the fort. Anderson returned a written refusal, but remarked, as he handed the letter to the envoys who were to bear it back to Beauregard: —

"I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces we shall be starved out in a few days."

The Confederate commander thought he discerned in this remark an evidence of willingness to surrender at a later date, and promptly returned a second communication, demanding that Anderson should agree to evacuate the fort on the 15th, and that in the mean time he should pledge himself not to turn his guns upon the Confederate batteries unless the enemy should first fire upon Sumter. This message reached Anderson shortly after midnight on the 12th of April. He read it at first approvingly. He knew that in four days his provisions would be gone, and he saw no reason why he should not avert the bloodshed of a bombardment by agreeing to capitulate when the four days should have

clapsed. But as he read the summons again, he saw that it was so worded that his acceptance would leave the Confederates free to turn all their guns upon any vessels that might come to his relief, while Fort Sumter would be stopped from giving the vessels any aid so long as no guns were aimed directly at the fort. Unwilling thus to tie his hands, Anderson refused to accede to this condition. Thereupon the Confederate messengers handed him a written notification that in one hour the Confederate batteries would open fire.

It was then nearly daylight. Anderson, with several of his officers, stood in a casemate of the fort as the Confederate aids read aloud the curt notice of the impending battle. Then all walked down upon the esplanade and out to the wharf where the Confederates' boat was moored. As the envoys left the wharf Anderson shook their hands, saying, with great feeling, "If we never meet in this world again, God grant, that we may meet in the next!" Then the boat pushed off, and the Union officers went back to the fort to prepare for the bombardment. Their preparations were brief. Beyond hoisting the flag and ordering the men to keep in the bomb-proofs, nothing was done. But the news soon spread among the soldiers that Beauregard would open fire in an hour, and most of them sought embrasures whence they could watch for the opening gun.

On the side of the Confederates there was more activity. Messengers were sent to the commanders of the different batteries to bid them be ready for work. The news quickly spread to the city; the people came down to the wharves and docks by thousands, and stood, regardless of the chill, damp morning air, waiting for the conflict to begin. They had not long to wait. Promptly at 4.30 A.M. the dull boom of a heavy mortar in the battery at Fort Johnston was heard, a shell rose high among the stars, and then fell quick and true as a meteor, bursting directly over Fort Sumter. The war was opened.

This was, in fact, the first gun of the war, though from the fact that it was fired merely as a signal, and not as an act of offence, it has not been so considered. The second shot was fired from a cannon from the

iron-clad battery on Morris Island. It was fired by a venerable Virginian, Edmund Ruffin by name, and was well aimed, for the projectile struck the outer wall of the magazine in Fort Sumter, burst, set fire to some loose powder, and for a moment made the defenders think that the first cannon-shot had exploded their ammunition and blown up the magazine.

After the second gun the firing became general. From Morris and Sullivan Islands and from Cumming's Point, from Forts Moultrie and Johnston and from the floating battery, a hail of shells, bombs, and solid shot was poured upon Fort Sumter. The thunders of the cannonade rose in majestic cadence, and could be heard far out at sea. The crowd on the wharves grew ever greater, and gazed in wonder and terror upon the awful scene. Scars began to appear upon the face of the besieged fort. Clouds of dust and flying bits of stone could be seen as the shots took effect. Still for more than an hour it maintained a sullen silence, and let its assailants do their worst.

By half-past seven the garrison in the fort had finished worrying down the short ration of salt pork that was dignified by the name of breakfast, and as the drums beat the assembly the soldiers formed in one of the bomb-proofs to prepare for the duties of the day. By this time the enemy had secured the range of the fort with considerable accuracy, and his shells were dropping upon the parade, and his solid shot were making such havoc among the guns mounted upon the parapet that the necessity for keeping the little garrison under cover was obvious. With a view to saving the strength of his men as much as possible, Major Anderson divided the garrison into two "reliefs," and fixed the time each should serve the guns at four hours. Soon the first division was at the guns, and with the nine guns they were able to handle they opened upon the batteries on Morris, James, and Sullivan's Islands a fire so vigorous that for a time the Confederates thought that in some way the fort had secured reënforcements during the night.

But after two hours' firing the gunners in Fort Sumter began to see that, with all their enthusiasm, they were engaged in a hopeless



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SERGEANT CARMODY FIGHTS SINGLE HANDED.

contest. Their heaviest guns they could not use, for they were mounted on the parapet, and Major Anderson felt his force too small to expose the lives of his men outside of the bomb-proofs. The shell guns were useless, for the same reason. The only cannon which were employed in the battle (except a few surreptitiously discharged by some adventurous gunners) were the 32 and 42 pounders. The shot from these cannon rebounded from the iron-clad battery like hailstones from a roof, and the gunners, after seeing their best cannon practice thus wasted, abandoned that target and turned their guns on Fort Moultrie. But there they met with little better success. The massive walls of sand-bags that covered every exposed point were as impenetrable as the railroad iron that encased the iron-clad battery. The embrasures were closed with cotton bales, so that even when a shot from Fort Sumter entered an embrasure it did little harm. Four hours of well-directed cannonading produced no more effect upon Fort Moultrie than to silence one of its guns for a few minutes, and to riddle the brick barracks that stood at the back part of the fort. Therefore, when the relief came to take the guns for the second period, the gunners who had worked four hours to achieve such puny results felt their enthusiasm waning somewhat, though their courage remained undiminished. Just before the relieving party went to the guns two veteran sergeants of the first detail determined to have some sort of revenge upon the enemy. Peering out of an open port they looked about for some vulnerable object upon which to turn their guns. About the Confederate batteries no living being could be seen, but down the beach, nearer the city, was a large crowd of spectators. On these the veterans trained their guns, and sent two solid shot that struck the beach, ricocheted over the heads of the crowd, and went crashing through the walls of a hotel behind them. Thereafter the sensitive sergeants were not troubled by the appearance of a crowd of unsympathetic lookers-on.

By this time it was nearly noon. Surgeon Crawford, who had been serving in command of one of the guns, made a visit to the parapet, which the enemy's shot and shell were sweeping at a fearful rate, and

soon returned from that dangerous post to report that out beyond the bar he could see the forms of several vessels dimly outlined through the smoke. These were the vessels of the relief squadron, and their signals to the fort were quickly made. Sumter tried to respond by dipping her flag, but the halliards were shot away, and the flag caught and hung helplessly at half-mast.

Though no very serious damage resulted from the first day's bombardment, one or two incidents are worth mentioning. One of these was the fight which Sergt. John Carmody waged, single-handed and alone, against the combined batteries of the enemy. We have said that the heaviest guns in Fort Sumter were mounted *en barbette*, upon the parapet, and that these guns had been abandoned because of the fury of the enemy's fire upon that part of the fort. Carmody had been serving a gun against Fort Moultrie for several hours; he had seen more than once a well-aimed shot from his gun go into one of the enemy's embrasures, and had been astonished to see the enemy promptly reply with a shot from the gun which he supposed he had dismantled. Repeated disappointments of this kind so angered him that he finally determined, in defiance of orders, to try the effect of some of the heavier cannon upon this seemingly impregnable fort.

Accordingly, as soon as relieved, Carmody clambered up to the parapet, where he found a long line of heavy cannon, already loaded, and roughly aimed at Fort Moultrie. To aim them more carefully was too great a task for Carmody's single-handed strength, so he ran along the line, pulling the lanyards, and discharging the guns, one after another. The balls flew rather wild, but they came near enough to the Confederate batteries to make the gunners in Fort Moultrie turn their attention to Sumter's barbette tier; and when Carmody left, after discharging the last gun, the shot and shell were sweeping across the parapet in a way that ended in speedily dismantling most of the guns which the audacious sergeant had thus turned upon the enemy.

The two veteran sergeants who had fired upon the crowd of seces-

sionist sympathizers were the heroes of another exploit not unlike Carmody's. On the parapet on the Morris-Island side of the fort was mounted a ten-inch Columbiad, which bore directly upon the iron battery which had defied the power of the smaller guns. This cannon the two sergeants determined to fire, and, watching for a moment when no officer was near them, they stole out of the bomb-proofs, clambered upstairs, and fired the gun. But the result of the shot was disappointing, for the ball just grazed the top of the battery and buried itself in the sand beyond. Nothing daunted, the two sergeants set about reloading the gun, which they accomplished with some trouble. But the recoil had thrown the great cannon out of position, and the two volunteer gunners, with their most desperate endeavors, were unable to roll it back into position. While they pushed and tugged at lever and crow-bar, the enemy began to turn his guns upon them, and the parapet soon became too hot for comfort. At last, in despair, they proceeded to fire the gun from its position "out of battery," with the result of causing the ponderous mass of iron to turn a back summersault in the air, and narrowly avoid falling over the wall down to the parade below. The shot was a good one, striking the iron-clad battery fair in the middle; but the gunners were too much dismayed at the accident to notice that: their sole thought was to get back to their quarters undetected, and therein they were successful.

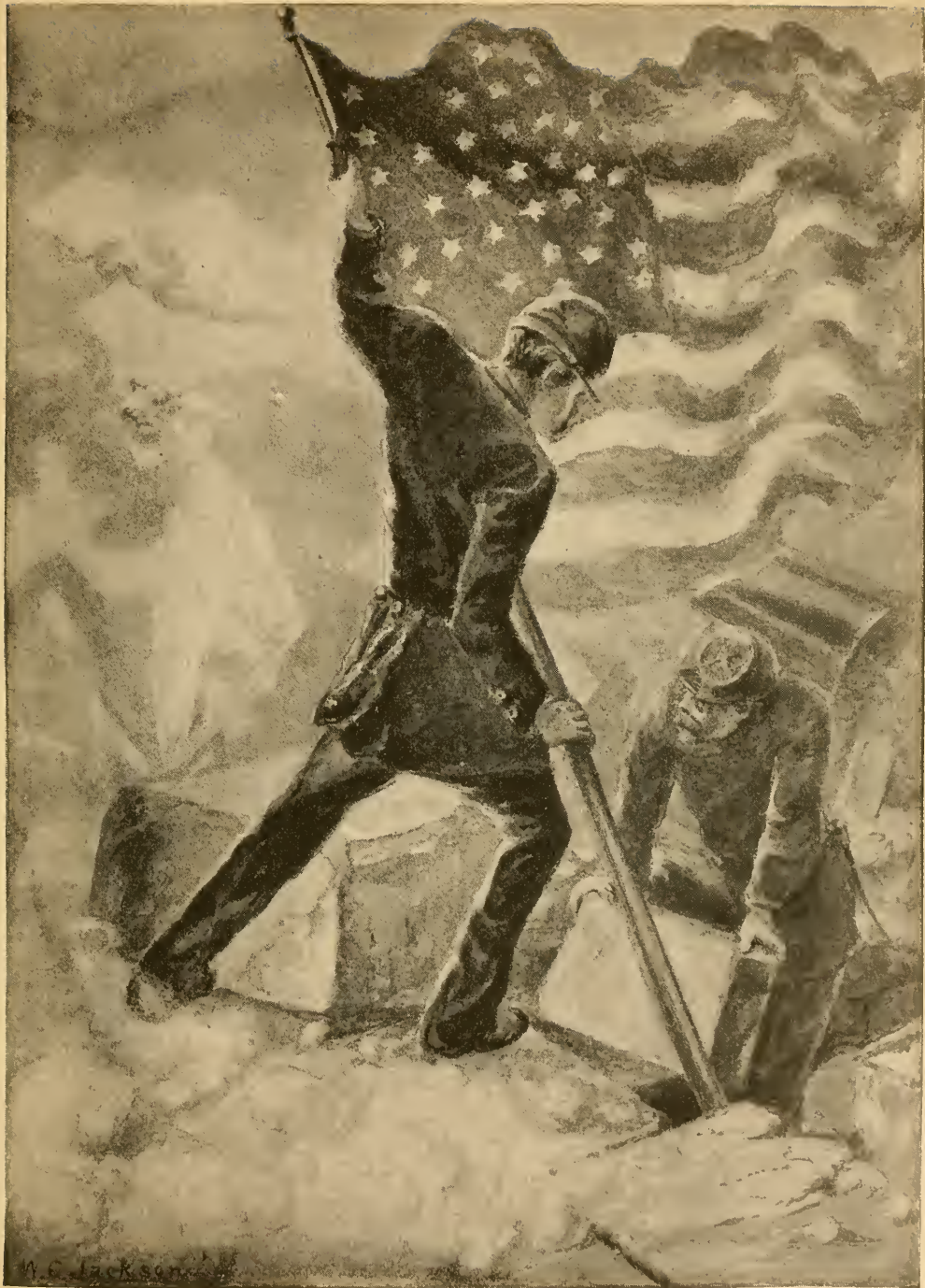
When the sun set on that eventful April day, the tired soldiers in Sumter were called from the guns, and had time to look about them and to note the effect of the bombardment. No blood had been shed. Snugly sheltered in the spacious bomb-proofs, the men had been secure from the bursting shell and plunging shot that made the parade a scene of ruin. The large brick buildings used as barracks had been several times set on fire by red-hot shot. The walls of the fort were badly battered, and many of the barbette guns were dismounted; but as a defensive work Fort Sumter was as strong as ever.

All that night the mortars in the Confederate batteries kept dropping shells into Sumter. No sleep came to the wearied garrison. Some

were on guard; many were making cartridges, their small stock of these necessary articles having been greatly depleted by the ardor of their cannonade. It is worthy of note, as showing the lack of the common munitions of war, that the men's flannel shirts were cut up for material for cartridge-bags, and that in all the fort only six needles could be found to be used in the work.

In work and watching the night was passed. At daybreak the enemy recommenced the cannonade with redoubled vigor. The besieged, after a meagre breakfast of salt pork, went to their guns at half-past seven, and returned a spiteful fire. But though the garrison was still undiminished in point of numbers, though all the storm of shot and shell that beat upon the fort had as yet drawn not one drop of blood, it early became evident to the gallant defenders that that day would see the end of their occupation of Fort Sumter.

The Confederates had noticed the effect of their red-hot shot the day before, and on the second day of the bombardment used these terrible missiles in great numbers. As a result, the barracks were soon on fire, and the flames broke out in so many places that the garrison gave up in despair all hope of extinguishing them. This in itself was not so bad, for the soldiers were in the bomb-proofs, beyond the reach of the flames; but a strong wind sprung up, driving the stifling smoke into all the casemates and galleries of the fort, so that the men could not see each other, and were forced to throw themselves flat on the floor to get fresh air to breathe. By and by the flames drew closer to the magazine. Red-hot shot were falling close to this huge chest of tremendous explosives, and twice a terrible explosion had narrowly been averted. The only course left for the garrison was to take from the magazine enough powder for immediate needs, then close its iron doors, and let the flames rage harmlessly above and about it. This was done. The iron doors, already too hot to be handled with comfort, were closed. The barrels of powder, shells, and hand-grenades taken out were carried into the bomb-proofs and covered with damp blankets; but even this proved not sufficient protection, and most of the powder was thrown upon the rocks



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SERGEANT HART AND THE COLORS.

outside the fort, where it was subsequently ignited by a shell, and blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Through all the flame and smoke and screeching shells the old flag was kept bravely flying above Sumter. Several times the flag-staff had been hit, and the halliards by which the flag had been hoisted were long since cut in pieces. At last, about noon, a heavy shot struck the flag-staff, cutting it in twain, and the flag fell into the parade, into the midst of the burning embers. An officer rescued the banner from the flames and took it into the bomb-proofs. Here it was taken by Sergeant Hart, who boldly clambered with it to the parapet, and there fastened the broken flag-staff to the ramparts, leaving the Stars and Stripes again waving defiantly in the midst of the storm of shot and shell. It is a strange coincidence that about eighty-five years earlier another brave non-commissioned officer, Sergt. William Jasper, had performed a similar feat at Fort Moultrie, within sight of the spot on which Sergeant Hart in 1862 defended the flag of his country from disgrace. Jasper was defending his flag against foreign enemies,—the British. Hart was helping to maintain the authority of the flag which Jasper had helped to give a place among the banners of the proudest nations of the earth.¹

Though the flag had been down but a few minutes, the Confederates noticed its absence, and some thought that Sumter had already surrendered. The fire of the fort, too, had greatly slackened, and hardly more than one gun was discharged every five minutes. As the gunner of a cannon bearing on Fort Moultrie approached the embrasure to load the cannon, he was astonished to see a man in full Confederate uniform standing on the esplanade outside, and excitedly looking in.

"I am General Wigfall," said the stranger; "let me in, I want to see Major Anderson."

The soldier gruffly refused him admittance, and Wigfall ran up and down the esplanade in constant dread of being hit by the fire from his own batteries, which had grown more fierce as Sumter showed

¹ For an account of Sergeant Jasper's exploit, see "Blue Jackets of '76," by Willis J. Abbot, page 81.

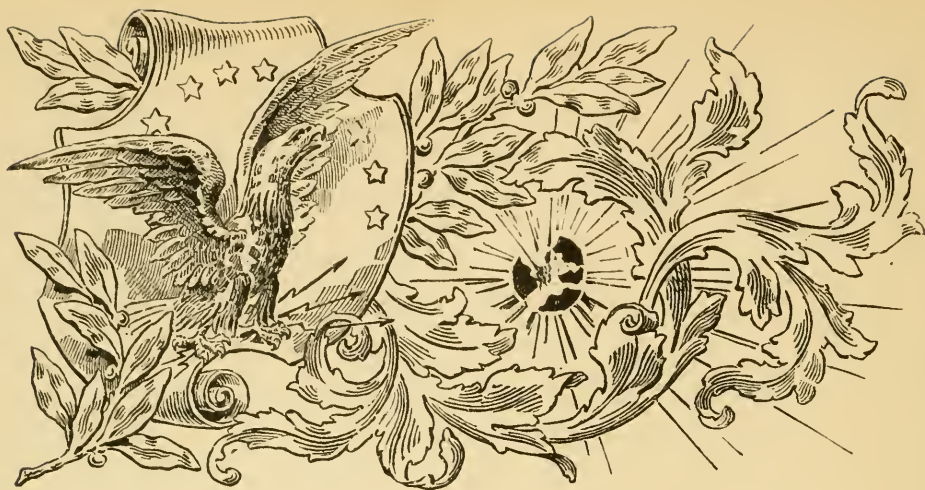
signs of weakness. At last, a private, standing at an embrasure, took pity on him and admitted him. He asked for Major Anderson, and on finding that officer begged him to surrender forthwith. Anderson then agreed to evacuate the fort, with his men and with all the honors of war. After vainly waving a white handkerchief from a port-hole to stop the Confederate fire, Wigfall departed, and Major Anderson allowed a white flag to be raised over the fort. Soon after, the Confederate batteries ceased their fire, and quiet once again reigned over the harbor.

A few moments later a boat bearing three Confederate officers appeared before the fort, and after some parley the visitors were admitted. From them Anderson learned that Wigfall had been a wholly unauthorized visitor, having no right to propose conditions of surrender, or to agree to any proposals made to him. Angered by this discovery, Major Anderson threatened to begin the fight again; but the new envoys dissuaded him, and after due ceremony it was agreed that the Federals should evacuate the fort at noon, the next day. They were to be allowed to salute their colors in taking them down, and to leave the fort with colors flying and carrying their arms with them. This agreement was soon confirmed by the Confederate commander-in-chief; and by nightfall the garrison of the fort was deep in preparation for the evacuation, while the Confederates and the people of Charleston were cheering themselves hoarse in their joy.

The next day the terms of the agreement were carried out. The flag was hauled down from the flag-staff, while the little garrison that had endured so much in its defence was drawn up on the parade. Unhappily, the premature discharge of a cannon during the salute led to the death of one of Anderson's brave soldiers. The Confederates present stood with uncovered heads, while this one victim, of what had otherwise been a bloodless battle, was buried within the walls of the fort he had so bravely defended. Then, with the Stars and Stripes flying at their head, and the band playing "Yankee Doodle," the Federal soldiers marched to the vessel which was to take them out to the United States fleet. The fleet once reached, the tattered flag of Fort Sumter

was raised to the masthead of the man-of-war "Baltic" and saluted by all the other vessels in the squadron. Then they bore away to the northward, leaving Fort Sumter in the hands of the Confederates; and as Anderson looked back and saw the almost unknown flag of the Confederacy — the Stars and Bars — floating from those shattered ramparts, he made a solemn vow to raise once again that Union flag over Sumter's bastions. How well in later years he discharged that vow we shall yet see.





CHAPTER IV.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CALLS FOR TROOPS. — VOLUNTEERS NORTH AND SOUTH. — MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS IN BALTIMORE. — HARPER'S FERRY AND THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD. — BOUNDARIES OF THE CONFEDERACY. — WEST VIRGINIA JOINS THE UNION. — KENTUCKY REMAINS LOYAL. — HOW LYON SAVED MISSOURI.



LET us now pass hastily over the events that occurred between the fall of Fort Sumter and the date of the first great battle between the armed forces of the North and the South.

The news of the attack upon Fort Sumter had been carried to all parts of the North by the telegraph, and while the gunners in the Confederate batteries were relentlessly pouring red-hot shot into that doomed structure, crowds stood about the telegraph and newspaper offices in the Northern cities watching eagerly for the latest news from the fight. Word came that Anderson had capitulated; then that he had evacuated the fort, and was on his way north. Then all eyes and all hearts turned toward Washington, and one question was upon every lip, "What will Lincoln do?" That was on Sunday night, April 14, 1861.

The people had not long to wait. Monday morning, on the first page of every loyal newspaper in the North, appeared a PROCLAMATION, whereby Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, called upon the militia of the country to furnish forthwith seventy-five thousand men for the purpose of putting down the growing insurrection. Doubt vanished with the appearance of this proclamation. Factions in the loyal States disappeared. Every one was for the preservation of the Union, and the beat of the drum and the tramp of marching soldiery were heard in city and village alike. Within forty-eight hours thousands of citizen soldiers were under arms and ready to march to Washington.

Of the enthusiasm of the populace and the alacrity with which the militia responded to the call of the President some striking stories are told. The Massachusetts troops were first to march. It is said that, while one of these regiments was encamped in New York, a citizen noticed that one of the soldiers was shod with ragged shoes that would scarce protect his feet from the mud and stones of the roadway.

"How in the world," asked the citizen, "did you ever come to start out on a campaign in such boots as those?"

"When the order came for me to join my company, sir," answered the soldier, "I was ploughing in the same field at Concord where my grandfather was ploughing when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. He did not wait a minute; and I did not either."

It is needless to state that the ragged boots were quickly replaced by a pair of the best obtainable in New York.

Another Massachusetts militia-man had just killed a pig, and was about to scald and dress it, when a messenger appeared summoning him to join his company. Throwing down his knife, he put on his coat, and with a word or two of farewell to his wife he started off. The pig could wait until the war was over.

In Montreal, Canada, a couple of Yankees were managing a little

retail store. One morning they read the news of the President's proclamation in the Montreal papers. The next day, people going to the shop to trade found it closed, and on the door was posted the following notice: —

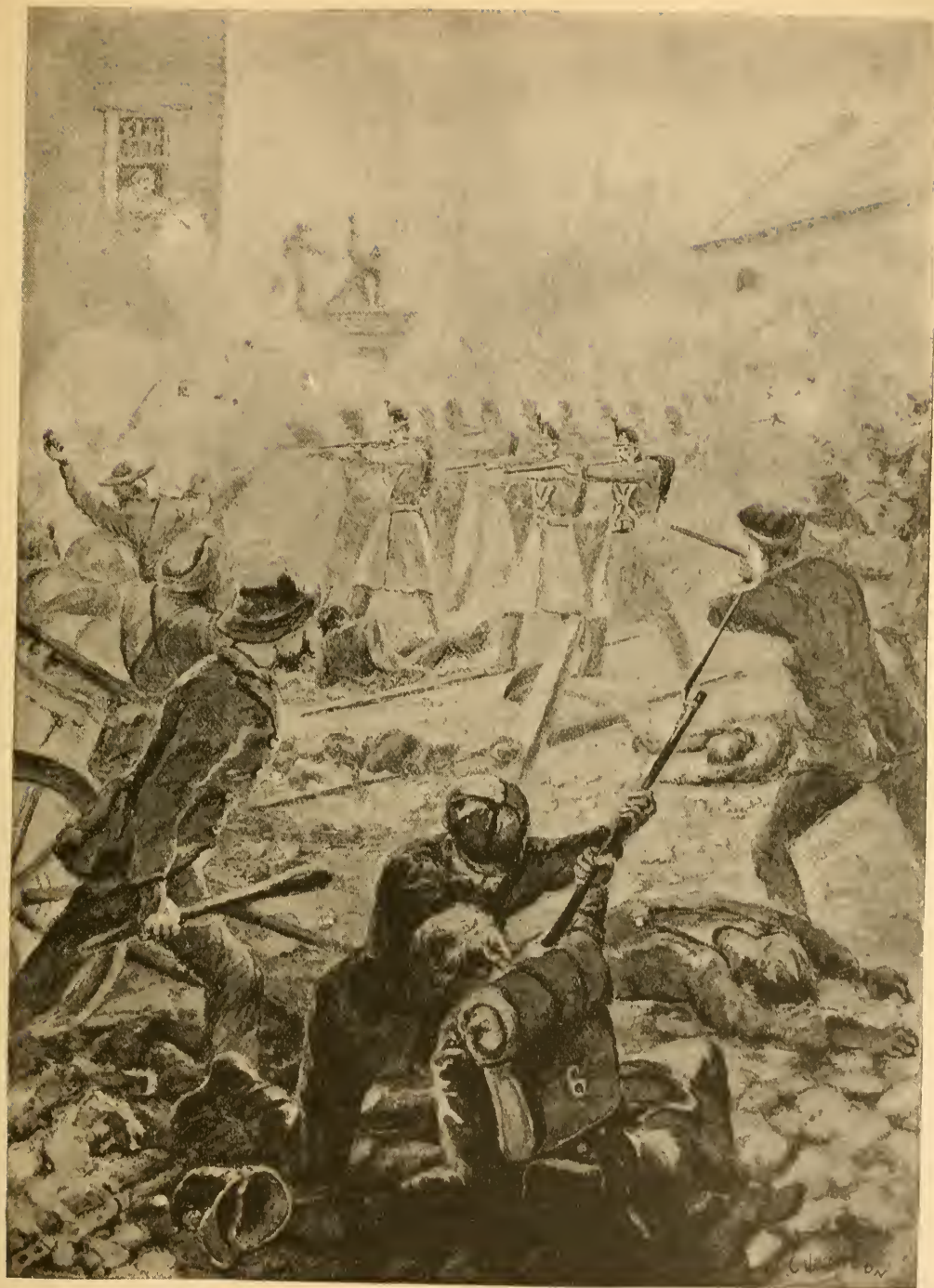
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
HAS ISSUED HIS CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.
AS AMERICANS WE RESPOND AT ONCE.
EVERY DROP OF BLOOD IN OUR VEINS
BELONGS TO OUR COUNTRY.

A young business man of New York, Drake de Kay by name, closed his office, pinned to the door the curt notice, —

GONE TO WASHINGTON.
BACK AT CLOSE OF WAR.

—and then not only went to Washington himself, but took with him a detachment of his employees, all of whom were soon enrolled among the wearers of the blue.

In the South there was much the same enthusiasm and unity of action. Militia companies were organized in all parts of the country. Bands of cavalry sprung up. Every young man who owned a horse hastened to enroll himself under the standard of some leader. With sincerity and honesty of purpose equal to that of the Northern volunteers, the Southerners felt that they were organizing to defend their homes and kindred from an invading force, and thought themselves actuated by no less lofty patriotism than that which led Northern men to drop the plough, catch up the musket, and hasten to the defence of the national capitol.



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THE RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

It was toward Washington that all the Northern troops made their way. A glance at the map will show that, in the very nature of things, the frontier, the line along which the hostile forces would first meet in battle, was likely to be the Potomac river. First of the Northern troops to start for the front was the Sixth Massachusetts regiment. Its way to the capital lay through the cities of New York and Baltimore. In the first city it encountered an ovation, but in the latter place the untried soldiers found themselves face to face with the enemy. It was then the 19th of April. Secessionists in all parts of the South were wildly enthusiastic over the news that, the night before, the Virginia militia-men had moved upon the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and had forced the Federal officer in command there to set fire to the place and retreat. This occurrence, right on the borders of Maryland, had greatly inflamed the passions of the thousands of secessionists in Baltimore; and when, therefore, they heard that a regiment of Northern troops was to pass through the city, that day they determined to show that Baltimore was a Southern city, and sympathized with the Southern cause.

Arriving in Baltimore at a station on one side of the city, it was necessary for the troops to pass through the city to a station on the other side in order to continue their journey by rail to Washington. Six companies were drawn through the streets in cars without encountering anything worse than abuse. Then a car broke down, a crowd gathered, stones were thrown, soldiers struck down, and the mob, having tasted blood, became uncontrollable, and with rocks, pieces of iron, clubs, and revolvers bitterly opposed the advance of the troops.

There were four companies in the little column that set out that April afternoon to cut its way through the Baltimore mob. For a few blocks they marched steadily on, looking neither to the right nor the left. Then their foes grew more vicious. Missiles by scores are hurled upon them. Barricades are built. Bridges which they must cross have been unfloored. At last the soldiers begin to return the fire. Volley after volley is poured into the mob, and the way is cleared. Four dead

Union soldiers were left upon the streets of Baltimore when the Massachusetts Sixth finally boarded its train for Washington.

"I pray you cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in battle, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me," telegraphed Governor Andrew to the Mayor of Baltimore; and the pathos of the despatch, and the thought of the wrong which called it forth, stirred up in the minds of Northern men a hatred of Baltimore that it took years to allay.

Baltimore did not long exult in her triumph over the Massachusetts troops. Two weeks later General Butler, a newly commissioned brigadier-general, entered the city with four regiments, and took possession of Federal Hill, an elevation which commanded the town, and which, from its height and the steepness of its sides, was fairly impregnable. This display of force brought the city to terms, and thereafter the thousands and tens of thousands of Union soldiers who marched through Baltimore met with no violence.

In the mean time the people of the South were not idle. Troops from all parts of the seceded States were pressing forward toward the Potomac and Ohio rivers, which were generally looked upon as marking the general line of battle. Virginia, though not yet formally cut loose from the Union, was prompt to act. Her militia threatened the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and caused its commander to fly into Maryland, leaving the arsenal a smoking ruin. At Norfolk the Federal government maintained a great navy-yard, with ship-houses, storehouses, rope-walks, and a great granite dry-dock, that is still one of the largest in the country. The warehouses of the navy-yards were full of cordage, sails, and marine stores. Ordnance and ammunition enough for a fleet was there. Moreover, a fleet of no mean size was there too, for anchored in the stream in front of the navy-yard were a number of powerful war-vessels, and on the stocks were others needing but a few weeks' work to make them formidable sea-going men-of-war. On all this property the secessionists looked covetously, and before the ordinance of secession was passed some of the bolder spirits thought to make sure

of the prize by sinking obstructions in the river channel so that the vessels at the navy-yard might not escape.

In command at the navy-yard was an officer, Captain McCauley. He could not be blind to the warlike purpose of the Virginians; but he was either in sympathy with them or misled by treacherous advisers. Though warned from Washington, he did nothing, either to prepare for defence or to secure the safety of the vessels under his charge. Chief of these was the new frigate "Merrimac," mounting fourteen guns. After idly dallying until too late, McCauley suddenly discovered that he was in a trap. He saw the secessionists building batteries that one broadside from the "Merrimac" or the "Cumberland" could sweep away; but still he gave no order. At last reënforcements came to his aid and found him in the act of scuttling the "Merrimac," and setting the torch to the unfinished ships and the buildings of the navy-yard. It was then too late to attempt defence, so the new-comers aided the retreating garrison in the incendiary work, and, after seeing the flames well started, abandoned the navy-yard to the Virginians. Though the fire did an enormous amount of damage, yet the cannon and shot were not injured at all, and the Confederates found themselves in possession of two thousand pieces of heavy artillery with which to arm their forts. As for the sunken "Merrimac," she was raised, coated with iron, and fought that historic fight with the little "Monitor" which revolutionized the methods of naval warfare.¹

Thus the early weeks of the war went on. Every day brought the news that the Confederates had seized upon some fort, arsenal, army-post, or navy-yard. The chief energies of the North, however, were devoted to rushing troops forward for the protection of Washington. On the side of the South there was everything to arouse enthusiasm. There was nothing to be lost, and so no reverses were to be chronicled. One by one the slave States were coming into the Confederacy, and day by day the stock of munitions of war gained by the seizure of Federal property

¹ For a more detailed account of the burning of the Norfolk navy-yard, see "Blue Jackets of '61," page 19.

grew greater. To the people of the North, however, there was nothing cheering in the situation.

A glance at the map accompanying this chapter will show the extent of the Confederacy in the latter part of May, 1861.

Ten States had by that time formally withdrawn from the Union. Tennessee, the eleventh State in the Confederacy, was then bound to the Confederacy in a "military league," though it had not yet formally seceded from the Union. Thus we find the Confederacy to consist of the following States:—

South Carolina	.	.	.	.	Seceded Dec. 20, 1860.
Mississippi	.	.	.	.	" Jan. 9, 1861.
Florida	.	.	.	.	" Jan. 10, 1861.
Alabama	.	.	.	.	" Jan. 11, 1861.
Georgia	.	.	.	.	" Jan. 19, 1861.
Louisiana	.	.	.	.	" Jan. 26, 1861.
Texas	.	.	.	.	" Feb. 1, 1861.
Virginia	.	.	.	.	" April 17, 1861.
Arkansas	.	.	.	.	" May 6, 1861.
North Carolina	.	.	.	.	" May 20, 1861.
Tennessec	.	.	.	.	" June 24, 1861.

But, huge as this Confederacy was, it failed to include all of the States that would naturally have been expected to unite with it. Among the loyal States, as shown on the map, will be noticed Missouri, Kentucky, Delaware, and Maryland; all Southern States geographically, all allied with the cotton and tobacco States by virtue of their industries and social institutions, and, a still stronger reason why they should have been expected to link their fortunes with the South, all slave States. Yet one other Southern State, West Virginia, is shown on the map as being independent of the Confederacy. Let us first consider its history at this time, and then look at the causes which saved the other three loyal Southern States to the Union.

Up in the north-western part of Virginia (as the State was defined in 1861, while there was yet no State of West Virginia) the population was meagre, and mostly made up of small farmers, who owned no slaves. The rugged country, made up of precipitous mountain ranges and narrow winding valleys, afforded little room for the great plantations upon which slave labor could be advantageously employed, and the people therefore worked their own farms, and became thrifty, industrious, and self-reliant. When the convention was called to discuss the proposed secession of Virginia, the delegates from this part of the State spoke boldly against the project; and when secession became an accomplished fact, the people of the forty counties in the mountain region met in convention, repudiated the action of the secessionists, and finally organized as a State, which was admitted to the Union in 1863. Throughout the war the West Virginia region was recognized as loyal territory, and one of the first acts of the Federal war authorities was to march a large detachment of Union troops into the State, to support the people in their loyalty. How thoroughly loyal sentiments were disseminated among these sturdy mountaineers can be judged from the declaration of a Confederate officer who was sent into West Virginia in search of recruits, and after some weeks of endeavor was forced to report a complete failure, saying that the West Virginians were "thoroughly imbued with an ignorant and bigoted Union sentiment."

In West Virginia the Confederates first lost a portion of the territory which they confidently expected would be theirs. The next serious blow to their hopes was the refusal of the rich and fertile commonwealth of Kentucky to join their course. Allied with the South by its traditions and social customs, abounding in rich plantations tilled by thousands of slaves, peopled chiefly by inhabitants of Southern birth and lineage, Kentucky was looked upon by the leaders in the Confederacy as a certain ally. The military importance of the State to the Confederates was obvious. Not alone would its unexcelled fertility afford forage-ground for countless armies, but its possession

would enable them to hold the Ohio river as their main line of defence.

But when the day of secession arrived, the Union men in the State showed unexpected strength. Though the governor and most of the politicians were in sympathy with the Confederacy, the Union sentiment among the people was too great to be ignored. Therefore the State authorities were fain to temporize, and finally declared that, in the unhappy struggle then impending, Kentucky would remain neutral, giving neither aid nor shelter to either belligerent. To us, to-day, such an attitude seems absurd, and the theory that a State could be neither bound to the Union, nor yet seceded from it, seems untenable; but for nearly a year Kentucky occupied exactly this position. When President Lincoln's proclamation, calling out the militia to the number of seventy-five thousand, was issued, Kentucky was asked to furnish four regiments. But these troops the governor indignantly refused to furnish. Shortly afterwards the Confederate authorities asked for one regiment, and received a like rebuff. For a time, at least, the narrow path of neutrality was successfully followed.

Naturally this action on the part of Kentucky led to some strange results. Though the State was neutral, its people were not. There were fiery secessionists and ardent unionists, and collisions between the factions were not uncommon. Moreover, thousands of each party were anxious to join the army, and as a result enlisting in Kentucky soon began to be followed with great energy by both parties. By tacit consent no camps were established within the borders of the State; but the unionists had a camp in Ohio, on the northern bank of the river, while the secessionists had their rendezvous in Tennessee, a few miles from the Kentucky line. "It was no uncommon sight in Louisville at this time," writes an officer who served in Kentucky, "to see a squad of recruits for the Union service marching up one side of a street, while a squad destined for the Confederacy was moving down the other. In the interior a train bearing a company destined for Nelson's (Union) camp took aboard

at the next county town another company which was bound for Camp Boone (Confederate). The officers in charge made a treaty by which their men were kept in separate cars."

But while the troops were thus being marshalled in hostile camps on the northern and southern borders of the State, the Union voters of Kentucky were laying their plans for the election of a Legislature, a majority of the members of which should be loyal. In this they succeeded, and the Legislature so constituted met on the 2d of September, 1861. It so happened that on the third of the month General Polk, who commanded a large body of Confederate troops in Western Tennessee, moved some of his forces into Kentucky. The Legislature of that State seized upon this as a violation of the neutrality of the State, and immediately passed resolutions declaring that Kentucky was in accord with the national government. Thereafter the State stood with the States of the North, and a bitter blow it was to the Confederacy. Before the end of the first year of the war Kentucky gave to the Union twenty-eight regiments of infantry, six of cavalry, and three batteries.

The loss of Kentucky left two gaps in the Confederate line east of the Mississippi. West of that great river the rich State of Missouri was expected to act as the vanguard of the Southern Confederacy. The story of how Missouri was saved to the Union is the tale of one of the most interesting episodes of the war. It is a most striking evidence of what may be accomplished in trying times by one or two men of indomitable will, unflagging energy, and great audacity. Kentucky was saved by the existence of a wide-spread feeling of loyalty to the Union. Missouri was saved by the pluck of two men, — Francis P. Blair and Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the United States army.

At the outbreak of hostilities Missouri was torn by factions. The great body of the people, beyond any doubt, desired to emulate the example of Kentucky, and preserve a strict neutrality. Next to these in point of numbers were the outspoken secessionists, among whom

were to be found the governor of the State and most of the more prominent politicians. The loyal party was the smallest of the three, and was composed chiefly of Germans, large numbers of whom had settled in the eastern part of the State. But, though small in numbers, the Union men were rich in able leaders; and as a result, when the governor of the State called a convention to discuss the proposition to take the State out of the Union, the unionists and the neutral party combined their forces with such effect that not a single secessionist was elected as a delegate.

This for a time dampened the ardor of the secessionists, but they soon resumed their activity. The news of the attack upon Fort Sumter stirred them to open rejoicing. Then came Lincoln's demand for seventy-five thousand men, to which the Governor of Missouri responded that the call for troops was "illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary, in its objects inhuman and diabolical. . . . Not one man will Missouri furnish to carry on such an unholy crusade."

But, though the worthy governor thus scornfully declined to furnish any troops to uphold the Union, he had for some months been raising and drilling forces intended to coöperate with the Confederates; these forces, known as the minute-men, were enrolled as the regular militia of the State. In one item alone were the governor's warlike preparations faulty. He had failed to secure arms for his troops. This lack he proposed to meet by capturing the Federal arsenal in St. Louis, and it was in that project that he was met and checkmated by Blair and Lyon.

Blair was a politician; Lyon, a soldier. Both were identified heart and soul with the Union cause, and, working in harmony, each along his own lines, they were enabled to save the State to the Union. Hearing that Governor Jackson was organizing the secessionists under the name of "minute-men," Blair proceeded to do similar work among the Union sympathizers, giving to the troops thus raised the name of "Home Guards." Thus two rival militia organizations were drilling in the State of Missouri, both unarmed, and both under the flag of the

United States. The arms necessary to supply these troops were in the St. Louis arsenal, and both Jackson and Blair determined to secure them; the former by force, and the latter by means of his political influence at Washington.

The plan of the secessionists was wily. A State law provided that the governor should annually order the militia into camp for drill and discipline. In accordance with this law the governor was to call out the militia, choosing as the site for the camp certain hillsides that were near the arsenal, and thoroughly commanded it. There the troops were to remain until an opportunity to seize the arsenal should present itself. Until the capture of the arsenal should be achieved, the militia-men bore arms of the most varied character. Two six-pounder guns without limbers or caissons, about one thousand muskets, forty sabres and fifty-eight swords, and several hundred hunting rifles made up the total of arms which the quartermaster-general found available. As for the swords, he said they were of an antique Roman pattern, and "would not be as useful in war as so many bars of soap."

Clearly with such faulty munitions of war, even so petty an achievement as the capture of the arsenal could not be attempted; therefore special messengers were sent to Jefferson Davis, at Montgomery, to ask for aid. Word soon came that the Confederate chieftain had promised to send two cannon, and Governor Jackson forthwith ordered his men into camp and made ready for the attack.

In the mean time what were the Union men doing? Blair and Lyon were not to be caught napping, even by so clever a plot as that conceived by the wily governor. Their secret agents kept them well informed of everything that went on at the enemy's headquarters, and they soon put themselves in readiness to beat him with his own weapons. The first move was to get Captain Lyon appointed to the chief command of the arsenal. This done, Lyon issued a great part of the arms to the "Home Guards," and sent the rest over into Illinois for safe-keeping. This in itself sufficiently balked the project of the secessionists.

Captain Lyon, however, was not content to stop with this. He was a thorough soldier, invincible in will, and inflexible in devotion to the flag of his country. He had followed that flag across many a hard-fought battle-field in Mexico, and had suffered at least one wound in its service. He had been repeatedly promoted and honored, and always because of his energy and quickness of thought and action. These qualities were notably displayed in an encounter he once had with three mounted Indians, who rode upon him swiftly and caught him almost unawares. The first of his assailants Lyon killed with a shot from his carbine. The second was instantly run through by the blade of his sabre. The third, thinking he had encountered a devil, and not a man, made off with such speed that Lyon could not reload in time to get a shot at him. When to this sketch of the man's character is added the fact that he was an uncompromising hater of slavery, it will be readily understood that he was not content with a merely diplomatic victory over the secessionists, but sought an opportunity to overawe and crush them with the sword.

Having determined to make war upon the secessionists, Lyon had not long to wait for an opportunity, or a pretext. Walking one night on the levee, he stood idly watching the unloading of a steamer which had just arrived from Memphis. The weight of some packing-cases, under which even the sturdy roustabouts groaned, attracted his attention, and he went over to examine them more closely. The address they bore was undecipherable, and the only thing about them to indicate the character of their contents was the label, "Marble." But as Lyon looked upon them he thought of the rumored appeal of the secessionists to Jefferson Davis for arms, and he determined to follow these mysterious packing-boxes to their destination. While he was debating the matter some heavy drays drove up, and soon left the wharf carrying the cases. Lyon followed, and found his suspicions verified. The boxes were left at the gate of Camp Jackson.

The next day, among the crowd of pleasure vehicles that drove out from the city to watch the soldiers at their drill was an open

carriage, containing a gentleman and a closely veiled lady. The lady seemed to manifest an unusual and intelligent interest in military affairs, and the carriage was driven all through the camp until it reached a spot where some soldiers were opening several heavy packing-cases labelled "Marble." This operation the lady watched with lively interest, and when the opening of the boxes disclosed to view two twelve-pounder howitzers and two thirty-two-pounder cannon, with shot and shell for all, she gave a start of satisfaction. Then the driver drove on out of the camp, back into the city and straight to the arsenal. The lady alighted, proceeded with a rather military and masculine stride to enter, and once within stripped off her bonnet, veil, and dress, and appeared as Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, in the full uniform of a United States soldier.

Summoning the leading unionists to a council, Lyon told them of his discovery, and declared that he proposed to lead his troops against Camp Jackson the next morning. Some protested against so daring a movement, but Lyon's inflexible will bore down all opposition. He declared that, though the United States flag floated over the camp, it was, nevertheless, a nest of traitors, and he proposed "to capture the camp and the men in it, both the officers and the enlisted men, with all its material of war; to demand a surrender, with his men in line of battle and his cannon in position; and if the demand was not complied with at once, to fight for it." And this programme he substantially carried out the next day.

Rumors of the intended attack reached the secessionists, but they made no preparation for defence; and so when, early in the afternoon, Lyon, with his four regiments and heavy cannon, appeared on the scene and deployed his troops so as to completely surround the camp, the secessionists had nothing to do but to surrender. Then stacking their arms, and leaving their new cannon on the ground, the disarmed secessionists were marched back to the city, where they were released upon parole. On the way a crowd of Southern sympathizers followed the troops, cheering for Jefferson Davis, waving handkerchiefs,

and cursing the Germans, who made up the majority of Lyon's troops. At last some shots were fired by the mob; the soldiers wheeled and returned the fire. When the smoke cleared away more than twenty of the rioters were seen to have been hit.

Such was the first step toward holding Missouri for the Union. In itself it was decisive, for never after that day did the secessionists in St. Louis dare to make open preparations for war. But Lyon, not content with this, made preparations to seize the State capital. He had, by this time, been commissioned brigadier-general, and had under his command more than ten thousand men. The governor, seeking to save the State from the horrors of civil war, sought an interview with the determined soldier, and strove to make a treaty which should assure the neutrality of Missouri. The conference was held in a St. Louis hotel, and a number of citizens were present. One of them thus describes the cavalier manner in which the soldier cut short the debate:—

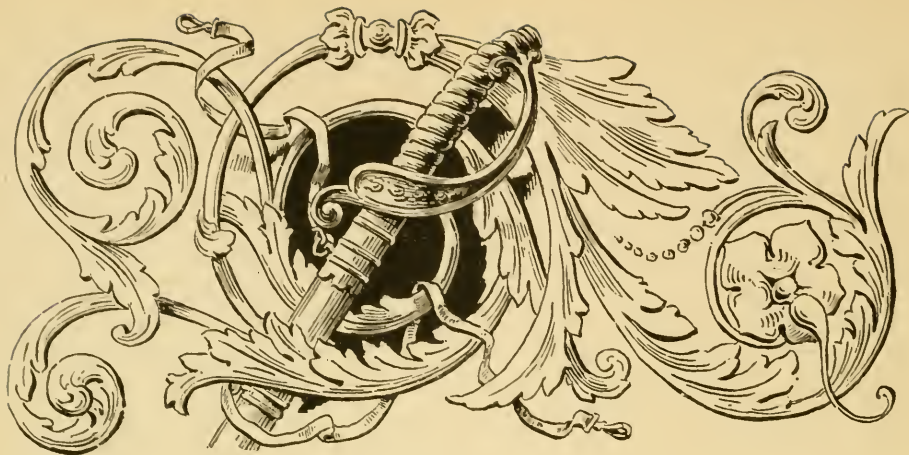
“‘Rather,’ said he (he was still seated, and spoke deliberately, slowly, and with a peculiar emphasis), ‘rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into the State whenever it pleases, or move its troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State,—rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my government in any matter, however unimportant, I would’ (rising as he said this, and pointing in turn to every one in the room) ‘see you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman, and child in the State dead and buried.’ Then, turning to the governor, he said, ‘This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call for you, and conduct you out of my lines.’ And then, without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned upon his heel and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanging his sabre, while we whom he had left, and who had known each other for years, bade farewell to each other courteously and kindly,

and separated, — Blair and Conant to fight for the Union, we for the land of our birth."

With Lyon to speak was to act. Four days thereafter he was in the State capital with an armed force. Governor Jackson and the State officials fled southward, and the secessionists, thus robbed of their power at the capital, and in the largest city of the State, never recovered their organization sufficiently to attempt to carry the State out of the Union. Fighting there was, and plenty of it, on Missouri soil, and in one battle General Lyon laid down his life. But, before the serious fighting begun, his pluck and determination had carried the day for the Federal authority in Missouri.

In Delaware and Maryland, slave States both, secessionist sentiment made little headway. In the former State the first effort to stir up a revolt against the Union was quietly suppressed by the action of the Legislature, and thenceforward no attention was given to the State by the Southern leaders. In Maryland, as we have seen, there was some turbulence at the outset; but the secessionists were chiefly the townsfolk, and the countrymen retained their love for the Union. To win this State to the cause of the South, the Confederates made every effort. Orators were sent to Maryland; her people were exhorted to link their fortunes with the South; the song "My Maryland" was sung in all the armies of the Confederacy. Finally Lee sent his forces into the State, in the hope that the sight of the gray uniforms might awaken the enthusiasm of the people. But all to no avail. Maryland remained loyal to the last.





CHAPTER V.

ACTIVITY OF THE CONFEDERATES. — THE FEDERALS CROSS THE POTOMAC. — DEATH OF ELLSWORTH. — BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL. — THE AMBUSCADE ON THE RAILROAD. — MCCLELLAN IN WEST VIRGINIA. — BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN. — DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT.



FOR a month after the surrender of Fort Sumter hardly a shot was fired by either belligerent. Each was preparing for the impending struggle. In the North, troops were being enlisted in every State and hastily sent forward to Washington. The Southern leaders were massing their troops in Northern Virginia, at a small village known as Manassas, about thirty miles from Washington. Between those two points the first great battle of the war was to be fought.

Among the Confederates the greatest activity prevailed. All along the south bank of the Potomac below Washington they built batteries, seeking to prevent vessels from ascending the river for the purpose of carrying reënforcements to the capital. A flotilla of tug-boats, carrying one thirty-two pounder each, was then put on the river by

the Federals, and encounters between these craft and the Confederate batteries were frequent, but unimportant. Over all the ground between the Confederate base at Manassas and the bank of the Potomac before Washington the Confederate engineers travelled, making surveys, drawing maps, choosing points for fortifications, and preparing in every way for the forward march of the Confederate army. All this time the troops in Washington were idle. No notice was taken of the Confederate activity, and before the Union authorities were stirred to action the Confederate picket line was posted along the bank of the Potomac, and the engineers were laying out fortifications from which cannon-shot could have been thrown into the streets of the city. From his window in the White House President Lincoln could see the Confederate flag floating on the heights across the river, and with a good field-glass he could see the engineers at their work. Clearly it was time for the Union forces to bestir themselves.

There were then in Washington troops to the number of about thirteen thousand. Thus far the war had been one long holiday for them. Well quartered in the great public buildings of the capital, well fed, subjected to only the lightest discipline, and finding in drill and standing guard their severest toil, they were still mere holiday soldiers. But this period of their service soon came to an end. Gen. Winfield Scott, a veteran soldier of the Union, was then in command of the forces. He shrunk from giving the order that should send an invading force into Virginia, hoping that, despite the headway that the insurrection had made, the horrors of civil war might still be averted. But on the 23d of May, 1861, General Mansfield hurried to the office of the general-in-chief with news so important that it changed the whole situation. It appeared that that afternoon a young Union officer had crossed the river in a boat, and while near the southern bank his attention had been attracted by a number of men on Arlington Heights. With a powerful spy-glass he scanned them closely, and recognized, in the most prominent figure, Robert E. Lee, the military adviser of President Davis, and the officer who afterwards became gen-

eral-in-chief of the Confederate forces. It needed but a very little scrutiny to convince the observer that Lee was laying out fortifications upon those commanding heights, and, knowing that a strong battery posted there would hold Washington at its mercy, the young officer hastened back to report his discovery to his general.

The danger impending was at once evident to General Scott, and he speedily gave orders that the Union forces should cross the Potomac and occupy the hills that bordered the Virginia bank of the river. That night there was stir and bustle in the camps and quarters of the Union troops. By midnight all was ready, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th the roll of the drum and the tramp of armed feet were heard in the streets of the city. The southward march of the army of the Union had begun.

The advance was made in three columns. Two bridges spanned the Potomac before Washington, and by each of these a column crossed into Virginia. Their advance was unresisted, and unaccompanied by any incidents of note. The third division of the army, led by the famous Ellsworth Zouaves, crossed the river in schooners and seized the town of Alexandria. This place was filled with Confederate sympathizers, and for weeks past a Confederate flag flying from the roof of its chief hotel had been noted by the loyal people of Washington, and had even been visible from the windows of the White House. Colonel Ellsworth, marching at the head of his regiment, remembered this flag, and as soon as the town was completely in control of the Union forces he went to tear it down with his own hands. It was a rash act; but the war was still young, and officers were apt to be carried away by their enthusiasm. Two soldiers accompanied him to the house.

"Whose flag is that?" he demanded of a man who stood in the door.

"I don't know," was the cool response.

"It must be taken down at once."

"Go and take it, if you want it," responded the secessionist, turning on his heel and walking away.

Followed by his companions, Ellsworth ascended to the roof of the house, cut the halliards, and throwing the flag over his arm began to descend. Just as he reached the second floor a door opening upon the hallway was thrown open, and a man sprang out, levelled a double-barrelled shot-gun, and discharged it full at the breast of the unfortunate officer. The gun was loaded with buckshot, and the fatal charge drove before it, almost into the heart of the murdered man, a gold badge that he wore pinned upon his breast, and that bore the motto, "*Non nobis sed pro patria.*" Slain instantly by the fearful wound, Ellsworth fell forward without a groan. Then the sound of another gunshot rang through the house as one of Ellsworth's companions sent a bullet through the brain of the murderer, and followed it by plunging his sabre-bayonet again and again into his body. Then the wife of the dead secessionist came rushing from her room, threw herself upon the body of her husband, and called upon him in tones so piteous that even the Zouaves, mad with rage as they were, could scarce conceal their pity. The group about the two dead bodies in the dark and narrow hall made a scene at once dramatic and appalling. It was described in the vivid phrases of the newspaper correspondents in all parts of the country the next day, and carried a thrill to thousands of hearts North and South. Each of the two dead men was called a hero and a martyr by those who sympathized with the cause which he represented.

The Potomac having been crossed, the troops were occupied for some time in fortifying the advantageous positions they had gained. Among the points held by the Federals were Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, and Arlington House, the family seat of Robert E. Lee. The former place, throughout the war, was recognized by both belligerents as, in a certain sense, neutral ground, and though the tide of war surged back and forth before it, no act of violence was ever committed within its bounds. Arlington House was one of the chief points in the Union line of defence, and though the soldiers of the blue showed every willingness to respect and protect the property

of their great adversary, General Lee, sentiment had at last to give way to the stern dictates of military necessity. The mighty oaks that shaded the grounds about the house were felled, and the lawns and gardens were torn up by tramp of marching men, or disfigured by long lines of earthworks. Before the war ended the place passed wholly out of the hands of the Lees, and it is to-day a national cemetery, in which lie the bones of over sixteen thousand soldiers who laid down their lives in the cause of the Union.

Let us now transfer our attention from that part of Virginia adjacent to Washington to the historic region of the Old Dominion, at the extreme end of the peninsula formed by the York and James rivers. There stood Fortress Monroe, well garrisoned by New York and Massachusetts troops, under the command of General Butler. All around was the country of the secessionists, save to the eastward, where the waves of the great ocean tossed and roared. The Confederates, fearing that Fortress Monroe might be made a base of operations for the Union troops, were busily engaged in throwing up earthworks and drawing lines of defence, which, when completed and properly manned, would hem in the Federal soldiers. In this work the slaves were employed in great numbers. Several of them escaped to Fortress Monroe, whither they were quickly followed by their masters, who demanded that they should be given up. Butler was troubled at first, for he disliked to surrender the slaves; yet his instructions had been to respect the rights of property, and slaves were property. At last he hit upon the idea.

"Hold on a moment," he exclaimed to a slave-owner who was energetically pressing his claim; "you say that this man is your property, and that I am ordered to respect the rights of private ownership. That's true enough. But you might own a hundred muskets, or fifty cavalry sabres, with which you intended to arm a Confederate troop. In that case I should be perfectly justified in seizing the arms as contraband of war. Now, these negroes have been employed by you in building Confederate fortifications. If I return

them to you they will again be set at the same work. They are, therefore, as much part of your war material as cannon or sabres would be, and as an officer of the United States I confiscate them as contraband of war."

The disappointed slave-owners bowed themselves out. The country laughed at General Butler's clever reasoning, but the decision held good. Thereafter negroes were "contrabands," and when one of them reached the Union lines his shackles fell off and he became free.

Now it happened that, in the early part of June, one of the contrabands who had reached the fort announced that at Big Bethel, a little way up the peninsula, the Confederates were throwing up some very formidable earthworks. General Butler had by this time conceived the idea that the way to get to Richmond (then the capital of the Confederacy) was not to send troops across the country from Washington, but to march them straight up the peninsula from Fortress Monroe. Clearly, then, it would never do to let the enemy block the path with earthworks and batteries; so immediate preparations were made for an expedition against the Confederate forces at Big and Little Bethel. The plan of attack contemplated two distinct attacking columns; one was to march from Hampton under Duryea, the other from Newport News under Colonel Bendix. In order that they might recognize each other when they met, they were to wear white rags tied upon the left arm, and before rushing forward to the attack all were to shout "Boston!" Unluckily the officer who was detailed to give these instructions to Colonel Bendix forgot to do it. As a result the two columns met in the road near Little Bethel. The soldiers under Duryea's command saw confronting them a body of men wearing no distinctive strip of white. The watchword "Boston" was given, but there was no response. Then an attack was ordered, and before the blunder was discovered volleys had been exchanged, and two dead men and ten badly wounded lay in the road.

"How can I go back and look General Butler in the face!" cried in agony the officer to whose forgetfulness this horror was due.

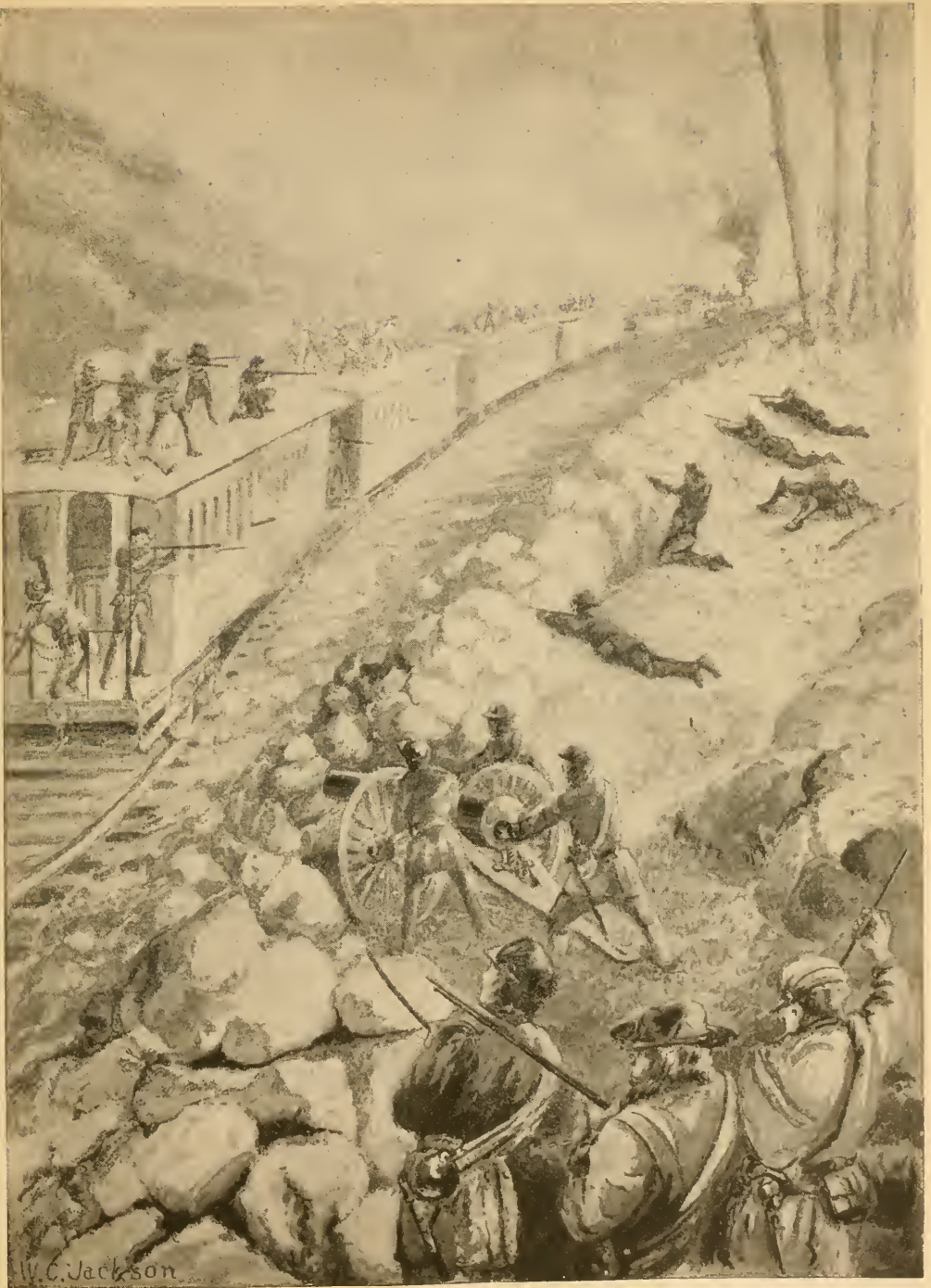
Waiting a few hours at the scene of this skirmish for reënforcements,

the Federals again took up the march. But the shouts and volleys of musketry had given the enemy warning of their approach, and by the time the attacking column reached Big Bethel, General Magruder was securely posted in his entrenchments, fresh, vigilant, and ready to receive the attack. Though exhausted by an all-night march, the blue-coats at once began the assault; but were beaten back after a sharp conflict, in which the Federal troops again suffered by mistaking some of their own number for a detachment of the enemy. Reënforcements arrived while the battle was going on, and were ordered to the front, to cover the retreat of the weary soldiers who had borne the brunt of the battle. In killed, wounded, and missing the Federals in this engagement lost fifty men, while the loss of the Confederates was trifling. To the people of the North the defeat was a bitter blow, while the Southerners magnified it into a magnificent victory. As a matter of fact, it was but an insignificant skirmish, notable chiefly for the blunders made by the inexperienced troops engaged, and deriving its importance mainly from the fact that it was virtually the first battle of the war.¹

The scene of military activity now shifts to the northern part of Virginia, and to that part of the State which was, at the time of which we write, still a part of the Old Dominion, but which is now West Virginia. The student of military operations readily sees that, from the day the Union troops marched from Washington into Virginia, everything pointed to a great battle at an early day for the possession of Northern Virginia. Federals and Confederates were practically occupying the same territory. Their picket lines touched at many points. Federal troops, being sent from one point to another by rail, were often fired upon by wandering bands of the enemy, even though the railroad was thought to be wholly within the Union lines. One such occurrence is worth noting.

A train on the Baltimore and Ohio* Railroad, carrying four companies

¹The actions at Matthias Point on the Potomac being, so far as the Union forces were concerned, part of the naval operations of the war, are not described here, but will be found treated in detail in "Blue Jackets of '61," page 41.



of Federal troops, was backing along the road near the little town of Vienna. A regiment of Confederates had established an ambushade near the railway, and, with two cannon planted on the track in a deep cut, awaited the coming of the train. As the cars came in sight the cannon were discharged, and their load of grape and canister crashed through the train, but did little damage, being aimed too high. The engineer, who had his engine attached to the rear of the train, pushing it along, instead of reversing and pulling the whole train out of the trap, hastily drew the coupling and fled, leaving the four cars standing on the track. While the bullets from the Confederate rifles were coming into the cars thick and fast, the Federals leaped out and fled across the fields to a friendly cluster of woods, where they formed their ranks and made a show of resistance. Why the Confederates did not boldly advance, and make prisoners of them all, can only be conjectured. At any rate, they did not; and after destroying the train and its freight they marched away, leaving the handful of Union men to congratulate themselves upon their escape from a force more than four times their superior.

There was fighting in West Virginia in June, 1861. The Federal troops had entered the State to encourage the loyal people who had determined to keep the State in the Union. The Confederates sent invading columns through the mountain passes of the Alleghanies, in hopes that by a show of force they could prevent the West Virginians from taking any action hostile to the Confederacy. The first collision between the hostile forces was at Phillipi, where a Confederate regiment, under Colonel Porterfield, was encamped. An overwhelming force of Federals made a descent upon the camp, and though a woman by the roadside gave the alarm by firing two shots from a revolver, the Federals succeeded in surprising the Confederates, and threw them into a hopeless rout. A vast amount of baggage, camp furniture, ammunition, and a large number of prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

Smarting under the defeat, but in nowise disheartened, the Con-

federates sent more troops over the mountains, under the command of General Garnett. This officer set to work to fortify the passes and rocky defiles of the mountains, and soon had several strong batteries erected on the heights about Beverly, Laurel Hill, and Rich Mountain Gap. These works commanded the passes leading to Virginia, and were, therefore, of great military importance.

In command of the Union forces in West Virginia was General McClellan, an officer whom we shall see later as the general-in-chief of the United States forces. He recognized the importance of the positions held by Garnett, and determined to dislodge him. His first step to that end was to read to his troops a somewhat grandiloquent harangue, in which he said, "I now fear but one thing,—that you will not find foemen worthy of your steel." When the four years of bitter fighting that followed are remembered, the fears of the general hardly seem well founded.

Having made his speech, McClellan led his men up into the mountains. A detachment under General Morris was sent to confront Garnett at Beverly, and hold his attention, while McClellan, with the main body of the army, took a circuitous route which should bring him to the rear of Garnett's works. But the Union commander soon discovered that the Confederate was no novice in war, and had not left his rear unprotected. One of the scouting parties which preceded the Union column came in and reported that the road to Garnett's rear was commanded by a line of earthworks mounting four cannon, rifle-pits enough for two regiments, and auxiliary defences that made the position impregnable. A halt was at once ordered, and this new problem was grappled with.

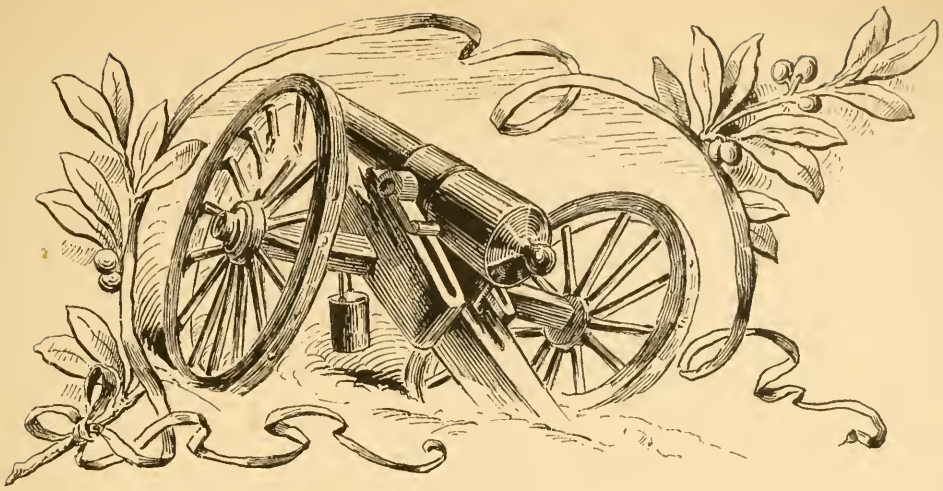
This was at Rich Mountain. The works were those of Colonel Pegram, and were held by about two thousand men. But, despite their formidable character, McClellan had determined to attack them in front, when General Rosecrans came to his tent with a young farmer, who declared himself able to lead a detachment around to the rear of Pegram's works. Rosecrans offered to command the expedition, which

it was determined should start at daybreak the next morning. Through a blunder, the drums in the Union camp beat at midnight, putting the enemy on his guard. Therefore, when Rosecrans, after ten hours of severe climbing, up steep mountain roads, through a driving wind, and deprived of the services of his guide, who became frightened and ran away, drew near the rear of Pegram's camp, he suddenly found himself in an ambushade which the enemy had prepared for him. From the woods on either side of the road came a rapid and destructive fire of musketry, while from a hastily erected breastwork of logs a single cannon hurled grape-shot into the ranks of the assailants. For an hour or two the Federals skirmished from behind stone walls and trees, then rallying, made a charge which carried all before it. This was just in time, for Pegram was sending up reënforcements, with another cannon. The charge of the Federals over the breastwork frightened the team of four horses that stood harnessed to the caisson of the cannon posted there. Snorting with fear, the horses dashed down the steep and narrow road, and crashing into the cannon and team coming up, all were thrown over the precipitous edge of the road and cast into the valley below. Having lost their cannon, the Confederate reënforcements returned to Pegram, and the defenders of the breastwork fled in the same direction.

This was the battle of Rich Mountain, fought on July 11, 1861, and its result determined the outcome of the campaign against Garnett. Pegram could not hold his position with Rosecrans' strong force in his rear, and was forced to retreat. This left Garnett's rear exposed, and he, too, had to abandon his position. As the flanking movement of the Federals had left them in possession of the roads to Virginia, Garnett was forced to undertake a long march, in the hope of gaining one of the more southerly passes. McClellan followed fast on his trail, and, in a skirmish at Carrick's Ford, the Confederate general was shot through the head while trying to rally his troops. Soon after, Pegram, with nearly six hundred men, surrendered, and the remainder of the Confederate army was hopelessly dispersed. From these reverses the

Confederate cause in West Virginia never fully recovered. The people of the North exulted greatly in the success of the Federals, and were loud in their praises of General McClellan. The chief credit, however, was due to General Rosecrans. Later in the war his merit was recognized, and under the soldiers' nickname of "Old Rough and Ready" he gained a high place in the estimation of the people.





CHAPTER VI.

“ON TO RICHMOND.” — THE PEOPLE DEMAND AN INVASION OF CONFEDERATE TERRITORY.
— GENERAL McDOWELL’S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. — OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. — PATTERSON’S CAMPAIGN. — THE ADVANCE TO BULL RUN. — A SKIRMISH. — THE PLAN OF BATTLE. — MACHINERY TO THE FRONT. — JACKSON LIKE A STONE WALL. — THE DISASTER TO GRIFFIN’S BATTERY. — DEFEAT OF THE UNION ARMY. — THE RETREAT TO WASHINGTON.

NEARLY three months had now elapsed since the firing on Fort Sumter, and the promulgation of President Lincoln’s call for seventy-five thousand men. The volunteers who responded to that call had been enlisted for a term of three months. In the monotony of camp life, with constant routine and drill, most of them had passed their term of service. Those who followed McClellan into West Virginia, or who marched in Butler’s ill-starred expedition against Big Bethel, alone had smelled gunpowder. Of the remainder of the levy of seventy-five thousand men the great majority were in camp at Washington, or manning the earthworks on the south bank of the Potomac river.

In the mean time the people were getting impatient. Unacquainted with the tremendous difficulties encountered in making a disciplined army out of a levy of undisciplined militia, they were loud in their demands for immediate action. "On to Richmond!" was the cry throughout the North, and the newspapers, the politicians, and the spokesmen of the people brought tremendous pressure to bear upon the President and General Scott to induce them to undertake an active campaign in Virginia. Against this pressure the authorities remained firm for some time. General Scott was too old a veteran to be ignorant of the folly of undertaking a campaign of invasion with a half-disciplined army. Moreover, the term of service of the volunteers had nearly expired, and the general who should lead a column into Virginia was confronted with the possibility of losing half his soldiers before the campaign was ended.

But, though the President and the general-in-chief were undeniably correct in their views upon the matter, they were unable wholly to withstand the pressure of the people. As the news of the disasters at Big Bethel and Vienna became known, the popular clamor increased. To the arguments and remonstrances of Lincoln and Scott the people turned a deaf ear. Though Virginia roads might be almost impassable for mud, though the Federal troops might be half-drilled and wholly unfit for service on the battle-field, though the Confederates might be prepared to fiercely resist the movement, one thing alone could satisfy the North, and that was an immediate advance of the Federal forces against Richmond, the Confederate capital.

At length the popular clamor became so great that General Scott was forced, though sorely against his better judgment, to yield. Accordingly Brigadier-General McDowell, who was in command of all the Union forces south of the Potomac, was directed to prepare plans for the advance of his army to the southward, bearing in mind the possibility of a battle with the forces of the enemy. After some days his plan of campaign was matured, and explained to the President, by the aid of military maps, in the presence of the cabinet and a number

of prominent military commanders. This, in brief, was the plan he suggested.

At Manassas Junction, about thirty-five miles from Washington, two railroads meet. The one comes direct from the south and from Richmond, the other leads westward to the fertile valley of the Shenandoah. Holding this point, the Confederates held the key to the railway system of Virginia. Recognizing this, they had thrown up earthworks about the Junction, and had established an advanced line of defence along the bank of a little stream known as Bull Run. The Confederate forces numbered about twenty-five thousand, and were in command of General Beauregard, who had been McDowell's classmate at West Point. Against this force McDowell proposed to lead an army of thirty thousand Federals, and drive the Confederates from their position.

But before embarking upon this undertaking McDowell had one stipulation to make. He pointed out on the map the railroad extending from Manassas to the Shenandoah valley. This railroad, being within the enemy's line, he could not cut or destroy until the enemy had been defeated. In the mean time it was at the service of Beauregard as a means of bringing him reënforcements. Moreover, the reënforcements were near at hand, for in the Shenandoah valley was the Confederate General Johnston, with a force of more than ten thousand men.

"I can beat Beauregard's force with an army of thirty thousand men," said McDowell; "but you must see to it that Johnston does not bring his troops out of the Shenandoah valley to his aid."

"General Patterson, with an army of far greater strength, confronts Johnston at Harper's Ferry," answered General Scott. "You may make your plans in full reliance that Johnston will be kept in the valley, or that if he does move it will be with Patterson's twenty thousand men at his heels."

Then the conference broke up, and the officers of McDowell's staff were soon busying themselves in preparations for the southward advance of the Union army, which, by the President's order, was to begin one week later. But one impediment after another was inter-

posed to check the movement of the troops. Provisions, ammunition, wagons, and teams, all had to be brought together. All this took time, and instead of one week, more than two weeks passed by before the march for Manassas was begun.

The delay was of service to the Confederates, for two reasons. Their spies, who moved freely about the streets of Washington by day, and stealthily paddled across the Potomac under cover of the darkness, kept them fully informed of the progress of McDowell's preparations, and they were therefore enabled to make deliberate and unhurried plans for his repulse. Moreover, the delay gave General Johnston, over whom General Patterson was supposed to be mounting guard in the Shenandoah valley, an opportunity to mystify and puzzle his adversary, and finally to wholly elude him and reach Manassas in time to deal the winning blow in the battle of Bull Run.

Let us look at the operations in the valley of the Shenandoah, and see how completely the astute Confederate outwitted his opponent.

General Patterson, in command of the Union forces in Pennsylvania, was a veteran of the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico. His long service and the laurels he had won in his youth had gained him this important command at the very outset of the Civil War. For the first few months he was kept away from active hostilities, spending his time in organizing and recruiting his army. He longed to meet the enemy, however, and wrote again and again to his superior officers, begging permission to attack Johnston, who was then stationed at Harper's Ferry.

"The importance of a victory at Harper's Ferry," he wrote to the Secretary of War, "cannot be estimated. I cannot sleep for thinking about it. . . . I beseech you, therefore, by our ancient friendship, give me the means of success. You have the means; place them at my disposal, and shoot me if I do not use them to advantage."

After repeated appeals his wish was granted. With an army of seventeen regiments he began his advance, expecting to encounter a desperate resistance.

"The insurgents are strongly entrenched," he had written, "have an immense number of guns, and will contest every inch of ground."

What, then, was his surprise, when, after a leisurely march of some days, his van reached the Potomac river, only to find that the Confederates had spiked their heavy guns, burned the railroad bridge, and evacuated the town. He could hardly believe the reports of his scouts, who crossed the river and reconnoitred the deserted works. The chief officers of Patterson's staff were no less mystified. "I believe it is designed for a decoy," wrote Fitz John Porter, chief-of-staff, to Cadwallader, second in command; and Cadwallader wrote back, "The whole thing is a riddle to me." Not for forty-eight hours did Patterson fully comprehend that Johnston had abandoned this position he thought so precious. Then he wrote to General Scott, "They have fled, and in confusion. Their retreat is as demoralizing as a defeat; and, as the leaders will never be caught, more beneficial to our cause. Harper's Ferry has been retaken without firing a gun."

"What movement, if any, in pursuit of the enemy, do you propose to make consequent on the evacuation of Harper's Ferry?" was General Scott's response to Patterson's grandiloquent letter.

"Design no pursuit; cannot make it," replied Patterson; and so for a time the campaign ended.

But why was it that Johnston had thus tamely abandoned Harper's Ferry to the Federals? Had he, as Patterson declared, "fled and in confusion," before the advance of a superior force? History tells a different story.

Among the many able soldiers that directed the fortunes of the gray-clad ranks of the Confederacy, there were few of more ability and higher standing in the profession of arms than General Johnston. Ordered by the Confederate authorities to hold Harper's Ferry, he had speedily discovered that it was a point of no military importance, hard to defend, and commanding nothing of value; neither a railroad, a navigable stream, nor even a good turnpike. At once he began applying to the authorities at Richmond for leave to abandon the place.

For a time his appeals were disregarded. "To abandon Harper's Ferry," wrote General Lee, "would be depressing to the cause of the South." But at last permission came, authorizing him to use his own discretion; but with a warning that the movement would "bring in its train political consequences" which he "could not contemplate without the most painful emotions." But Johnston was a soldier, not a politician, and even before this letter arrived he had spiked his guns, burnt his quarters, and retired in good order, neither suffering from "painful emotions" nor flying in confusion.

This was in the middle of June. For a month thereafter the Confederate army occupied the village of Winchester, while the Federals centred at Harper's Ferry. Neither made any offensive movements, though, as the time for the advance of McDowell's army to Manassas drew near, General Scott tried to spur Patterson with messages of ill-concealed criticism.

On the 25th of June he telegraphed: "Remain in front of the enemy while he continues in force between Winchester and the Potomac. If you are in equal or superior force you may cross and offer him battle." And two days later, the message, "I had expected your crossing the river to-day in pursuit of the enemy." But through it all Patterson was cautious to the point of timidity, pleading the insufficiency of the force under his command, and magnifying twofold the strength of the enemy.

July came. McDowell's army was almost ready to move upon Manassas. The keen eye of the veteran in command at Washington discerned the danger threatened by Johnston's force in the Shenandoah valley. He had promised McDowell that Johnston should not leave the valley to go to Beauregard's aid. To Patterson he looked for the fulfilment of this pledge. With suggestion, entreaty, and order he spurred him on, but to little avail. Patterson still declared the enemy's force twice as strong as his own, when exactly the opposite was the case. Johnston, by skilful handling of his troops, and spreading false reports, had completely hoodwinked the Union commander.

At last came the day upon which the Union army marched out of Washington, on the road to Manassas. While the march of the columns was still to be traced from Washington, by the clouds of dust rising above the tree-tops on the other side of the Potomac, General Scott sent two last prompting telegrams to Patterson, who was nine miles from Winchester, confronting the enemy, but at a distance too great to make his presence a check upon Johnston's movements.

"Do not let the enemy amuse and delay you with a small force in front," read the first despatch, "whilst he reënforces the Junction with his main body." On the next day the wires carried a yet more significant message: "I have certainly been expecting you to beat the enemy. If not, to hear that you had felt him strongly, or, at least, had occupied him by threats and demonstrations. You have been at least his equal, and I suppose superior in numbers. Has he not stolen a march and sent reënforcements toward Manassas Junction? A week is enough to win victories."

Patterson was on the retreat when these telegrams were handed him. The enemy had made no attack, but the Union commander had determined to withdraw and attack along another line. That withdrawal was fatal to him, and to other and greater ambitions and interests than his; but of this he was ignorant, and answered General Scott's questions indignantly, saying, "The enemy has stolen no march on me. I have kept him actively employed, and, by threats and reconnoissances in force, caused him to be reënforced. I have accomplished in this respect more than the general-in-chief asked, or could well have been expected in the face of an enemy far superior in numbers, with no line of communication to protect."

Alas, for the blindness of Patterson! He had eighteen thousand men, or more; the enemy "far superior in numbers" had but twelve thousand. No reënforcements had been sent to Johnston. And not only had the wily Confederate stolen a march, but at the very moment Patterson wrote his confident despatch the van of Johnston's army was marching through Ashby's gap on the way to join Beauregard. And

how the opportune arrival of that force on the field of Bull Run turned the tide of battle, and sent the Federal army a shattered, routed mob, wildly fleeing to Washington for shelter, we shall soon see.

McDowell had no sooner returned to his quarters, after the conference at the White House, which we have described, than he began his preparations for moving his army. It was a task of herculean proportions. To carry the provisions and ammunition for the troops required a train of seven hundred and fifty wagons. These had to be made. To draw the wagons no less than three thousand horses were required, and all the horse markets of the North were ransacked to procure them; nearly a thousand teamsters were required, and recruiting for this branch of the service was slow. With all his energy and determination General McDowell was unable to complete his arrangements for marching until a week later than the day originally set.

In the mean time the Confederates kept themselves well informed of McDowell's progress. First, Beauregard's scouts captured a clerk who had been employed in the office of the Federal adjutant-general, and from him learned the exact force which was to be led against them. The Northern newspapers, too, which the Confederates continually smuggled across the Potomac, were full of valuable news. Finally, Beauregard sent to Washington a spy who had been employed in one of the government departments, to get the latest information. The spy was given a small bit of paper, on which was written, in a secret cipher known only to those high in the service of the Confederacy, the words, "Trust bearer." This paper he was directed to carry to a certain house in Washington, and to deliver it only to the lady of the house, for women were among the warmest friends and the most trusted agents of the Confederacy.

The spy performed his mission well. Once out of the Confederate lines he made straight for Washington. Reaching the Potomac at a secluded spot, secure from all visits from the Union pickets, he found a trusty boatman, with a light skiff, ready to ferry him across. By daybreak he was on the other side. Walking boldly into the city, he

heard the newsboys crying papers on the street, in which appeared the news that McDowell's army would march that night. After eagerly scanning the papers, and possessing himself of all that was of value in them, the spy sought out the friend to whom he had been recommended. No word of explanation was needed. The cipher message was presented and read. Another message in the same cipher was hastily written. Then a spirited span of horses carried the messenger down the bank of the Potomac to a safe crossing-place, and by nightfall the commander of the Confederate forces, in his tent at Manassas, was reading the message:—

“Order issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas to-night.”

The news was true. July 16 had come,—the day on which the great Northern army was to begin its advance. McDowell's orders had been issued in the morning for the troops to march in the afternoon. Nearly twenty-nine thousand men were to move, leaving some twenty thousand to guard Washington. The advance was to be in three columns, by three nearly parallel roads. Rations for three days were in each man's knapsack, and the provision trains were to follow the next day.



The Bull Run Campaign.

"The three following things," said the marching order, "will not be pardonable in any commander: 1st, to come upon a battery or breastwork without a knowledge of its position; 2d, to be surprised; 3d, to fall back."

Put on their guard by this order the troops moved forward with painful caution. The scouts and skirmishers, still strange to their duties, continually gave false alarms. The troops, newly recruited and half-disciplined, found the march at first a pleasurable holiday. "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or get water," says McDowell; "they would not keep in the ranks, order as much as you please; when they came where the water was fresh they would pour the old water out of their canteens, and fill them with fresh water; they were not used to denying themselves much; they were not used to journeys on foot."

By noon on the 17th the advancing columns reached the little village of Fairfax Court-house. Beauregard had ordered his outposts to fall back as the Federals advanced, and, accordingly, the blue-coats had encountered no resistance. Though jaded with the march, the men were elated at having met no opposition. Many of the people of Fairfax Court-house had abandoned their houses, and fled as the troops approached. The more lawless members of the Union army saw in this an opportunity for plunder, and some of the unthinking ones joined them out of mere sportiveness. Houses were plundered, and a few barns and stables burned. At nightfall several soldiers paraded the streets clad in women's clothes, which they had taken from some of the deserted houses. One man was discovered, by a regimental officer, attired in the surplice and bands of an Episcopal clergyman. In his hand he held a prayer-book, from which, with great solemnity, he was reading a funeral service for the "President of the Southern Confederacy."

After a turbulent night, during which the soldiers surrendered the rest they needed to their desire for a frolic, the reveille sounded, and the troops were soon again on the march. By nine o'clock they had

reached Centreville, where they were halted, and the commanders began their plans for the battle which they knew was impending.

Before following further the fortunes of the Federals, let us glance at the position held by the Confederates. With their base at Manassas Junction, they had chosen as their line of defence the small stream known as Bull Run, which flows between steep banks through a gently rolling and somewhat woody country. The stream is sluggish and winding in its course, and crossed by numerous fords. Along the southern bank of this stream Beauregard's army, now numbering some twenty thousand men, was posted. At every ford was a strong detachment behind hastily built earthworks. The whole line of defence covered a territory more than eight miles long. Within this line were seven fords and one bridge to be defended.

In attacking an enemy thus entrenched, the first object of the attacking commander is to outflank his antagonist. That is, he tries to so dispose his troops as to create the impression that he is attacking all along the line, while his real purpose is to hurry his main body of troops to some single weak point on one of the flanks of the enemy and thus turn his position.

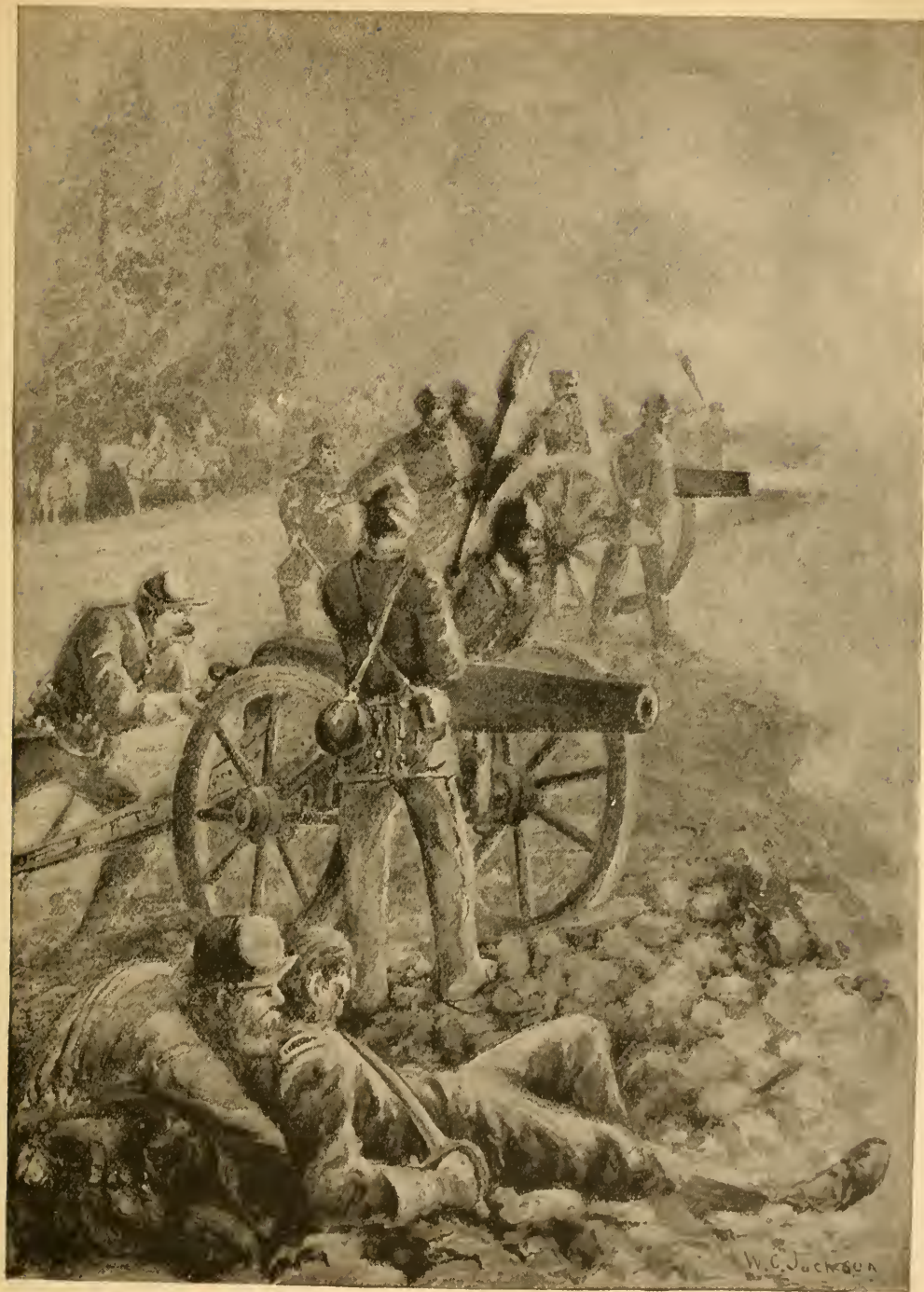
This was the course McDowell determined to adopt. From his scouts he learned the strength of Beauregard's position, and that the nature of the ground along Bull Run made an extended attack all along the line unpromising. He therefore determined to turn the enemy's position on the south, and his concentration at Centreville was intended to mask this design, since that village was in the immediate vicinity of the northern end of Beauregard's line. But before undertaking the final movement against the enemy he sent forward one of his division commanders, General Tyler, to reconnoitre the position about Blackburn's ford.

With a squadron of cavalry Tyler galloped down toward the ford, a column of two regiments of infantry following fast in the rear. The road passes over the brow of a hill, whence the Union troops could see, over beyond the line of trees and shrubbery that marked the course of

Bull Run, the Confederate soldiers marching to and fro, the rows of tents, the parks of artillery, and all the signs of life and energy that betokened the presence of an army in the field. The sight was beautiful and imposing, but the opportunity for artillery practice was too tempting for Tyler to resist. A couple of field cannon were hastily brought up, and opened fire. The first shell went shrieking over the heads of the enemy and crashed through the side of a house nearly two miles away. The Yankees, watching its course with their field-glasses, cheered when they saw men in Confederate uniform come swarming out of the wrecked house. Perhaps their joy would have been no less had they known that the house was General Beauregard's headquarters, and that the shell had lodged in the fireplace with the effect of blowing to pieces the dinner which was in course of preparation for the general and his staff.

Now, General Tyler had been ordered not to bring on a battle; but after a few shots from his field-pieces had drawn an answering shell from the Confederate batteries he began to be carried away by the excitement of the moment. First, a line of skirmishers was sent forward. Before them the Confederate pickets retired, so the Federals thought they might safely carry their battery a few hundred yards farther to the front. Then a regiment must be sent to support the guns. Next, a whole brigade goes in to the aid of the regiment, for by this time the firing was quick and deadly. From the woods, that half conceal the Confederate lines, the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon comes to tell that no weak force is posted there. The Federals charge gallantly forward and are bravely met. Both sides send for reënforcements; but Tyler, tardily recollecting that he had been ordered not to bring on a battle, recalls his troops, and they leave the field in confusion. Sixty men, or more, had been killed or wounded on either side. But it was all for nothing. The Federals had no plan to carry out. They could have done nothing had they driven the enemy from his position. As it was, they felt themselves defeated and were depressed, while the Confederates were correspondingly elated over their victory.

Night fell, and for a time the two armies rested upon their arms.



PAGE 113. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

A BATTERY IN ACTION.

The Confederates remained watchful in their works along the banks of Bull Run. The Federals bivouacked about Centreville, and the red light of their hundreds of camp-fires could be seen from the headquarters of the enemy. There was anxiety in both camps. Each commander knew that a great battle was imminent, and each strained every nerve in preparation for the contest. Beauregard had telegraphed to Richmond, and thence the order had been flashed along the wires to Johnston, in the Shenandoah valley, to make all haste to join the Confederate host at Manassas. McDowell, not a whit behind in forethought, had telegraphed to Washington, and the order had been sent to Patterson: "Hold Johnston in the valley. Do not let him steal a march on you." But Patterson had proved wanting in diligence, and that very night a silent column of nine thousand Confederate soldiers stole away from the camp in the Shenandoah valley, and began a forced march for the nearest railway station. On the way they met an officer galloping madly down the road. Reining in his smoking steed, he asked anxiously for Johnston, and handed him a brief note. "If you wish to help me, now is the time. Beauregard," was all it said, but it spurred the weary soldiers to a quicker pace. The officer who had brought the note killed his horse in his fierce ride from Ashby's Gap. There was no halting by the way-side, no picking of blackberries for these men. The fate of a battle depended on their promptitude. Urged on by their leaders, they trudged over eighteen miles of rough mountain road, boarded the cars, and were whirled away to Manassas.

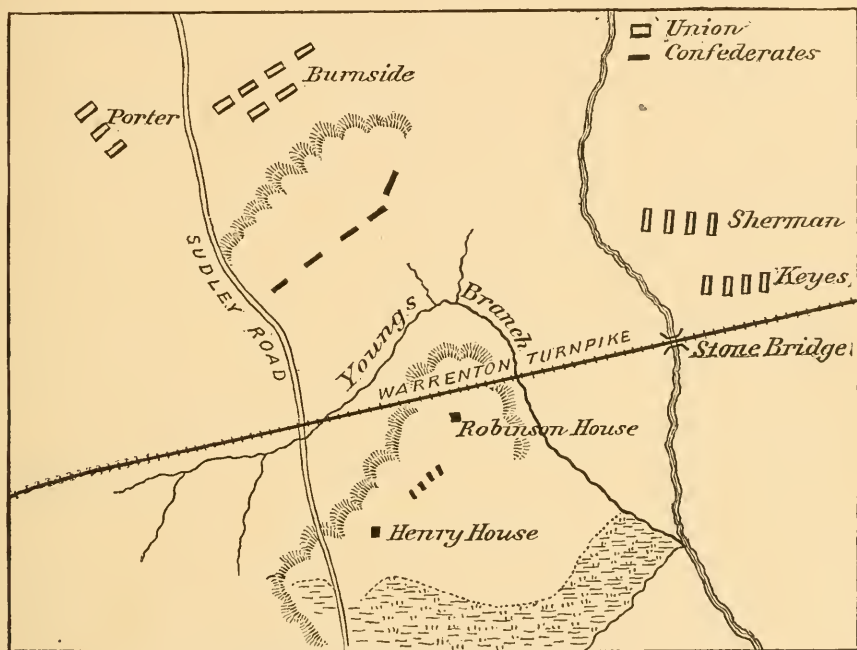
McDowell knew nothing of the advance of Johnston's troops. He relied upon Scott's assurance that if Johnston moved at all he should have Patterson at his heels. But, indeed, there was enough to discompose the mind of the Union commander in the two days that the Union army rested at Centreville. He saw his men depressed by their failure at Blackburn's ford, and he knew that the Confederates were elated over their success. His army, a mere mob of civilians in uniform, was wearied by a long march, while the enemy rested securely in his trenches. Worst of all, the time of service of many of his soldiers

was nearly up, and protests began to be heard on all sides. He could not order an immediate attack, for his ammunition and provision wagons had not come up. Moreover, the engineers had reported that the right flank of the Confederate line could not be turned, and until they found an unfortified ford on the left flank, the attack could not be ordered. Friday, the 19th of July, passed in anxiety and suspense. On Saturday the engineers made their report, and the advance was ordered for the next day; but the delay cost McDowell one regiment and one battery, whose term of service expired on that day, and who, with base poltroonery, turned their backs on the enemy after the order of battle had been issued. The Secretary of War and General McDowell went in person to these troops, and begged them to remain; but to no avail. With sullen faces and downcast eyes they marched away, leaving better and braver men to fight a losing battle next day.

Late Saturday afternoon McDowell's scouts returned to camp, bringing word that a ford had been discovered far up the stream, beyond the left flank of the Confederate army. With this intelligence gained, the plan of battle was simple, and the necessary orders were soon given. Richardson, with his division, was ordered to make a demonstration against the Confederate right flank at Blackburn's ford. Tyler, who had directed the ill-fated advance of two days before, was to make a vigorous feint against the enemy's centre, at the stone bridge. McDowell himself, with the main body of the army, consisting of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions, was to march by night across the fields and woods, by a path concealed from the enemy, cross Bull Run at Sudley's ford, and march southward, turning the enemy's flank and driving him from his position. It was a well-matured and soldierly plan, which even the succeeding disaster has not wholly deprived of its excellence in the estimation of strategists.

In the mean time two men in a farm-house within the Confederate lines were deep in a discussion as to the proper manner for the Confederate army to open the battle the next day. One of these men was General Beauregard, the other General Johnston, whom McDowell

thought was far away in the Shenandoah valley, securely hemmed in by Patterson. With nearly nine thousand men he had come to the assistance of Beauregard, and had at once urged that the Confederates should take the offensive without waiting for an attack. Beauregard



*Battle of Bull Run (Positions in
the forenoon.)*

concurred, and it was determined to attack the Federals at Centreville early Sunday morning.

And so that Saturday night passed away, each army expecting to move forward in the morning, and neither expecting the other to make the attack.

Sunday morning dawns. The Federals have been marching toward Sudley ford since two at night. The narrow road by which their route lay is choked with weary men, and straining horses dragging field-

pieces. Delay follows delay. The ford should have been crossed by daybreak; it is nine o'clock before the head of the column reaches it. Then all throw themselves upon the ground to rest, and eat a meagre breakfast. In the mean time a man living in a mill by the side of the road has galloped ahead to warn the Confederates that the Yankees are coming down upon them, by way of Sudley's ford.

Let us look at the field on which the battle is to be fought, and the positions held by the troops of either side on that eventful Sunday morning. Bull Run flows in a crooked channel, from the north-west to the south-east. The Confederate troops were on its westerly side, facing east. Evans's brigade held the extreme left flank at the stone bridge, some half a mile below Sudley's ford. Below Evans was Cocke, then Bonham, then Longstreet, then Jones, and finally, on the extreme right flank, eight miles from Evans, was Ewell. Each of these divisions was stationed at such a point as to hold a ford. In the rear were the reserves,—Bee, Early, Holmes, and Jackson. The latter had just come from the Shenandoah valley, and we shall see what his presence on the Bull Run battle-field meant for the Confederates.

If we choose the hour of half-past six in the morning we find the Confederate troops posted as above, while the Federals are advancing by three roads. Straight down the turnpike from Centreville come the troops of Tyler, with drums beating and colors flying. Richardson's division marches down to make a demonstration at Blackburn's ford, the scene of the skirmish of two days before. All kinds of uniforms are visible in the ranks. The dark blue of the small body of regulars, the brilliant scarlet trousers and fezzes of the Zouaves, the light gray of some of the city militia companies, combine to make up a brilliant pageant on the lonely country roads on the quiet Sunday morning.

Ayres's battery of rifled guns precedes Tyler's advance. Swinging into position at a favorable point on the turnpike, it opens fire on Evans's troops, who guard the stone bridge. It is the first gun of

the great battle. The second shot cuts through the tent of Beauregard's chief signal officer. Soon the whole battery of rifled cannon is in full play. The Confederates remain dumb, having no artillery of sufficient range to reply.

McDowell's whole plan of battle rested on the supposition that Tyler would show so much activity as to lead the enemy to believe that the main assault was to be made by the stone bridge. But in this Tyler signally failed. After maintaining an almost ineffective cannonade for some time, he sent forward a line of skirmishers, who engaged the Confederate skirmishers in the woods on the northern bank of Bull Run. More than this he did nothing.

Evans, meanwhile, saw, rising high above the tree-tops beyond Bull Run, a dense cloud of dust,—that telltale signal which every army marching in the summer-time gives of its movements. This first led him to believe that the skirmish in his front was but a feint, intended to draw his attention away from some more serious assault upon him from some other quarter. While speculating upon this, he saw a horseman, hatless and coatless, coming galloping down upon him in wild excitement.

“General, the Yankees are coming that way,” shouted the messenger. “They are crossing Bull Run at Sudley's ford by thousands.”

Evans here shows his soldierly qualities. Though his orders had been only to hold the stone bridge against all comers, he quickly abandons his position there, leaving but four companies to keep up the petty skirmish with Tyler's troops. Marching down the turnpike on the double-quick, he chose a position on a slight ridge, just inside the bend of Young's branch, a little stream emptying into Bull Run. With eight hundred men he has to check the advance of an army; but he forms his line boldly, and sends a courier off to the rear for aid. Soon a line of skirmishers appears, emerging from the woods. A scattering fire of musketry begins, and here and there men begin to fall to the earth. Both sides are still ignorant of war, and the

Federals suffer seriously for their inexperience. With a rapid, steady advance they could sweep Evans's handful of men away, and carry confusion down the whole Confederate line. Instead of this their assault drags, and the brigades of Bee and Bartow come to the aid of Evans, before his position has been seriously shaken.

But now the battle becomes general. The war of artillery and the ceaseless rattle of the musketry dismay the untried soldiery. The shrill notes of the bugle and the cheering of the Confederates tell that reënforcements are hastening to confront the Federals, whose advance now begins to gain in spirit. The famed Washington Artillery, recruited among the gilded youth of New Orleans, comes to the field on the gallop, and opens fire. Almost the first shell thereon burst beside General Hunter, and that officer is carried, desperately wounded, from the field. The Louisiana Tigers, made up of the lawless characters of all nationalities that have their lurking-places in the slums of the Crescent city, come to the field on the run, but are soon scattered. Despite the reënforcements, the Federals are still in overpowering numbers, and force the Confederates back from point to point, until their rout seems inevitable. Fresh troops come to aid the blue-coats. Heintzelman's brigade comes up on the right, and Sherman, with a detachment of Tyler's troops, succeeds in finding a ford above the stone bridge, and comes to the aid of his comrades. Tyler's signal-officer, perched on the topmost branches of a lofty tree, has watched the course of the battle, and signalled Sherman to move at the moment when his aid seemed most essential.

Now the Confederates begin to fall back; in orderly retreat at first, then in seemingly hopeless confusion. Wheat has been wounded, and his "Tigers" are scattered. Shouts, conflicting commands, cries of pain, the shriek and crash of shells, made up so deafening a tumult that the men could not comprehend the frantic efforts of their officers to rally them. So, in a panic-stricken, surging mass, the troops of Bee and Evans fled across the turnpike and out of the valley of Young's branch. On the crest of the hill back of the road was a



PAGE 121. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

brigade of troops that had but a few hours before arrived from the Shenandoah valley. Five regiments and two batteries were there, unscarred by the conflict, and in command of a man then almost unknown, but destined to win, perhaps, the proudest laurels worn by any soldier of the Civil War. Jackson saw the rout before him, and straightway formed his line of battle on the hill, extending from the Robinson house to the Henry house.

On came the broken ranks of Bee's brigade. By their side gallops their general. His hat has fallen off, his face is begrimed with sweat and smoke, his drawn sword waves in his hand as with commands, with curses, and with entreaties he tries to rally his men. But his commands and his appeals are alike unheeded. The men have fought well. No coward blood runs in their veins. So well had they fought, that of one regiment, the 8th Georgia, General Beauregard said afterwards: "I salute the 8th Georgia with my hat off! History shall never forget you." But the appearance of the fresh troops of Heintzelman and Sherman on the field had for the time broken the spirit of these brave fellows, and they fled before such hopeless odds.

Seeing Jackson standing calm and stern before his troops, Bee galloped up to him, and in a tone of agony cried:—

"General, see! They are beating us back."

"Very well, sir. We will give them the bayonet," was the cool response of the other.

His words and manner infused new life and hope into Bee's mind. Dashing back to his troops, he shouted, with fierce gestures:—

"See! see! There stands Jackson, like a stone wall."

The men look where he points. The sight of that immovable line of disciplined soldiers and the calmly self-reliant manner of the great leader calms them a little. Just at this juncture, with a clatter of hoofs, Beauregard and Johnston come galloping to the scene of battle. They try to rally the troops.

"Carry the standards forward forty yards," commands Beauregard.

It is done. The color-sergeants and the color-guard of each regi-

ment stand boldly out on the field of battle amid the storm of lead. "Rally upon the colors!" is the cry then, all along the line, and soon the shattered ranks began to assume some semblance of order. In the mean time Jackson's line had advanced somewhat, and the troops of Wade Hampton coming to his aid, the advance of the Federal columns is checked.

It is now noon. The fury of the conflict is for the moment lulled. The batteries continue their deadly work, but the combatants seem cautious. Neither attempts to advance, but both await the arrival of reënforcements. Thus far the success of the Federals has almost been uninterrupted. They have turned the enemy's flank, and driven him from every position he has sought to hold, until Jackson's arrival stayed their advance. But through all the morning's fight the Confederates have been acting without concert, without any guidance from their general, who had been at the other end of the line, several miles away. Not until noon had he decided that the firing heard on his left indicated that the main attack was to be made there.

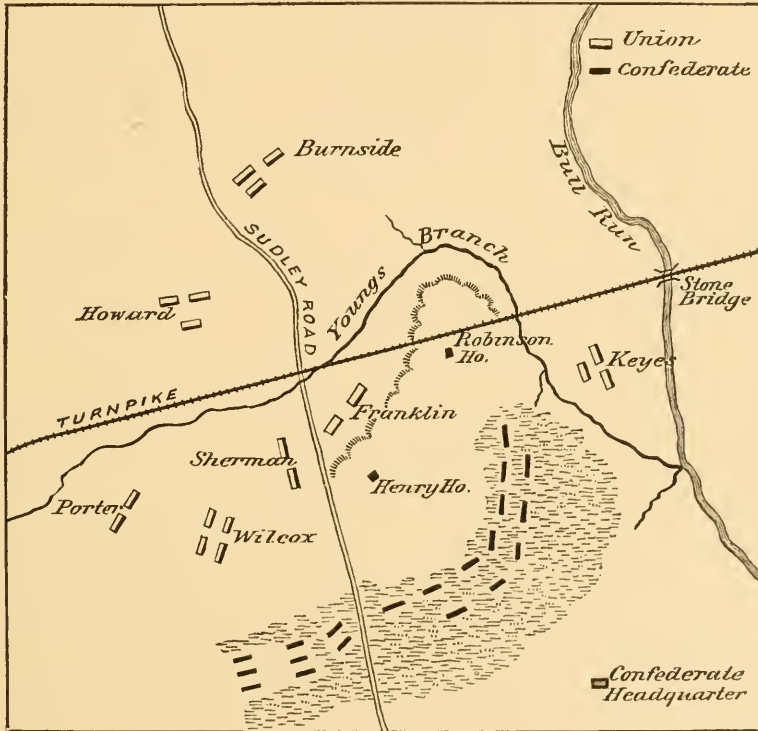
But Beauregard is now on the field. As he galloped up he had ordered all the troops posted along the bank of Bull Run to hasten towards the firing. Johnston has gone back to hasten them forward, and the reënforcements begin to pour in. They form, under cover of the woods, on the crest of the hill back of the Henry and Robinson houses. It is a position of great strength. Jackson's brigade lies flat on the ground, to avoid the fire of the enemy. Their general, disdaining concealment, rides slowly up and down the line. "Steady, boys; steady! All's well," he says. Out in front are the Confederate batteries making deadly play upon the Union lines, seen forming in the distances, and suffering terribly from the rapid and well-directed fire of Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries. Beauregard rides down the line. "Colonel Walton, do you see the enemy?" says he to the commander of the Washington Artillery.

"Yes, sir."

"Then hold this position, and the day is ours."

As he turns to ride away, a shell bursts beneath his horse, tearing the animal to pieces, and cutting off a piece of the general's boot-heel.

But now McDowell has re-formed his regiments and is about to advance. All day long the advantage of numbers and position has



*Bull Run
Positions in Afternoon.*

been his. Now the enemy is his equal in numbers, and is strongly posted at the top of a hill up which he will have to charge. Nothing daunted, he prepares for the assault. His first move brings disaster. Ricketts and Griffin's batteries, stationed near the Dogan house, are ordered to move across the valley to a point near the Henry house. Ricketts and Griffin are officers of the regular army. They have schooled

themselves to obey orders; but when they learn that they are to be supported only by two untrained regiments they feel that a mistake has been made. But, without protest, they move to the post assigned them, and open fire upon the enemy, who returns it with equal spirit. Eleven Union guns are now engaged with thirteen Confederate guns; but the latter are under cover, and supported by thousands of infantry-men. For a time the exchange of shots continues; but soon the Confederates grow bolder, and sally out from the woods in quick, but ineffectual, charges upon the Union guns. Ricketts's battery is nearest, and against him the assaults are directed; but with well-directed volleys of grape and canister he holds his foes at bay.

Griffin is stationed on Ricketts's right, and is ably sustaining his share in the conflict. Suddenly he sees a regiment emerge from the woods on the Confederate's left and advance boldly toward him. Swinging his guns around, he trains them upon the new-comers. But they advance with such deliberation, with no cheering or firing, that for a moment he fancies they may be Union reinforcements. At this moment Major Barry, chief of the Union Artillery, gallops up.

"Captain," he shouts, "don't fire on those troops; they are your supports."

"They are Confederates," cries Griffin; "I know they are; they are part of the enemy's forces."

"No, no; they are your supports."

Then Griffin wheels his guns around again, and the double charges of grape and canister that he had prepared for the unknown regiment are sent whistling into the woods in which the main body of the Confederate troops is hidden. Meanwhile the doubtful regiment has moved up nearer, swung into a long line facing Ricketts and Griffin, halts, and with all deliberation levels its muskets and fires a volley at point-blank range into the very faces of the Union cannoneers. It is a murderous fire. Men and horses fall to the ground before the storm of leaden hail. Horses are stung by the flying bullets and maddened by the crash of the musketry, and gallop away, dragging caissons and

limbers after them. The Zouaves, stationed to support the batteries, are thrown into confusion. Their officers urge them forward, but they hesitate. While they waver, the Confederates advance boldly, pouring in volleys. A sudden panic seizes upon the Zouaves. They break, they fly in terror, crying that all is lost. Some of them pluck up their courage and join other commands; but, as a body, the Zouaves are not seen on the field of Bull Run again.

This disaster is directly traceable to Patterson, far off in the Shenandoah valley, for the Confederate troops that fired the fatal volley were the troops of Kirby Smith, and had just reached the field of battle. In the cars they heard the noise of battle, and, stopping the train, they had run down the turnpike and across the fields towards the sound of the cannonading. Without reporting to Beauregard, or asking for orders, they sought the field of battle, and arrived in time to deal the decisive blow.

For the slaughter of the artillery-men is the decisive blow, though, for a time, neither army recognizes the fact. A Virginia regiment darts out from the woods and seizes the deserted guns. Before they can turn them upon the Federals a Michigan regiment dashes up the slope and drives the captors back to cover. Before the Michigan men can drag their prizes away the Confederates swoop down upon them and drive them off. Thus the tide of battle surges to and fro about the guns, while Ricketts, sorely wounded, lies on the field and watches the strife go on.

But the Federals do not confine their efforts to the recapture of the guns. To drive the Confederates from their position on the brow of the hill has now become their chosen task. Their line is formed time and again, and struggles bravely up the slope in the face of a pitiless fire from the Confederate infantry and artillery at the crest. Often they almost achieve success. Once their advance is so superb in its daring, so seemingly irresistible in its onward rush, that a Confederate officer, turning to Jackson, cries:—

“General, see how they come on! I fear the day is going against us.”

"Well, sir," was the curt response, "if you do think so you had better not say anything about it."

Then, seeing a momentary wavering in the Union line, Jackson orders a charge, and his troops pour down upon the Federals, and force them back down the slope they had so gallantly scaled. Often they return to the assault only to be driven back. Their daring is superb; but they are fighting a losing fight, for while they are growing weaker from heavy losses the Confederates are constantly bringing forward reënforcements.

One helpless human being falls a pitiful victim to the flying missiles. In the Henry house lies Mrs. Judith Henry, eighty years old, and bedridden by old age. At the opening of the conflict she had been carried on a litter to a hollow where she would be out of danger; but as the day wore on she was carried back to her house, in the belief that she would be safe there. When the struggle for the position at the crest of the hill began, the Henry house was in the direct line of artillery fire, and the helpless paralytic, deserted by her friends, lay in the midst of storm of missiles, receiving fatal wounds from shells that burst in her room.

There is no incident in the battle of Bull Run that can be definitely termed the moment of defeat. No successful charge by the Confederates, nor great disaster to the Federals, was instantly followed by the rout of the latter. But toward four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour or more after the disaster to Ricketts and Griffin, the Union army began to go to pieces. Men left the ranks and went coolly to the rear. Half-disciplined regiments charged magnificently up the hill, but when driven back thought their whole duty done and quietly withdrew. "At four o'clock," says a Union officer, "there were more than twelve thousand volunteers on the battle-field of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental organization. They could no longer be handled as troops, for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganization did not result from defeat or fear."



PAGE 129. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

FIGHTING FOR RICKETTS'S GUNS.

No effort on the part of McDowell or his subordinate officers could check the retreating troops. The idea that they were beaten having once become general, there followed a scramble for safety, in which every man looked out for himself. There was no pursuit. The Confederates were not aware of their victory soon enough to follow it up with vigor. But without cause the discouragement of the troops became fear, and fear became panic, and soon the roads leading from the battle-ground were choked with fugitives.

Crowds of civilians, members of Congress, government officials, newspaper correspondents, and curiosity seekers had followed the army from Washington, eager to witness the battle. Few of these had ventured so far as the battle-field, but thousands of them were in the fields and along the road leading to the stone bridge. The road was choked up with pleasure-carriages and with army-wagons. As the stragglers began swarming across the fords of Bull Run, dirty, grimed with powder, their faces telling of disaster, a feeling of vague alarm spread amongst the crowd of sight-seers. The contagion spread. Congressmen in carriages called to their drivers to whip up their horses and hasten back to Washington. Teamsters cut loose their horses from the wagons and galloped away. Even ambulances, laden with Union wounded, were thus abandoned and left standing in the road. Soldiers cast away their muskets, photographers their cameras; even the inseparable note-book of the journalist was thrown aside that his flight might be unimpeded. To add to the confusion a Union battery came dashing down the road seeking a position from which to oppose the Confederates, should they attempt a pursuit. The whole mass of plunging, kicking horses, and shouting, struggling men, went surging down the road toward Centreville.

Two miles from Bull Run the road crosses the little stream of Cub Run. Here was a narrow suspension bridge, all inadequate to give crossing to the retreating column. To add to the dangers of the retreat, a Confederate battery had been so posted as to command this bridge, and was dropping shells right into the midst of the flying

mob. At last, as a Federal battery was making its way across the bridge, a horse was killed, a wheel knocked off, and then a shell exploded the caisson, dealing death on all sides. This blocked the way for vehicles across Cub Run. "Upon the bridge crossing Cub Run," says Burnside's report, "a shot took effect upon the horses of a team that was crossing; the wagon was overturned directly in the centre of the bridge, and the passage was completely obstructed. The enemy continued to play his artillery upon the train, carriages, ambulances, and artillery wagons that filled up the road, and these were reduced to ruin. The artillery could not possibly pass, and five pieces of the Rhode Island battery, which had been safely brought off the field, were here lost." Eight guns in all were lost at this point, and when the Confederates came marching down the road, the next day, they found a vast amount of booty awaiting them. Cannon, muskets, artillery wagons full of ammunition, ambulances with less useful and more pitiful freight, carriages, provisions, baskets of champagne brought out by congressmen who expected to enjoy a battle and a picnic at once, musical instruments thrown away by frightened regimental bands, and even, it is said, though on doubtful authority, a wagon-load of handcuffs, intended for the Confederate prisoners, were among the trophies found at the Cub Run bridge.

At Centreville, McDowell attempted to rally his troops, and succeeded in bringing something like order out of the frightful chaos into which the Union army had been thrown. For a time he thought of making a stand, but wiser counsels prevailed. With his disorganized army he could hardly hope for success. Moreover the time of enlistment of many regiments had nearly expired. "In the next few days," says McDowell's report, "day by day I should have lost ten thousand of the best armed, drilled, officered, and disciplined troops in the army." And he continues: "The condition of our artillery and its ammunition, and the want of food for the men, who had generally abandoned or thrown away all that had been issued the day before, and the utter disorganization and consequent demoralization of the mass of the army,

seemed to all who were near enough to be consulted — division and brigade commanders and staff — to admit of no alternative but to fall back."

This accordingly was done. While the throng of civilians and demoralized soldiery went trooping along the roads to Washington, the brigades of Richardson and Blenker, in perfect order, brought up the rear, and warded off the occasional assaults of the enemy's cavalry. The Confederates made but slight efforts toward a pursuit. Their victory had been snatched from the very jaws of defeat, and their most astute officers hardly comprehended the full extent of their success, so suddenly had it been won. "We have won a glorious but dear-bought victory," was the language in which Jefferson Davis, who had reached the field just as the battle ended, announced the result. There had been many a moment during the battle when the result seemed doubtful; but when night fell the Confederates were in full possession of the field. They had captured 25 guns and had taken 1,460 prisoners. Their loss was 387 killed and 1,582 wounded. The Union loss was 481 killed and 1,011 wounded.

Great was the panic in Washington, that Sunday afternoon, when the telegram came over the wires: "General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centreville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of this army." The citizens could hardly credit the news. All day long they had read bulletins detailing Union success, and this sudden tidings of defeat was received with incredulity. But by midnight the advance-guard of the retreating host began to reach the city, and there was little sleeping in the capital that night, as each weary horseman was importuned to tell the story of the disaster.

"The defeated troops commenced pouring into Washington, over the Long Bridge, at daylight on Monday, 22d, — day drizzling all through with rain," writes Walt Whitman, in his characteristically graphic style. "The Saturday and Sunday of the battle (20th, 21st) had been parched and hot to an extreme; the dust, the grime and smoke, in layers, sweated in, followed by other layers again sweated in, absorbed

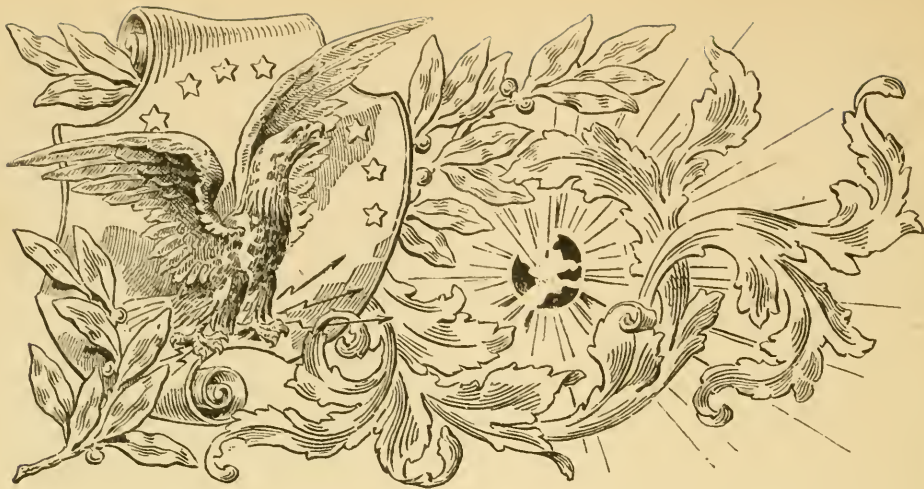
by those excited souls; their clothes all saturated with the clay-powder filling the air, stirred up everywhere on the dry roads and trodden fields by the regiments, swarming wagons, artillery, etc.,—all the men with this coating of murk and sweat and rain, now recoiling back, pouring over the Long Bridge,—a horrible march of twenty miles,—returning to Washington baffled, humiliated, panic-struck. Where are the vaunts and the proud boasts with which you went forth? Where are your banners, and your bands of music, and your ropes to bring back your prisoners? Well, there isn't a band playing, and there isn't a flag but clings ashamed and lank to its staff.

“The sun rises, but shines not. The men appear, at first sparsely and shame-faced enough, then thicker, in the streets of Washington,—appear in Pennsylvania avenue, and on the steps and basement entrances. They come along in disorderly mobs; some in squads, stragglers, companies. Occasionally, a rare regiment, in perfect order, with its officers (some gaps—dead, the true braves) marching in silence, with lowering faces, stern, weary to sinking, all black and dirty, but every man with his musket, and stepping alive; but these are the exceptions. Sidewalks of Pennsylvania avenue, Fourteenth street, etc., crowded, jammed with citizens, darkies, clerks, everybody, lookers-on; women in the windows, curious expressions upon faces as those swarms of dirt-covered, returned soldiers there (Will they never end?) move by; but nothing said, no comments (half our lookers-on ‘secesh’ of the most venomous kind,—they say nothing, but the devil snickers in their faces). During the forenoon Washington gets all over motley with these defeated soldiers,—queer-looking objects, strange eyes and faces, drenched (the steady rain drizzles on all day), and fearfully worn, hungry, haggard, blistered in the feet. Good people (but not over-many of them either) hurry up something for their grub. They put wash-kettles on the fire for soup, for coffee. They set tables on the sidewalks; wagon-loads of bread are purchased, swiftly cut in stout chunks. Here are two ladies, beautiful, the first in the city for culture and charm,—they stand with store of eating and drink at an improvised table of rough plank, and

give food, and have the store replenished from their house every half-hour all that day; and there in the rain they stand, active, silent, white-haired, and give food, though the tears stream down their cheeks, almost without intermission, the whole time. Amid the deep excitement, crowds, and motion, and desperate eagerness, it seems strange to see many, very many, of the soldiers sleeping — in the midst of all, sleeping sound. They drop down anywhere, on the steps of houses, up close by the basements or fences, on the sidewalk, aside on some vacant lot, and deeply sleep. A poor seventeen or eighteen year old boy lies there, on the stoop of a grand house; he sleeps so calmly, so profoundly. Some clutch their muskets firmly even in sleep. Some in squads; comrades, brothers, close together — and on them, as they lay, sulkily drips the rain. . . .

“But the hour, the day, the night passed, and, whatever returns, an hour, a day, a night like that can never again return. The President, recovering himself, begins that very night, — sternly, rapidly sets about the task of reorganizing his forces, and placing himself in position for future and surer work. If there were nothing else of Abraham Lincoln for history to stamp him with, it is enough to send him with his wreath to the memory of all future time, that he endured that hour, that day, bitterer than gall, — indeed a crucifixion day; that it did not conquer him; that he unflinchingly stemmed it, and resolved to lift himself and the Union out of it.”





CHAPTER VII.

NOT DISCOURAGED. — GENERAL MCCLELLAN PUT IN COMMAND OF THE UNION ARMY. —
WARFARE IN MISSOURI. — PRICE'S MOTLEY ARMY. — BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.
— THE DISASTER TO SIGEL. — THE DEATH OF GENERAL LYON. — RETREAT OF THE
FEDERALS. — MARTIAL LAW IN ST. LOUIS. — BATTLE OF LEXINGTON. — MULLIGAN'S
DESPERATE DEFENCE. — LEXINGTON SURRENDERS. — GENERAL GRANT AT BELMONT.



WE are not discouraged," telegraphed General Scott to McDowell on the afternoon of that gloomy day, when the defeated commander sat amid the ruins of his army at Centreville. The curt message expressed the sentiment of the whole North. Though startled and bitterly disappointed by the result of the march toward Manassas, the people were in nowise despairing. "Brethren," said a venerable clergyman at an Illinois camp-meeting, when the news of Bull Run first reached him, "it is time to adjourn this meeting, and go home and drill." So, from Maine to Illinois, the result of the first battle was accepted by the North simply as an incentive to increased energy. A new army was created. The time of the three months' troops expired within a few weeks after

the battle, and their place was filled by volunteers for three years. General McClellan, who had won some reputation by gaining two unimportant victories in West Virginia, was summoned to Washington and put in command. His first task was to so drill, discipline, and equip the widely differing regiments of which the army was made up, that the whole might be a perfect machine; just as the blacksmith, by patient beating and working scraps of iron, can weld them into a massive bar of metal able to withstand or to give heavy blows. But the process was a slow one, and it led to the complete cessation of hostilities in Virginia for nearly eight months.

There was fighting in the West, though, and the fertile land of Missouri first bore the brunt of battle. It was warfare, too, in which the skill of the tactician had little part. On neither side were the troops disciplined, or clothed and armed in uniformity. Missouri was a border State. Her people were bound by many ties both to the Union and to the new-born Confederacy. There were slaveholders there by thousands, and enemies of slavery in almost equal numbers. The one drifted naturally into the ranks of the friends of the Confederacy, the others as naturally joined the Union forces. Brother was separated from brother. Neighbors who had passed their lives in friendly intercourse found themselves driven by political differences into hostile camps. It was civil war, indeed, in Missouri.

Lyon, with swift determination, had won a bloodless victory at Camp Jackson, and thus virtually disarmed the insurgents. This blow he had followed with a second swift stroke, by moving straightway into the interior, routing the enemy at Booneville in a petty skirmish, in which but four were killed on both sides. The flight of the insurgents then gave Lyon and the Union forces the possession of the State capital at Jefferson City, and the undisputed control of all that part of the State north of the Missouri river.

The Confederates fled to the south-westerly part of the State. To their banners flocked hordes of men, sympathizing with their cause, ready to fight for it, but wholly without arms of any kind. As the column

plodded along across the State it was intercepted by a body of Union troops, under General Sigel, at Carthage; but the blue-coats were outnumbered, and fled after a sharp skirmish. No other obstacle checked the march of the Missourians until they reached the rendezvous at Cowskin Prairie, in the extreme south-western corner of the State. Here they went into camp, and General Price set about the task of shaping the rough material he had at hand into an army.

This was no light undertaking. Between seven thousand and eight thousand men had volunteered to follow him in the fight for Missouri. Some had hunting-rifles, others had shot-guns; several thousand had no weapons of any kind. Seven small cannon constituted the artillery force of the army, but not one cartridge was to be found. There was no food in the quartermaster's department, nor was there a dollar in the hands of the quartermaster with which to buy any. There were no tents, no wagons, no camp equipage of any kind. Like most of the Southern people the Missourians were practised horsemen, and almost every volunteer had brought a horse or mule to camp with him. For this huge herd of animals there was no forage. Uniforms were not to be thought of. A bit of bright flannel or calico knotted about the arm of an officer was his only sign of rank. Among the organizations which helped to swell this motley array of soldiery was the command of General McBride, recruited in the Ozark mountains. This unique body of soldiers is thus described by Price's adjutant-general:—

“The staff was composed chiefly of country lawyers, who took the ways of the court-room with them into the field. Colonels could not drill their regiments, nor captains their companies; a drum and a fife—the only ones in the entire command—sounded all the calls, and companies were paraded by the sergeants calling out, ‘Oh yes! Oh yes! all you who belong to Captain Brown’s company fall in here.’ Officers and men messed together, and all approached McBride without a salute, lounged around his quarters, listened to all that was said, and when they spoke to him called him ‘Jedge.’ Their only arms were the rifles with which they hunted the squirrels and other small game that abounded in

their woods; but these they knew how to use. A powder-horn, a cap-pouch, 'a string of patchin',' and a hunter's knife completed their equipment. I doubt whether among them all was a man who had seen a piece of artillery."

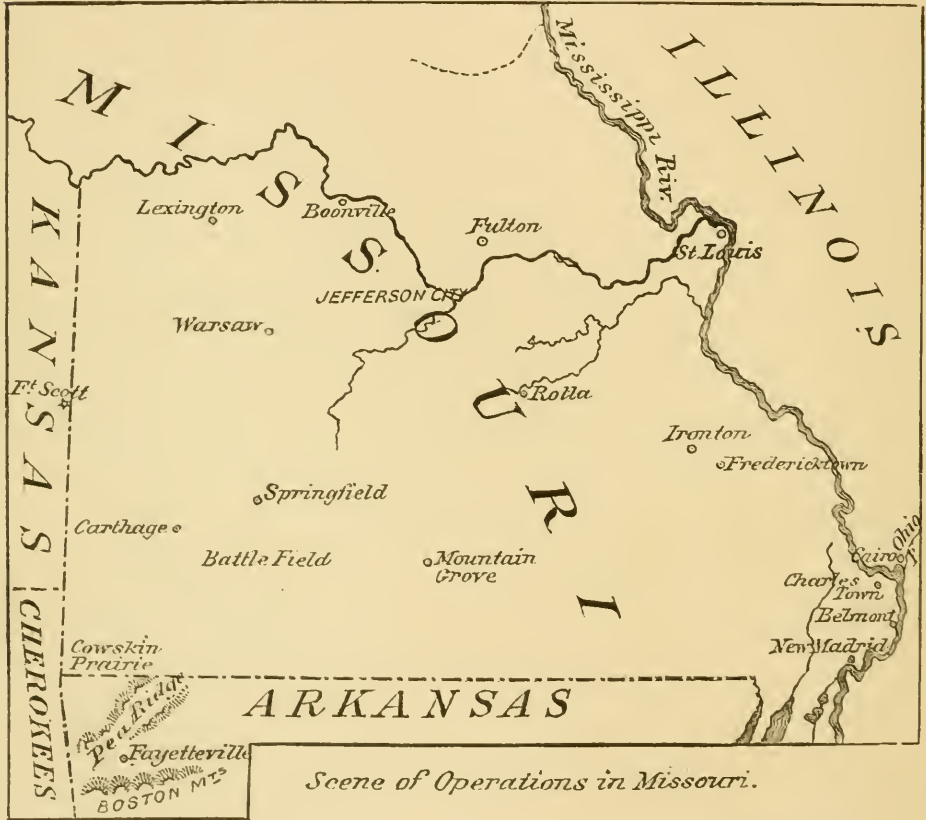
We have said that there were no cartridges for the artillery of this unique command. But there was some inventive skill among the officers, and this, with industry, enabled them to meet this need. "One of Sigel's captured ammunition wagons furnished a few loose round shot; a turning-lathe in Carthage supplied sabots; the owner of a tin-shop contributed straps and canisters; iron rods, which a blacksmith gave and cut into small pieces, made good slugs for the canisters; and a bolt of flannel, freely donated by a dry-goods man, provided us with material for our cartridge bags. The men went to work making cartridges. . . . My first cartridge resembled a turnip rather than the trim cylinders from the Federal arsenals, and would not take a gun on any terms."

Such was the force under Price's command. A little to the south of him, at Maysville, in Arkansas, were the troops of the Confederate general, Ben McCulloch, a little better drilled and equipped, but still a raw, untrained body of soldiery at the best.

Confronting the Confederates was Lyon, with his army of loyal Missourians, in camp at Springfield. He had been joined by Sigel, and the two trained soldiers were straining every nerve to get their men equipped, disciplined, and ready to meet the Missourians, who were before them in overwhelming numbers.

There was little delay in preparing for battle. The Western troops were satisfied with a degree of discipline and a meagreness of equipment that would have disgusted one of the martinets in command at Washington. A fortnight sufficed for the work. On the 31st of July the combined forces of Price and McCulloch broke camp and moved upon Lyon, with the intention of driving him back to the Missouri river, and retaking the territory from which they had been expelled. At the same time the Confederate General Pillow, with twelve thousand men, crossed the Mississippi river from Tennessee and occupied New Madrid.

The Confederates thus had formidable armies in the south-west and south-east corners of the State. Their plan of campaign was to effect a juncture, sweep the State clear of all Union forces, move into Illinois and capture Cairo, then in possession of the Federals under General Fre-



mont. The army which was to accomplish all this the Confederates called the "Army of Liberation."

Lyon's troops at Springfield stood in the way of the junction between the two arms of the "Army of Liberation." The forces of Price and McCulloch advanced by easy stages to meet them. Lyon's scouts

brought him word of the enemy's advance. He knew himself to be outnumbered, but, too plucky to retreat, determined to attempt a surprise.

The Confederates are encamped on the banks of Wilson's creek, ten miles from Springfield. They have had a wearying march. Their half-organized commissary department has failed them, and for two days they have fed on green corn taken from the fields along the road. Though they number more than ten thousand, while Lyon has but little more than half that number, the Confederates are so disorganized that a better time for an attack could hardly be chosen.

Lyon divides his little army into two parts. The main division, some thirty-eight hundred strong, he retains under his own command. Colonel Sigel is directed to take the second division of twelve hundred men, make his way by a circuitous route to the enemy's rear, and attack him there, while Lyon falls upon him in front. At nine o'clock at night the two columns set out on the march. Lyon has ten miles to travel; Sigel somewhat more. By daybreak the distance is covered, and the Union forces have secured the positions they desired.

By a strange coincidence the Confederates had determined to attack Lyon upon the same day that he had chosen for his attack upon them. Therefore, on the night of August 9, just as the Union troops were moving from their position at Springfield, the Confederates were making preparations to abandon their position at Wilson's Creek. Indeed, their advanced pickets had been called in, and the columns were forming for the march, when a rain-storm came up, and forced them to abandon the enterprise. Having no cartridge-boxes, the Confederates were obliged to carry cartridges in the pockets of their clothing, and a march through a driving rain-storm would infallibly ruin all their ammunition.

By some oversight the Confederate officers failed to order forward again the pickets that had been called in to prepare for the march. So when morning came, Lyon on the one side, and Sigel on the other, approached almost within musket-shot of the enemy's camp before the Confederates discovered that they were caught between two fires.

It is early dawn when Lyon opens the conflict. His advance

drives in the enemy's pickets, and the rattle of his musketry reaches the ears of Price as he sits at breakfast. The surprise is complete. Many of the Confederates are asleep, others are building fires, getting breakfast ready, carrying water, and attending to the routine duties of the camp. As they rush for their arms they see the Union skirmishers advancing through the woods. As the drummers begin the long roll, Totten's guns swing into battery on a neighboring hill, and shells bursting in the Confederate camp complete the confusion. Against Lyon's dogged advance the enemy can do nothing. Firing wildly, they fall back up the slope of "Bloody Hill." Couriers are sent to Price for aid. He thinks it a false alarm; but when he sees a mass of soldiers, camp followers, wagons, frightened horses, and panic-stricken men come tumbling over the crest of "Bloody Hill" in full retreat, with the shells from Totten's six-gun battery bursting in the thick of the crowd, he concludes that it is a battle, and gallops forward to rally the troops.

But what, meanwhile, of Sigel?

His march around the enemy's lines has been wholly successful. His pickets, advancing in the gray dawn, have captured the stragglers and camp servants who might have given the alarm, and, when Lyon's musketry opens, Sigel has his four cannon in position on a commanding hill. At the first sound of battle these pieces opened fire, making deadly play upon the astounded enemy, who, seated at breakfast about the camp kettles, had no suspicion that the muzzles of hostile cannon were peering down upon them. The Confederates fly in confusion. Sigel advances through the deserted camp, pushing his artillery ahead. On the hill-top, under cover of the dense woods, the enemy rallies. A few minutes' pause in the conflict follows. Sigel thinks that perhaps Lyon has been successful, and is coming to join him. A moment later a brigade issues from the woods, with the Stars and Stripes floating at its head.

"General Lyon's troops are coming down the road," said an officer to Sigel.

"Don't fire, men! They are friends," was the word passed along

the lines, and the colors were dipped in friendly salutation, which the advancing troops answered in kind.

Still Sigel was in doubt. "Ride forward and find out who they are," he said to a corporal, standing near him. The man did so, and was instantly shot down. Then came a volley from the advancing line, which charged forward at a run. The startled Federals fired a few shots and fled. The artillery-men leaped on the backs of their horses and galloped away, leaving the cannon on the field and throwing the ranks of the infantry into the direst confusion. Masked Confederate batteries hurled shot and shell upon the disordered ranks. Troops of cavalry charged, sabring right and left. In a few minutes it was all over. Sigel, with three hundred of his men, fled, leaving five cannon and nine hundred of his men behind. One gun was saved by the coolness of an officer who forced a gang of Confederate prisoners to tie ropes to it and drag it from the field. By ten o'clock in the morning Sigel's command was literally cut to pieces, and its leader, with the shattered remnant of his troops, was flying back by country roads, hotly pursued by the enemy's cavalry.

Thus General Lyon is left to continue the fight alone. He has no means of communication with Sigel; no way of guessing the disaster that has overtaken him. He has less than four thousand men, while nearly ten thousand confront him. But he maintains the fight right gallantly.

The field of battle is covered with scrub oaks and underbrush. Cavalry is useless. Charges are difficult. The hostile armies confront each other, separated by hardly more than thirty yards. The roar of the musketry is incessant, and above it rises the thunder of the artillery as Totten's Union battery and Guibor's Confederate guns hurled iron messengers into the hostile ranks.

Up and down the lines ride the officers, urging an advance here, strengthening a weak place there. Price found his men wavering on the right. Galloping to the rear he brought up a fresh regiment, which he ordered to occupy the crest of "Bloody Hill."

"You will soon be in a pretty hot place, men," he said; "but I will be near you, and will take care of you. Keep as cool as the inside of a cucumber, and give them thunder."

The regiment swept bravely into position, past Totten's battery, which mowed down half of its staff officers, and held its station, though in half an hour one-fifth of its men lay dead or wounded on the ground.

General Price himself does not escape unharmed. Several times bullets pierce his clothing. One of these cuts an ugly gash in his side. Turning to the officer who rides by him he says cheerily, "Now, that's not fair. If I were as thin as Lyon, that fellow would not have hit me."

Lyon, on his side, incites his troops to prodigies of valor. Their forward surge is almost irresistible. Before the assaults of their adversaries they stand immovable as the forests. Totten's artillerists work at their guns with superhuman fierceness. They beat back the Confederate advances time after time. They bear without flinching the fire which Guibor's and Woodruff's batteries pour upon them. Woodruff was a former United States officer, and his artillery training had been given by Totten, against whom he was now exerting all his talents.

But the logic of war is irresistible. With all his personal gallantry, and with all the devotion and the courage of his soldiers, Lyon's cause is hopeless. Every man he could muster is fighting in the lines. He has no reserves. A soldier struck down cannot be replaced. The enemy, on the contrary, is constantly bringing fresh troops to the front. A gap is no sooner made in his lines than it is filled. Riding forward, ahead of his lines on "Bloody Hill," Lyon listens eagerly for some sound that may tell him of Sigel's progress. Early in the morning he had heard the sound of the guns with which Sigel had opened the battle. Now all is silent. Lyon does not know what the silence portends, but he fears the worst. As he turns to go back his horse is shot under him, and he receives a slight wound in the leg. A little later a half-spent bullet strikes him in the head. Half-dazed by the blow, sick at heart with anxiety, he says sadly to Major Schofield, "Alas, I fear the day



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DEATH OF LYON.



is lost!" Schofield encourages him, and he soon takes heart, mounts another horse, and, waving his hat and cheering on his troops, he leads a column into the very teeth of the enemy's fire, but is struck full in the breast by a ball, and falls into his orderly's arms, crying, "Lehman, I am killed!" In a few seconds his brave spirit is gone.

There follows a lull in the combat. The Confederates, repulsed in their last charge, prepare for another. The Federals rest upon their arms. Their officers hold a hasty consultation. "Is retreat possible?" was the question. While they are debating it a cheer is heard from the front. A body of troops appears on the hill, where Sigel is expected. They carry the Union flag. Unsuspectingly the Federals allow them to approach, only to see them finally dash the Federal colors to the ground, display a Confederate flag, and come forward on the run, while a battery composed of Sigel's captured guns opens on the Union men from a neighboring hill-side. Though the stratagem was successful, the charge is successfully withstood. The assailants dash forward, so as to be almost within the flashes of the Union guns; but still the blue line stands firm. At one point only it wavers; but Captain Gordon Granger, who distinguished himself throughout the engagement, hastens thither with reinforcements. The Confederates are rolled back like waves from a rocky coast. In broken masses they fall back to the cover of the woods, and throw themselves upon the ground, wearied, and despairing of victory.

This moment was seized by the Federals to begin their retreat. Slowly and in good order they withdrew. The enemy was too much broken to attempt to cut off their retreat. "We were glad to see them go," says a Confederate officer who fought through that bloody day.

Back to Springfield marched the shattered remnant of Lyon's army. On the way they fell in with some of the survivors of Sigel's disaster, and at Springfield they found Sigel himself, who had reached there, with but one follower. Thence the retreat was continued to Rolla, Mo., one hundred and twenty-five miles away.

It had been a bloody battle. Great was the bravery on either side, and great had been the loss. The official reports showed that the Union

forces lost 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 291 missing. The Confederates lost 265 killed, 800 wounded, and 30 missing. But bitterest of all was the loss of Lyon, who thus early in the war had shown qualities of zeal, determination, and courage that surely would have put him in the very van of American soldiers, had not his life been thus untimely cut off. In the confusion of the retreat the dead body of the gallant leader was left on the field of battle. Reaching Springfield, the Federals discovered their loss, and sent an officer back for Lyon's body. But when the officer reached Springfield with his charge he found the army again in retreat. Accordingly the body of the dead hero was again abandoned, and was given its final interment by the Confederates after they entered Springfield.

Then for a time both belligerents in Missouri rested upon their arms. Price and McCulloch issued proclamations announcing a "brilliant victory upon a hard-fought field," and inviting reënforcements for the purpose of moving upon St. Louis. The Federals, though bitterly disappointed by the result of the conflict, were in nowise broken in spirit. General Fremont, in command of the Union forces in the West, was stationed at St. Louis. The secessionist sympathizers, of whom the town was full, were emboldened by the victory at Wilson's Creek, and were outspoken in their expressions of joy.

"Put this city under martial law," said Fremont to his chief of staff.

The order was published.

"What is martial law, anyway?" asked a citizen who had been deputed to visit the provost-marshal and find out the character of this novel method of city government. "What does martial law do?"

"That's easily answered," was the response. "Martial law does pretty much as it pleases."

In the course of a few days the citizens found out that the officer had very fairly defined the powers of martial law. Among other things, it caused the peremptory suppression of every St. Louis newspaper that advocated secession; but the severity of some of his measures so

embroiled Fremont with the press and the government that he was relieved from command shortly after.

Meantime, outside the city of St. Louis, where the power of the Federal government was little feared, a sputtering warfare of individuals and armed bands was going on. But not until the middle of September did the regular forces of the warring peoples again come into collision.

At the little town of Lexington, on the Missouri river, were stationed about three thousand Federal soldiers under the command of Colonel Mulligan. Toward this post General Price, with his army of Missourians, began to advance early in September. Near Lexington, in the town of Warrensburg, was a bank, in the vaults of which was stored silver to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and a large amount of paper money. Seeking to confiscate this, Price first directed his steps in that direction; but was vastly disappointed to find the Federals had been before him, and had left nothing in the vaults of the bank save some lively caricatures depicting the disgust of the Confederates when they should find the money gone. Foiled in this project Price pushed on to Lexington.

Mulligan was not aware of the overpowering strength of the army that was advancing against him. His scouts brought him tidings of Price's strength and of his intentions. But, though in command of less than three thousand men, Mulligan determined to try to hold his position against Price's fourteen thousand. He believed that Fremont would surely send him reënforcements; and, to make sure of this, he sent an officer down the river on a steamboat to bring up the Federal troops stationed at Jefferson City. But the steamer was captured, the messenger sent to a Southern prison, and the looked-for aid never came.

Ignorant of the fate of his courier, Mulligan made preparations for defence. On a steep hill just outside the town stood a large brick building, the home of a Baptist college. Around this, Mulligan built breastworks, dug ditches, made pitfalls and hidden mines, and prepared for the struggle. He had brave hearts with him, and greater courage than his never animated any soldier. But his fight was a hopeless one

from the first. For the six howitzers mounted upon his works he had no ammunition; for the muskets of his men but forty rounds. His stock of provisions, too, was lamentably short; but this lack, according to his own words, was met by "stealing provisions from the inhabitants."

On the morning of the 18th the main engagement began. For days before there had been skirmishing on the outskirts and in the streets of the town, but by the 18th of September Mulligan's men were snugly entrenched on the hill. At nine o'clock the enemy advanced to the assault. Not less than eighteen thousand men were in his columns. Sixteen cannon reflected the light of the bright sun as they were drawn to the positions assigned them. When troops and batteries had swung into line, the Union men found themselves completely surrounded by an overwhelming force. But, despite the superior numbers of the Confederates, they were somewhat shy of charging that line of earthworks. Taking up a position at long range, they began a siege. The Federals expected a charge. "Our spies had brought intelligence that it was the intention of the enemy to make a grand rush, overwhelm us, and bury us in the trenches of Lexington," said Mulligan afterwards; and there is little doubt that the enemy's strength would have made the success of such a movement perfectly certain. But caution was the order of the day. For three hours the battle was maintained by the artillery of both sides, and with little effect.

Outside the Federal lines stood a three-story brick building. This Mulligan had devoted to hospital purposes, and over it had raised the yellow flag, that usually protects hospitals from hostile attack. But at noon the Confederates seized upon the building, and from its upper windows poured a destructive fire upon the men in the Union trenches. Mulligan ordered the position retaken. Two Missouri regiments refused to undertake the perilous task. But a company of the Irish Brigade charged on the double-quick across the eighty yards that intervened between the entrenchments and the building. At the door they wavered. "Come on, my brave boys!" shouted Captain Gleason; and they rushed. From floor to floor they drove the armed inmates. To

none did they give quarter, for all felt that the use of a hospital as a point of attack was unwarranted by the rules of war. For two hours the Irish troops held the building, then, forced out by the enemy's artillery fire, they returned to the trenches. Eighty had sallied out on the dashing charge. Fifty returned, and of these many were sorely wounded.

Though many and bitter comments have been made concerning the action of the Southerners in taking possession of this hospital, it hardly seems fair to accuse them of any wrong-doing. The building was wholly outside of Mulligan's lines, and commanded his works. If he feared that it would be used as a point of attack, it was his part to demolish it, not to attempt to save it from the enemy by suddenly calling it a hospital, and claiming extraordinary immunities for it.

Afternoon and evening the battle raged. A constant fire was maintained, but neither side made any movement of attack. The next morning the siege continued. The Home Guards, who were cooped up with Mulligan in the trenches, seeing their ammunition fast going, their forces reduced by the enemy's fire, and no hope of victory, became discouraged and murmured loudly. But the defence went on. Day-break of the 20th came. Still the investing force of Confederates poured a pitiless fire upon the beleaguered blue-coats. Within the Union works the distress was pitiable. No water was to be had. The wells were drained dry. A slight rain had fallen the day before, but the little store of water that the men could catch had been exhausted. The cartridges had to be torn with the teeth before being put into the guns, and the men presented a horrible appearance, with swollen and cracked lips, blistered tongues, the blood running down their chins, and their faces begrimed with powder.

Toward noon of this day the enemy changed his tactics. The siege was turned into a deliberate assault. Great bales of hemp were rolled upon the battle-field, and sharp-shooters snugly hid behind them picked off the men on the Union lines.

"Try hot shot on them," ordered Mulligan.

It was done. The bales began to smoke, finally burst into flames, and the sharp-shooters fled from their hot quarters. Other bales were rolled forward. Buckets of water were dashed upon them. By a continued advance they were soon brought close to the Union lines.

Suddenly the firing on both sides slackened. Unknown to Mulligan the Home Guards had raised a white flag. From the enemy came a flag of truce, with a message from General Price, saying:—

“Colonel, what has caused the cessation of the fight?”

Mulligan’s answer was equally terse:—

“General, I hardly know, unless you have surrendered.”

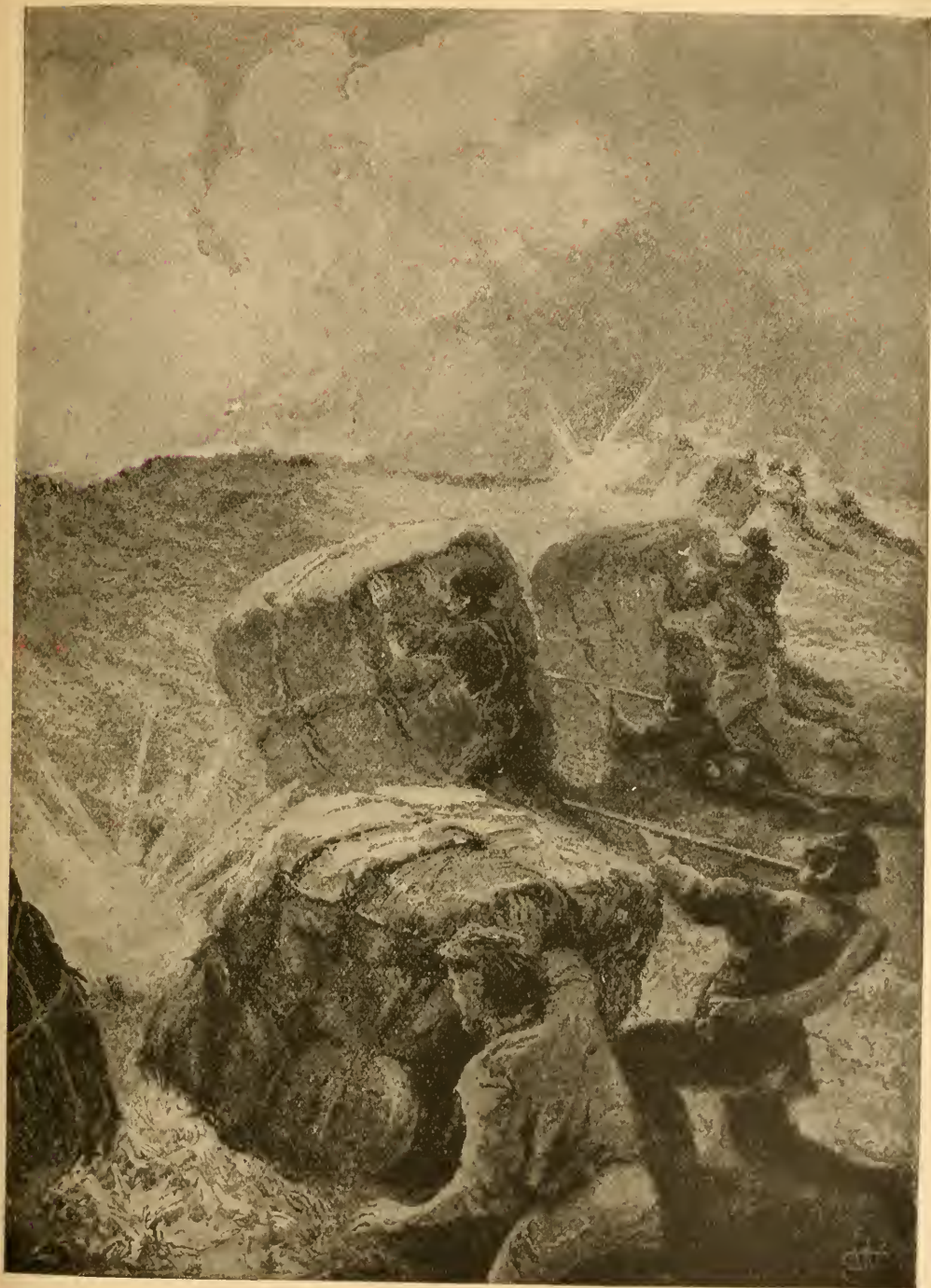
Scanning his lines, Mulligan saw the unauthorized white flag flying. Galloping to the spot, he ordered the lieutenant who had raised it to pull it down. He demurred. “We have no cartridges,” he said, “and a vast horde of the enemy is about us.” His men muttered their approval; but Mulligan sternly commanded that the flag be taken down, and the troops man the breastworks. It was done, and the blue-coats, determined and desperate, but hopeless of victory, prepared to meet the assault for which the enemy was seen to be preparing.

“This is butchery,” said an officer. Mulligan overheard the remark. A council of war was summoned, and, the voice of all the officers being for surrender, the signal of submission was again raised. “The place was given up,” said Mulligan, years later, “upon what conditions, to this day I hardly know or care.”

Gallant, indeed, had been the defence. The force of the Federals was but puny in comparison to that of their antagonists; but for three days they had held Price’s men at bay. The loss had been heavy, but the example of courage set to the Union armies all over the land was invaluable. Ever after that the “Irish Brigade” bore on its colors, in golden letters, the significant word,—

LEXINGTON.

Once again before the end of the year did the hostile forces, in considerable numbers, cross swords in Missouri. It was in the latter part of



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THE HEMP-BALE BARRIERS.



November, when Fremont, spurred at last to activity, had taken the field with a considerable force, and had driven the enemy back into the south-west corner of the State. In the van of the Union army was a picked body of cavalry, known as Fremont's Body Guard, and commanded by a young Polish officer named Zagonyi. These troopers, only one hundred and fifty in number, charged fiercely upon fifteen hundred Confederates stationed just outside of Springfield, routed them, rode into the town, cleared the streets of Confederates, raised the Union flag over the court-house and retreated, carrying with them a captured Confederate banner.

"This was really a Balaklava charge," said Fremont in his official report.

With this affray ended the active hostilities in south-west Missouri for the year 1861. But early in November the Union forces made a successful descent upon the Confederate camp at Belmont, a Missouri hamlet of three houses, squatted down upon the muddy banks of the Mississippi, directly opposite Columbus, Ky. Aside from the hotly contested nature of the battle, it is of special interest as having been the occasion of the first appearance upon a battle-field of the Civil War, of an officer destined in later years to lead the Union forces to victory.

Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, a West Pointer, who had served with honor in the Mexican War, and had afterwards resigned from the army only to promptly volunteer when the reverberations of the shot fired at Fort Sumter shook the whole nation, was at this time in command of the department of south-east Missouri. Fremont, his superior officer, fearing that the Confederates, who were in force at Columbus, Ky., would cross into Missouri and reënforce Price, whom he was trying to drive from the State, ordered General Grant to make a demonstration at some point on the Mississippi.

Grant was prompt to obey. Placing five regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two guns on river steamboats, he left Cairo on the 6th of November, and started down stream. At the outset he had no idea of attacking the Confederates; but the enthusiasm of his

men at the prospect of action was such that he hardly dared to return tamely without striking a blow. At Columbus the Confederates had ten thousand men and a well-fortified position. To attack them would be madness. But at Belmont there was only a small detachment of the enemy, in an unfortified camp. This Grant determined to attack.

Three miles above Belmont he landed his forces. While the troops advanced slowly over the marshy and densely wooded country, the gunboats "Lexington" and "Tyler" dropped down and opened fire on the enemy's works at Columbus.

In command at Columbus was General Polk, the Episcopal bishop of Mississippi, who had thrown off his sacred robes to don the gray uniform of the Confederate soldier. Grant's manœuvres puzzled him. From Paducah, on the Ohio river, back of Columbus, a Union force was moving toward the rear of the Confederate works. What, then, could be the meaning of this landing of Union forces on the other side of the Mississippi, where they could be of no possible use in an attack upon Columbus? After considering the problem, Polk concluded that Grant's movement was a ruse to draw him from his works, that the Union advance in his rear might be unimpeded. Accordingly he remained quiet in his trenches, watching Grant's troops move down the western bank of the river. Not until Grant's skirmishers were fairly engaged did General Polk conclude that the fighting was to be at Belmont, and not at Columbus. Then he speedily sent three regiments across the river.

Four hours of fighting followed the first collision of the hostile skirmishers. Through the woods the blue-coats advanced slowly, but without serious check. There was no open country, and there could be no charges; but the fighting was cool and deadly. "I never saw a battle more hotly contested, or where troops behaved with more gallantry," said Grant, in his report, next day. Many were struck down in the woods by the flying bullets. Grant's horse was shot under him. But the Union troops pressed on until at last the edge of the clearing about the camp was reached. Then the Confederates broke and fled, plunging over the steep bank of the river, huddling together on the

sands underneath, panic-stricken, and ready to surrender at the first summons.

But no demand for surrender was made. The Union soldiers, who had fought like veterans, showed that they were but raw recruits in the moment of victory. When they saw the Confederate camp deserted they broke through the abatis by which it was surrounded, and at once gave themselves up to plunder and self-glorification. The younger officers were as bad as the men. From the backs of their horses they made speeches boasting of victory, and glorifying the Union cause, whenever they could muster a corporal's guard to listen. Meantime the privates were ransacking the tents, breaking open trunks, and appropriating everything upon which they could lay their hands. One group of men had got hold of some captured cannon, and were furiously cannonading some steamers lying at a wharf down stream, far out of range. Up stream, within cannon-shot, were two steamers black with armed soldiery, coming over to cut off the Union retreat. Galloping up to the group, Grant directed them to turn their guns upon the loaded steamers; but their excitement was so great that they paid not the slightest heed to him. Thereupon he ordered his staff officers to set fire to the camp, which was quickly done. The flames and the shells from the enemy's works across the river, which now began to drop rather thickly into the camp, brought the demoralized soldiers to their senses. As they looked about them they saw that the Confederates had re-formed their shattered ranks, and taken a position between the Union forces and the transports.

"We are surrounded!" was the cry. To the untrained soldiers the thought of being surrounded was equivalent to defeat.

"We cut our way in here," said General Grant, "and can cut our way out again."

Accordingly the lines were formed. The Confederates gave way, and before the reënforcements from Columbus had landed, the Federals had safely reached their boats.

But they were not destined to get away without further loss.

After all the troops had gone aboard the transports the work of bringing in the wounded was begun. During the progress of the fight the wounded had been sent to some houses near the landing-place, and parties were now sent out to fetch them in. But by this time the enemy's reënforcements had arrived, and Polk himself had come to command them. They lost no time in hastening to the landing-place to cut off Grant's retreat, but succeeded only in capturing one or two of the landing-parties that were conveying the wounded.

At this juncture General Grant rode out to reconnoitre the enemy, and to discover what had become of five companies posted by him in a ravine to act as a rear-guard. To his astonishment, he discovered that the latter had quietly abandoned their post and gone aboard the steamer. The time had not yet come when soldiers understood that when assigned to a post it was their duty to stay there, through all perils, until relieved by further orders. While seeking for his vanished rear-guard Grant rode about in a field of corn so high that even a man on horseback could not look over the top of the waving grain. Only by looking up and down the rows could anything be seen. Suddenly he saw crossing one of the rows, not fifty yards in advance of him, a large body of Confederate troops. Thinking that no place for him, he turned his horse and rode toward the river, slowly at first, then, when he thought himself concealed from the enemy, at a full gallop. General Polk spied him galloping away, and said to his men, "There goes a Yankee; you may try your marksmanship on him if you like." But no one fired.

Reaching the landing-place Grant found his troops all embarked, and the steamers in the act of pushing off. Close behind him came the enemy, their bullets whistling overhead, and their shouts ringing in his ears. He was on the crest of the high bank of the river, an almost perpendicular bank of clay, at the foot of which was a level stretch of sand, across which he must ride to reach the edge of the water. The captain of the nearest boat which had pushed out ran a single plank ashore, and shouted to him to hasten "My horse





seemed to take in the situation," writes Grant, in his "Memoirs." "There was no path down the bank, and every one acquainted with the Mississippi river knows that its banks in a natural state do not vary at any great angle from the perpendicular. My horse put his fore feet over the bank without hesitation or urging, and with his hind feet well under him slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet away, over a single gang-plank."

As the transports began to move up stream the Confederates, though at some distance from the bank, opened fire. The Union gunboats returned shells, which wrought sad havoc in the Confederate ranks. Little damage was done to the soldiers on the boats. General Grant had a narrow escape from death, as a rifle-ball passed lengthwise through a sofa in the cabin on which he had been lying but a moment before.

Though the forces engaged were inconsiderable, Belmont was a sharp-fought battle. The Union armies lost in all 607 men; of whom 120 were killed, 383 wounded, and 104 captured or missing. The Confederate loss amounted to 641; of whom 105 were killed, 419 wounded, and 117 missing. The Confederates kept the field, but the great object of Grant was accomplished. He had shown the Confederates that Columbus was always open to attack, and that it would be unsafe to detach troops from that point to reënforce Confederate armies elsewhere.

This battle marks the close of the great military operations in the West during 1861. But before we turn our attention to the work of the armies in the East, two anecdotes, showing something of the personal good feeling that may exist between officers whose ideas of duty force them to fight on opposite sides, may be of interest.

After the battle of Belmont the commanding officers of the hostile armies, with their staffs, exchanged several visits to arrange the details of paroles, exchange of prisoners, and such matters. On one of these visits Colonel Buford, of Grant's staff, with several other Union officers, was the guest of General Polk. Luncheon was served.

The wine was passed around. "Gentlemen," said Colonel Buford, looking slyly at the Confederate officers, "let us drink to George Washington, the Father of his Country." "And the first Rebel," quickly added General Polk, and the toast thus amended was drunk by all in amity.

A little later, General Cheatham, Polk's second in command, and General Grant got into a conversation about horses, of which both were very fond. For an hour or more they chatted amicably. At last the time came to part.

"Well, general," said the Southerner, "this business of fighting is a troublesome affair. Let us settle our political differences by a grand horse-race over on the Missouri shore."

"I wish we could," responded Grant; and, soldier though he was, he probably would have liked to bring the war to an end then and there.





CHAPTER VIII.

CAMPAIGNING IN WEST VIRGINIA. — SKIRMISHES AT CARNIFEX FERRY AND CHEAT MOUNTAIN. — THE DESTRUCTION OF GUYANDOTTE. — THE EXPEDITION TO HATTERAS INLET. — PORT ROYAL. — BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF. — BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA ISLAND. — CLOSE OF 1861.

DEANTIME the hostile forces in the East had not been wholly inactive, although the disastrous battle at Bull Run had put an end to campaigning in Virginia in 1861. But in West Virginia both belligerents were active, and several collisions occurred. Along the Atlantic coast, too, the Federals, by means of combined military and naval expeditions, had succeeded in gaining footholds within the territory of the Confederacy. But these latter expeditions belong rather to the history of the naval branch of the Union forces than to the narrative of the work of the army.

In West Virginia were stationed the Confederate generals Floyd and Wise. After the battle of Bull Run, Gen. Robert E. Lee was sent to consolidate the armies of the other two, and hold the State against the constant advance of the Union armies under Generals Cox and Rose-

crans. But the Union sentiment of the people of West Virginia had never wavered. The continued successes of the Federal forces had strengthened this sentiment, and Lee found it a hopeless task to preserve Confederate domination in a State wholly united in its devotion to the Union.

At Carnifex Ferry the forces of Rosecrans and Floyd meet. The Federals have had a severe march of seventeen miles, over hard mountain roads. They outnumber the Confederates, but the latter are posted behind formidable earthworks. The battle which ensues rages all day, and at night Floyd steals away, leaving the Union forces masters of the field. This is on September 10. Two days later, the command of General Lee and the Union forces under Reynolds clashed at Cheat Mountain. Here, again, the Federals were successful, and the Confederates withdrew. The loss in both battles was trivial.

One skirmish followed another quickly. In each the story of the one preceding was repeated. The Confederates invariably fell back, and by the close of the year the military power of the Confederacy in West Virginia was practically annihilated; and this, too, without there having been fought one battle in which the loss on either side in killed, wounded, and missing exceeded one hundred and fifty.

One disaster alone mars the Union record of success. One instance of intemperate revenge blackens the page of history upon which is recorded the narrative of the Union campaigns in West Virginia.

At the little village of Guyandotte, on the Ohio river, was stationed a small Union force, and at the post a recruiting station was maintained. The secessionist sympathizers in the county round about often said that men whose sympathies were with the Confederacy were inveigled into the recruiting office, entertained lavishly, and wheedled into joining the Union army. This complaint, often repeated, came to the ears of a Confederate guerilla (or leader of irregular cavalry), named Jenkins, who was operating in the neighborhood, and he made a descent upon Guyandotte, killed all who resisted, and rode away with over a hundred prisoners. The news of this exploit came to the Union forces in some-

what distorted form. The secessionists in the village, it was said, had given an entertainment to the Federal soldiers, and had secretly notified Jenkins to choose that time for his raid, as he would then find the Federals off their guard. Exasperated beyond control by this story, a regiment of Virginia volunteers, under command of Colonel Zeigler, set out to burn the house of every man in the village suspected of disloyalty. As a result, nearly the whole village was destroyed, friend and foe suffering equally.

Along the Atlantic coast the autumn of 1861 witnessed great activity, both military and naval. Two joint expeditions were fitted out for the capture of important points on the seaboard held by the Confederates, which merit some attention here because of the part taken in them by detachments of the United States army. The first of these expeditions set sail from Hampton Roads on the 26th of August. Its destination was Hatteras Inlet,—a break in the outer bar of sand near the famous Cape Hatteras, giving entrance to Pamlico Sound. This was a convenient harbor for blockade runners, and the Confederates had fortified the entrance strongly. To reduce the forts was the task of the Union expedition, which consisted of nine naval vessels, under command of Commodore Stringham, and troops to the number of nine hundred, commanded by General Butler. The forts were speedily silenced by the guns of the men-of-war, and Butler's men took possession of them without a fight. Some weeks later they were compelled to defend their post against the assaults of the enemy; but they maintained their ground manfully until the spring of '62, when, with reënforcements, they drove the enemy from his stronghold on the neighboring island of Roanoke.

A second combined military and naval expedition was that against the Confederate forts at Port Royal, which set sail on the 29th of October. In this expedition again the navy won all the laurels, the representatives of the army being given only the sorry privilege of garrisoning the forts which had been taken by the valor of the blue jackets.¹ The battle occurred upon the same day on which Grant was

¹ For accounts of these expeditions see "Blue Jackets of '61." page 45.

leading the untried Western soldiery against the Confederate camp at Belmont. The war had spread from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Potomac river to the Gulf of Mexico.

On the Potomac line there had been little but petty skirmishing since that terrible day of Bull Run. McClellan was organizing the army of the Potomac. He was drilling men into machines, and was deaf to the clamor of the country for an advance. But in the mild, hazy Indian summer days of October a misinterpreted order for a "demonstration" brought on a battle, and the battle proved to be a disaster for the Union cause.

Some thirty miles above Washington, on the Potomac river, the Virginia bank rises steep from the water's edge to the height of thirty feet or more. The steep slope is wooded, and covered with a dense mass of underbrush. From a farmer living near by it had derived the name of Ball's Bluff. At the crest of the bluff was an open clearing, of some seven acres in extent, shut in on three sides by the forests. The fourth side was the edge of the steep bluff. In the middle of the river before the bluff is a long, narrow island, known as Harrison's Island.

On the clearing at the crest of the bluff were seven hundred Federal troops, on the 21st of October, 1861. They were detached from the First Minnesota and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position at Leesburg, Va. Why they had chosen as a halting-place this worst of all possible military positions has never been explained.

Across the river, on the Maryland shore, was the first battalion of the California regiment, in command of Col. E. D. Baker, an ex-Senator of the United States, and an intimate personal friend of President Lincoln. To Baker came galloping an aide, with an order from General Stone.

"In the event of heavy firing in front," read the order, "you may either call back Colonel Devens or reënforce him, at your discretion."

The firing was heavy as Baker read the order. From its sound he concluded that the enemy was bringing a heavy force against Devens' seven hundred men. His first thought was to bring the threatened

troops back across the river, out of harm's way. But how to do it was the question. The river was high, and running like a race-way between its steep banks. There were ferry-boats somewhere, the soldiers said. A search led to their discovery. But what boats! Two rickety scows, each capable of carrying twenty-five men. What chance would seven hundred men have to escape across a roaring torrent in such craft as these, with a pitiless enemy in their rear?

But, though the boats were inadequate for the withdrawal of the troops, Baker thought they might be employed to ferry over reënforcements, while the enemy was kept employed by the troops already on the bluff. From a neighboring canal a huge flat-boat was obtained, in which the men of the California regiment were taken from the Maryland shore to Harrison's Island. Thence they were to be ferried to the Virginia side in the two scows. The work was begun. Baker stood on the shore of the island watching the scows making their sluggish trips across the foaming river. Suddenly there appeared on the crest of the bluff a Federal officer.

"Colonel!" he shouted, "we can see three regiments of the enemy coming down from Leesburg."

"All right," responded Baker, cheerily; "be of good cheer. There will be all the more for us to whip."

Back and forth like shuttles went the scows, until nearly two thousand Federals were on the Virginia side. Baker himself crossed early, and took command of the field. The enemy made no sign during the early part of the day, but skulked in the woods, and allowed the blue-coats to cross the river unopposed. Perhaps some astute Confederate officer fully understood the hopeless trap into which those blue-clad soldiers were being led.

At four o'clock a fierce yell rose from the Confederates concealed in the woods, and the bullets from their muskets began to fly across the open field. Most of the Union troops were lying down behind a slight slope in the ground; but this gave them little shelter, for hundreds of the Confederate sharp-shooters climbed into trees, and poured a deadly

plunging fire upon the blue-coats below. After the musketry had done its part, the Confederates sallied forth, and made repeated, but ineffectual, charges. The Federals had two howitzers and a rifled gun on the ground, and these made sad havoc in the enemy's ranks. Colonel Baker was foremost in the fight. Fighting on foot, he went from one part of the field to the other, here pointing a gun, there cheering on a charge, again saying a kind word to a wounded man, and at another time aiding with his own arm to beat back the enemy's advance. His activity drew upon him the attention of the enemy. About his head flew myriads of bullets. At last, out of the smoke of a Confederate volley, strode a tall, brawny man. His hat was thrown off. His hair, untrimmed and red, floated in the breeze. With cool deliberation he walked rapidly toward Baker, and when within five paces of him lifted a six-chambered, self-cocking revolver, and emptied its contents into the body of the Union commander. The victim reeled; but, before he had fallen, a slug from a Mississippi yager tore a great hole in his side, and a bullet crashed through his skull. Thus, pierced with unnumbered wounds, he fell dead.

But not unavenged. At his side stood Captain Bial, his fellow-officer and trusted friend. As Baker fell, the fellow who had killed him stooped to take his sword as a trophy. Then Bial, catching him by the throat, blew out his brains, and picking up the prostrate body of his dead leader bore it safely out of the fight.

Robbed of their commander, the Union troops soon lost heart. A retreat was ordered by the second in command; but with a merciless enemy behind them, and steep banks and a swiftly rushing river before them, the retreat speedily became a rout. At first in due order, and with detachments behind to guard the retreat, the troops began to descend the perilous bluff. But soon the rear-guard gave way. Men, maddened by terror, threw themselves over the cliff, cast themselves upon those below. The boats were overcrowded, and one was soon seen to sink in the middle of the stream, carrying down with it many wounded men. The enemy by this time had gained the crest of the bluff, and stood there pouring a pitiless fire down upon



PAGE 169. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

THE DEATH OF BAKER.

the tossing mass of men below. Many plunged into the icy river, and strove to swim to the further shore; but nearly all sank beneath the waves; some, because of exhaustion, others, hit by the flying bullets. Boulders and dismounted cannon were rolled down upon the wretched throng at the foot of the bluff, crushing all that stood in their path. Men called for quarter; officers shouted out that all would surrender if the pitiless slaughter was stopped; but their voices were lost in the din. There were no flags to haul down, for the colors had been wrapped about great stones and thrown into the river. But at last, out of mere weariness, the enemy ceased his fire and made prisoners of all who stood on the Virginia side of the river.

At midnight a dolorous column took up the march for Leesburg. Twenty-two commissioned officers and seven hundred and ten soldiers were in it, prisoners of war to the Confederate army. It had been a stunning blow to the Union cause, and none of the prisoners could tell why the battle which opened so favorably had ended in disaster. Some one had blundered—that they knew—but who? To this day the responsibility for the disaster at Ball's Bluff remains undetermined.

Yet one more battle remains to be described before the narrative of military activity in 1861 is complete. We have seen how Fort Pickens, at the entrance to Pensacola harbor, had been saved to the Union by the energy and pluck of Lieutenant Slemmer. In June, 1861, the fort had been reënforced by detachments of troops from the North. Among these troops was the New York Sixth,—a Zouave regiment, recruited among the roughs of the great city, and familiarly known as "Billy Wilson's Lambs." These Zouaves were objects of peculiar hatred among all Southerners, who believed them to have been selected purposely, because of their lawless and brutal characters. A newspaper article, describing (with how much truth it is impossible to tell) the scene at the mustering in of the Zouaves, had been widely copied down in Dixie, and the Southerners were little to blame if they thought that the blackest depths of the purlieus of New York had been

raked in the search for men for this command. "They carried a short knife, about seven inches in length," says the article referred to, "between a sort of bowie knife and butcher knife in shape. Many also had revolvers, — one or two being intended for the arms of each man, as well as a slung shot and a Minie rifle. . . . Amid yells of 'Death to the Plug Uglies!' Wilson said that, though he might be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each one of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do so he again called upon them to swear, and marched around the hall holding up the flag and his sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on the right bearing a banner inscribed 'THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES: DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS!' while the other officer, on his left, held up in both hands a bowie knife and revolver. Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of 'Blood! Blood! Blood! We swear!'"

But, after all their very sanguinary oaths, the records of history do not show that Wilson's Zouaves were either very dashing soldiers or (save in the imagination of Southerners) very terrible enemies.

On the 9th of October, 1861, the "Lambs" were in camp on Santa Rosa Island, some distance from Fort Pickens. In Pensacola were several thousand Confederate soldiers, and a plan was laid to surprise the Zouaves and wipe them out of existence. Wilson himself was the chief object of their hatred, and to him it was determined no quarter should be given. About fourteen hundred picked troops were chosen to take part in the expedition, which left Pensacola in several steamers on the night of October 8, and landed on the island, some five miles east of the Zouaves' camp, at two o'clock the next morning. In three columns the assailants marched silently down the sandy island. The night was at its blackest when the Zouaves were roused from their sleep by firing along their picket line. Hardly had they time to leap to their feet and seize their weapons when the enemy was upon them, charging down between the tents, firing right and left, and making the air ring with cries of "Death to Wilson! No quarter!"

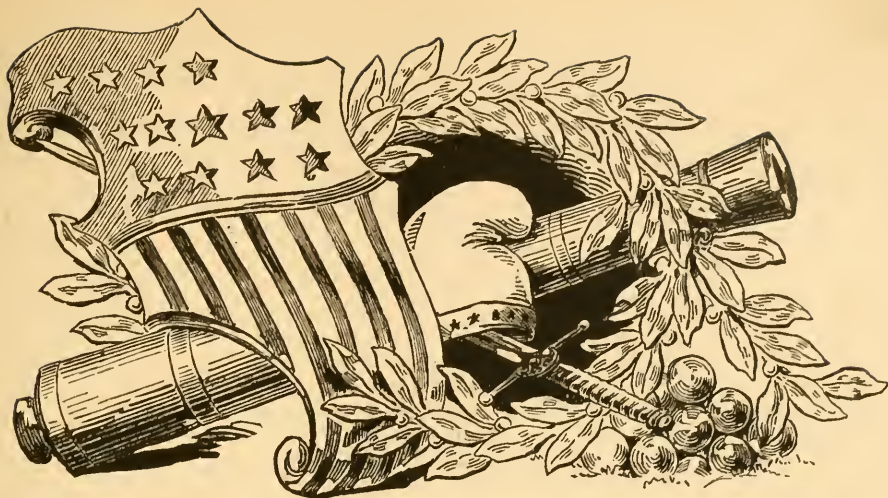
The surprise was complete. The Zouaves could make no concerted defence. In a disordered mob they fled from their camp, firing wildly at the enemy, who made the mistake of stopping to fire and plunder the tents. The noise of battle and the glare of the burning camp roused the garrison of Fort Pickens. The long roll beat, and soon four companies came to the scene of action on the double-quick. Behind these reënforcements the Zouaves re-formed their shattered ranks, and all advanced to the camp. Here they found the Confederates given over to the pleasing pursuit of "loot," their ranks broken, their arms laid aside. Before the charge of the Federals they fled wildly, giving no heed to the efforts of their officers to rally them. Back toward their boats they ran, the Federals following close upon their heels, their aim growing deadlier with the brightening light of day. Under a heavy fire the Confederates crowded upon their boats and pushed off; but the end of their troubles was not yet. So fierce a volley was poured into one small launch that it sank, and carried down with it its entire freight. It was a disastrous ending to an affair which, at the outset, had promised to be a brilliant success.

The year 1861 went out with the Confederates exultant over an almost uninterrupted series of victories. Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, and Ball's Bluff, the chief battles of the year, had ended in triumph for them. The Federals had won some minor victories with the navy along the Atlantic coast, but the chief spoils of war had fallen to the Confederacy. A feeling of over-confidence spread over the South. "We are invincible," was the thought of the Southern people. "We need hardly to exert our utmost strength to secure the independence for which we are fighting." And so enlistments fell off, armies rested inactive, the government underrated the problems, military and financial, with which it had to grapple. In later years the South recognized in this over-confidence the first great reason for its overthrow.

Meantime the North was all activity. McClellan was drilling the army of the Potomac; Burnside's expedition was forming; Grant was

preparing to move upon Fort Henry and Fort Donelson; enlisting was going on apace. The very disasters of the year nerved the government and the people to renewed effort; and the Titanic operations of later years showed that upon united and continued effort the military destiny of a people depends.





CHAPTER IX.

CAMPAIGNING IN KENTUCKY. — THE BATTLE OF PRESTONBURG. — BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

— THE ADVANCE INTO TENNESSEE. — GENERAL GRANT TAKES FORT HENRY. — PREPARATIONS FOR THE ATTACK UPON FORT DONELSON. — SKIRMISHING ALONG THE LINES. — A COLD BIVOUAC. — THE REPULSE OF THE GUNBOATS. — CONFEDERATES TAKE THE OFFENSIVE. — SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON.



WITH the opening of the year 1862 Kentucky became the battle-ground of the warring hosts. The position of neutrality which that State had endeavored to assume and maintain, had long since been ignored by both belligerents.

The Confederates were first to invade the so-called neutral territory, by sending General Polk to seize and fortify the river bluffs at Columbus. The Federals followed suit in their seizure of Paducah, and before the first year of the war was ended the neutrality of Kentucky was a thing of the past.

The new year found the Confederates strongly established in Kentucky. Polk was at Columbus; Albert Sydney Johnston, one of the ablest officers of the Civil War, was at Bowling Green; Zollicoffer was

at Beech Grove, at the head-waters of the Cumberland, in the extreme eastern part of the State; Humphrey Marshall, with a small force, was at Paintsville, also in the eastern end of the State. Nor was the Federal cause lacking in strength in Kentucky. In Louisville were the headquarters of General Don Carlos Buell, in command of the Department of the Ohio. He had General McCook, with forty thousand men, confronting Hardee at Bowling Green; to a young Ohio officer, James A. Garfield, he had intrusted the duty of dispersing Marshall's puny force at Paintsville; while General Thomas was assigned to that part of the State in which Zollicoffer had established his stronghold.

After a severe march, over rugged roads, and in an inclement and wintry season, Colonel Garfield met his enemy at the little hamlet of Prestonburg. The contest was short, sharp, and decisive. "Give them Hail Columbia!" shouted Garfield, stripping off his coat and throwing it into a tree, preparatory to leading a charge. In his shirt-sleeves he dashed up the hill at the head of his troops.

"Why, how many are there of you?" cried an astonished Confederate, as the line swept into view.

"Twenty-five thousand men, you —— rebel," answered an officer. The half-drilled Confederates broke and fled, without waiting to see that twenty-five hundred would have been a big estimate for Garfield's force. When night fell over the mountain Marshall burned his camp, abandoned all the positions that he still held, and fled precipitately. Garfield was made a brigadier-general for his part in this battle. This was on the 7th of January, and the battle is known as the Battle of Prestonburg.

Victory followed fast upon victory for the Federals in Kentucky. We have said that the Confederate General Zollicoffer had established himself on the upper waters of the Cumberland, in the eastern part of the State. His men had thrown up extensive earthworks at Mill Spring, mounting twenty cannon and extending over a vast area. Indeed, the works were too extensive to be held by the ten thousand men in Zollicoffer's command, as the sequel showed. Moreover, the Confederates had chosen a bad spot for the maintenance of so large a body of

troops. The rugged, sparsely populated country round about was wholly unfitted for foraging. Though the neighborhood was ransacked by men spurred on by hunger, food in sufficient quantities could not be found. In the dead of winter the soldiers were reduced to a single ration of beef and half a ration of parched corn daily.

Against this Confederate outpost General Buell sent an expedition, in command of General Thomas. The commission was accepted with alacrity, and on the 17th of January, Thomas, with about four thousand men, was at Logan's Cross Roads, some ten miles from the Confederate position. A driving rain had made the roads almost impassable, and the bivouac of the soldiers anything but pleasant. But Thomas, by arduous personal effort, succeeded in massing his troops, and made preparations for an immediate attack.

In the mean time another general had arrived to take command of the Confederate forces. Major George B. Crittenden, a brother of a prominent Union officer, and a son of a United States senator, who was still giving his best services to the Union cause, had superseded Zollicoffer. He scanned the position held by the Confederates, and concluded that it was untenable. "It will be better for us to march out and attack the enemy than to await him here," he said, and called a council of war to discuss the plan. All agreed with him, and that very night, at midnight, the Confederate column moved out of camp in the midst of a drizzling rain, and turned down the mountain roads toward Logan's Cross Roads, where Thomas was encamped. General Zollicoffer led the column. Four thousand men, ragged, footsore, hungry, badly armed, but withal brave and dauntless, followed him.

So quickly had the Confederates determined upon this manœuvre, and so rapid was their march, that they confidently expected to surprise Thomas. But the Union soldier was a veteran. He had fought through the Mexican War, and was not to be taken unaware. His cavalry pickets met the advancing column at early dawn, and the crack of their rifles and the thunder of galloping horses on the road carried the alarm to the Union camp in ample time for the boys in blue to

catch up their guns, buckle on their cartridge-boxes, and fall in, while the long roll was beating. The line thus hastily formed fell back before the onslaught of the Confederates, who dashed forward carrying all before them. The Union left, resting on the side of a bare hill, was exposed to the attacks of the enemy, and on that point they concentrated their strength. Thither went Zollicoffer, with his staff, to urge on the Confederate attack; and there, too, went Frye, with the Fourth Kentucky, to support the Indiana troops who were being driven back by the Confederate advance.

With the hurrying of troops forward, through the rain and mist, commands lose their identity, friends can hardly be told from foes. Zollicoffer, with a white rubber coat concealing his uniform, rides out before his troops with an aide at his side. To him in friendly guise comes Colonel Frye. For some unknown reason Zollicoffer fails to notice Frye's Union uniform, nor does Frye observe the gray secessionist garb of the aide who rides with Zollicoffer. In the woods near by was a regiment of Mississippians. Upon them Frye is about to direct the fire of his troops.

"You are not going to fight your friends, are you?" says Zollicoffer.

"Of course not," responds Frye, wondering somewhat, as Zollicoffer points at the Confederates as friends.

At this instant the aide, recognizing Frye's uniform, fires a pistol at him, but misses. Frye, instantly comprehending the situation, draws his pistol and fires full into the breast of Zollicoffer, who falls without a groan, then, putting spurs to his horse, the Union officer gallops back to his troops.

Up to this time the battle had raged with varying success. Now the Confederates, and again the Federals, had the advantage, and the tide of battle swept back and forth over the bloody field, as the one side or the other was forced to retreat. But the fall of Zollicoffer disheartened his men. Though General Crittenden speedily took his place, and strove manfully to carve victory out of impending defeat,

his efforts were useless. Repulsed in several gallant charges, the Confederates grew despondent, and at last a fierce charge by the Ninth Ohio, with the bayonet, pierced their centre, and threw them into hopeless rout. The retreat that followed was but a headlong flight. Men threw away their guns, their haversacks and canteens,—everything that impeded their flight. The Federals pressed hotly upon their rear, shooting down many and capturing more. By night the wearied, panic-stricken fugitives had sought and found shelter within the works at Mill Spring, out of which they had so gayly marched at midnight, the night before.

The Federals pursued the foe to the very gates of his stronghold. Then preparations were made to assault the works early the next morning. On the surrounding hills the Union batteries were posted so as to completely command the enemy's earthworks. Before the ramparts scouts were examining the ground, so that the most advantageous line of assault might be chosen. That his prey might not escape him by the Cumberland river, which flowed behind the entrenchments, Thomas posted a battery of Parrott guns on the bank, with orders to open fire upon any craft that might appear upon the river. But a steamer, the "Noble Ellis," succeeded in coming up to the Confederate camp, and before daylight she had ferried nearly all the troops across to the further side. At daybreak the Union artillery-men espied her, and right speedily demolished her with rifled shells; but her work was done. When the Federals assaulted the camp they found it abandoned; and the great quantity of ammunition, arms, entrenching tools, and camp equipage, left behind, showed that the fugitives had not stood upon the order of their going. They had even left behind their regimental colors.

"Well, general," remarked Colonel Frye to General Thomas, as they stood looking upon the scene of desolation, "why did you not send a demand for surrender last night? Then we might have bagged them all."

"Hang it, Frye!" responded Thomas, ruefully; "I never once thought of it."

But, though the Confederates had escaped complete capture, they were wholly disorganized, and could never again become an effective force. Crushed by defeat, destitute of means of transportation and of provisions, they were wandering in a sterile, inhospitable country. Their steps were turned toward Nashville, but the march was long and their sufferings fearful. "For a whole week we have been marching under a bare subsistence," wrote one of their officers, "and I have at length approached that point in a soldier's career when a handful of parched corn may be considered a first-class dinner. We marched the first few days through a barren region, where supplies could not be obtained. I have more than once seen the men kill a porker with their guns, cut and quarter it, and broil it on the coals, and then eat it without bread or salt. The suffering of the men, from the want of the necessities of life, of clothing, and of repose, has been most intense, and a more melancholy spectacle than this solemn, hungry, and weary procession could be scarcely imagined."

Thus ended the battle commonly known as the Battle of Mill Spring. It had been a complete victory for the Federal forces. Of the Confederates, 191 were killed, 62 were wounded, and 89 captured. The Union loss amounted to 247, of whom 39 were killed, the remainder wounded. Of the spoils of war that fell into the hands of the victors, there were twelve pieces of artillery, two army forges, one battery wagon, an immense quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and more than a thousand horses and mules.

Let us now turn our attention to some military movements of still greater importance in the West.

In reading of the military operations of the great Civil War, it should be borne in mind that in nearly every case rivers or railroads determined the lines upon which campaigns were conducted. In highways the United States has always been deficient. Only by a railway or by a navigable river could an army be advanced with celerity, or, after having been advanced, could it keep up its communication with its base of supplies.

Now, in January, 1862, the Confederate line of defence west of the Alleghany mountains may be said to have been identical with the southern boundary line of the State of Kentucky. At Columbus and at Bowling Green were strong Confederate posts, and all Tennessee was strongly imbued with devotion to the Confederate cause.

Let the reader turn to the map of Kentucky and Tennessee, and he will see how readily two rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, offered a means of piercing the very centre of the enemy's line, and of carrying an invading force to the very heart of the enemy's country. To several Union officers of rank this opportunity was evident in 1861. General Sherman, General Halleck, General Buell, and General Grant, all urged the immediate fitting out of an expedition for the invasion of Tennessee by way of the Tennessee river; but McClellan, whose influence was then all powerful, opposed it, and for a time the project was dropped.

Meantime the Confederates saw how greatly their safety was menaced by these rivers, and built two powerful forts to close them to all hostile vessels. At the point at which they cross the State line the two rivers flow almost parallel, twelve miles apart, and with their channels extending almost directly north and south. On the east side of the Tennessee river stood Fort Henry. In design the fort was powerful, constructed upon correct military principles, and mounting twelve heavy guns; but it had been built upon low ground, hardly two feet above the river, and was, there-



OPERATIONS ON WESTERN RIVERS.

fore, in danger of inundation at the time of high water. As a matter of fact, when the day of trial came, the Union gunboats and the February rise of the river arrived simultaneously, and the defenders of the fort were obliged to fight knee-deep in water.

On the west bank of the Cumberland, twelve miles from Fort Henry, and connected with it by a good road, stood Fort Donelson. It was built on the lofty bluffs bordering the river, and was a spacious and formidable work. Within its ramparts more than one hundred acres were enclosed. Two water batteries guarded the approach by the river, and rifle-pits, breastworks, and a long line of abatis, combined with the natural ruggedness of the ground, made the fort seem impregnable to assault by land.

To take either of these forts would be to force Albert Sydney Johnston to abandon his laboriously constructed works at Bowling Green, and retire from the soil of Kentucky with all possible speed, lest he should become hopelessly surrounded by Union troops. To take both forts would be a crushing blow to Confederate power in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Grant felt confident of his ability to drive the Confederates from these works, and, although he had experienced more than one rebuff from his superior officers, he telegraphed to General Halleck that, "if permitted, he (1) could take and hold Fort Henry, on the Tennessee." His suggestion was indorsed by flag-officer Foote. Four days later, on February 2, 1862, the Union expedition against Fort Henry left Cairo.

Seventeen thousand men in all made up the force that Grant proposed to lead into Tennessee. But for such an army as this there were not enough river steamers at Cairo to furnish transportation. Therefore the procession of steamers set out at first carrying but half the command; these they were to land near Fort Henry and return for the rest.

It was a stately procession that pushed out upon the turbid, swift-flowing current of the Ohio, from the Cairo levee, on that bleak winter's day. First went the gunboats, the four iron-clads, "Carondelet," "Cincinnati," "St. Louis," and "Essex," leading, the three wooden gunboats

following close behind. In the wake of these low-lying, grim war craft came the towering river steamers, their decks and cabins rising in tiers high above the shallow hull, crowded with soldiers from the water-line to the "Texas," as the topmost cabin is called; the colors flying, the regimental bands playing, the men cheering. It was all like a holiday excursion.

Up the Ohio river steamed the flotilla, and turned into the Tennessee. By sunrise the next morning it was within a few miles of Fort Henry. Grant and Foote, in the "Essex," move cautiously up toward the fort, to draw its fire and judge of the range of its guns. This they succeeded in doing very effectively,—so effectively, in fact, that they drew the fire of a rifled cannon, which sent a shell crashing through the cabins and pantry of the gunboat.

The troops were landed, and the transports went back for further reinforcements. Scouts scattered over the country, mapping out roads and choosing the shortest path for the attacking column to follow. In a large farm-house, by the side of the highway, they found a number of women gathered. Their fathers and brothers were in Fort Henry, and they hailed the blue uniforms of the scouts with threats and jeers.

"By to-morrow night, ladies," said one of the scouts, somewhat boastfully, "there will be no Fort Henry; our gunboats will settle that."

"Not a bit of it," responded a fair Confederate; "they will all be blown to pieces before they can get within range."

The hint was enough for the scouts. Back they hastened to the ships and notified the commodore that the river was full of torpedoes. Boats were speedily sent out to search for and pull up the dangerous obstructions. The work was quickly done; all the more easily because the rains and melted snow had so swollen the river that the greater part of the infernal machines had been swept away by the current already.

The morning of the 6th dawned clear and mild. After breakfast the troops set out on their march toward the fort, and the four iron-clads got up steam and moved forward to a point within two miles of the fort, when they opened fire and continued a slow advance.

Within Fort Henry there was dire consternation. Grant's force, military and naval, was known to closely approach twenty thousand. General Tilghman, the Confederate commander, had less than four thousand badly armed troops. The Confederates, it is true, had the advantage of a fortified position; but a great part of the fort was already under water, and the river was still rising. After a council of war, Tilghman determined to abandon the fort, taking the major part of his command across the narrow neck of land to Donelson, twelve miles away. To cover the retreat, Captain Taylor, with fifty-four men, was directed to hold the fort against all comers for an hour.

Luckily for Taylor, Grant's troops were delayed on the roads, and the gunboats alone conducted the attack. They had by this time come within a few hundred yards of the fort, and poured upon it a deliberate and well-directed fire. The heavy shells sought out every part of the fort, and, bursting, threw their heavy fragments in every direction. Even the massive earthworks were little protection against these ponderous missiles. "The rifle-shot and shell penetrated the earthworks as readily as a ball from a navy Colt would pierce a pine board," wrote Captain Taylor, years later.

But the Confederate defence was by no means half-hearted. Eleven guns were in the water battery, and these were handled in a way that soon convinced the Federals that they had to do with artillery-men of no mean ability. The heavy shots beat like giant sledge-hammers against the armored sides of the gunboats. The massive iron plates were bent and broken like frail boards. Rivets and bolts gave way, leaks were started. More than one shot flew in at an open port-hole, and the gunners soon learned to watch for the dangerous missiles, and to drop on their faces when one seemed likely to come in. The boiler of the "Essex" was pierced by a solid shot, and the scalding steam poured out, doing fearful work along the crowded decks. Scores of the blue-jackets leaped overboard to avoid the deadly vapor. Captain Porter, who commanded the vessel, among them. This one shot alone sent the "Essex" out of the fight.



But, though encouraged for the time by the sight of the disaster on the "Essex," the garrison of the fort soon saw the futility of longer resistance. Their one rifled cannon had burst, striking down all the gunners who served it, and disabling the guns on either side. The heavy Columbiad had been accidentally spiked with its own priming-wire. The Federal fire had dismounted so many other guns as to leave but four fit for use. Many of the buildings in the fort were on fire, the waters of the river were creeping higher and higher, threatening to drown the magazine, and all the time the gunboats stubbornly breasted the fierce current of the Tennessee, and swept the fort with their screeching, bursting shells. "It is vain to fight longer," said General Tilghman, who had returned to the fort after having seen his troops safely started on the road to Donelson. "Our gunners are disabled—our guns dismounted; we can't hold out five minutes longer." Then the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy came fluttering down from the flag-staff, and in a moment the blue-jackets on the gunboats were cheering lustily over their victory. It is worthy of note, that when a cutter was sent off from the flag-ship to receive the formal surrender, the water had risen so high that the boat pulled directly to the sally-port over ground on which the day before the Confederate garrison had marched. Had the attack been deferred two days, the Tennessee river would have saved the Union forces their trouble by drowning out the garrison.

Though it had been a pluckily fought contest on both sides, there was but little loss of life. The Confederates lost, in killed and wounded, 16 men, and, of course, the small garrison that held the fort was captured as a whole. The main body of Confederate troops, however, escaped to Fort Donelson in safety. The national loss was 2 killed and 38 wounded, most of the latter being injured by the escaping steam on the "Essex."

Thus was the Confederate line of defence first broken. But Grant lost no time in preparing to enlarge the gap. Three of the gunboats were ordered to ascend the Tennessee as far as possible, and destroy any vessels or stores which the Confederates might have accumulated

along the river. This they did, and the high water enabled them to penetrate the Confederate territory as far as Northern Alabama, destroying several half-finished gunboats, and three river steamers, heavily-laden with military stores. Meanwhile General Grant rode over to within a mile of Fort Donelson to reconnoitre the position; for he had already determined to lose no time before taking another expedition up the Cumberland river, and raising the Stars and Stripes over Fort Donelson. But he very quickly discovered that he had before him a task, in comparison with which the taking of Fort Henry was a mere skirmish.

A lofty hill at the head of an abrupt bend in the Tennessee river had been chosen by the Confederates as the site of Fort Donelson. The two water batteries of the work commanded a long, straight reach of water, up which must come any naval expedition on hostile errand bent. The fort itself was an irregularly shaped earthwork, mounting heavy guns, and enclosing about one hundred acres of ground. Outside of the fort proper were redoubts of logs, and field-works for infantry and artillery. Still further advanced were earthworks faced by a heavy abatis, reaching from Hickman's Creek, about a mile below the fort, to the little town of Dover, two miles above it. Within these formidable works were nearly twenty thousand men. Johnston had plainly foreseen the importance of this post to the Confederacy, and had hurried thither every man he could spare from his position at Bowling Green. "I determined," he said, "to fight for Nashville at Donelson, and to have the best part of my army to do it." But Johnston's fatal error was made when he sent, to command this fort, General Floyd, whose treasonable actions when Secretary of War under Buchanan had shown him to be destitute of that first of all soldierly qualities, honor. A great commander has said, "Better an army of hares led by a lion, than an army of lions led by a hare." General Grant himself has placed on record the statement that, knowing Floyd's character, he attempted manœuvres that he would have never undertaken had Buckner (third in command at Fort Donelson) been in command.

Fort Henry had been taken on the 6th of February. "I shall take Fort Donelson on the 8th," telegraphed Grant to Halleck. But the rains fell, and the snow on the wooded hill-sides melted, until brooks became rivers, puddles lakes, and the roads unfathomable quagmires, and on the 8th he telegraphed again: "I contemplated taking Fort Donelson to-day with infantry and cavalry alone, but all my troops may be kept busily engaged in saving what we have from the rapidly rising waters." But the delay was of service, after all, for Halleck hurried forward reënforcements from Missouri, from Illinois, from Ohio and Indiana, so that when Grant was ready to move with his fifteen thousand men across the country from Fort Henry, there were nearly as many more coming up the Cumberland in the wake of Foote's gun-boats.

At nightfall, on the 11th, the news spread among the Union troops in Fort Henry that on the morrow the march against Donelson was to be begun. Daybreak saw the camp all astir. The rain had stopped, the sun shone brightly, and there was a moist warmth in the air suggestive of spring. The soldiers, coming many of them from the far North, thought the short Tennessee winter was already over. When the columns started on their march, at eight o'clock, hundreds of soldiers left behind overcoats, blankets, everything that would enable them to withstand the rigors of winter should the weather suddenly change.

In two divisions, by two nearly parallel roads, the advance was made. General McClernand commanded the first, General Smith the second,—veterans and fighters both, and commanding right good troops. Smith had been captain of cadets at West Point when Grant was a "plebe," or under-classman, but he now fought cheerfully under the orders of his former subordinate.

By sunset the Union advance touched the Confederate outpost. The crack of the pickets' rifles began to be heard. The skirmishers began a lively fusillade, which was ended by the gathering dusk. Both armies declared a truce for the night, and went into bivouac.

Only a few hours of rest on the cold, damp ground did the weary

soldiers get before the gray light of coming dawn gave the signal for the bugle and the drum to sound the call of the reveille. Up from the ground they rose. Bacon and bread and coffee were hastily swallowed, and then away over the rugged country to spread out into long, slender, waving lines, stretching over hill and valley, and surrounding the landward side of the enemy's works from Hickman's creek to Dover. Meanwhile, to amuse the enemy and to engage his attention, the sharp-shooters and skirmishers scattered along the front and popped away right viciously at every Confederate head which peered out of a rifle-pit or over an abatis. In hollow logs, behind stumps, in the rugged ravines, in holes hastily scooped, even perched high in the branches of trees, the sharp-shooters took up their positions. They were wholly independent; their cartridge-boxes were full, their haversacks well laden with bread and bacon. Their one duty was to harass the enemy to the best of their ability, until night made accurate shooting impossible.

The gunboat "Carondelet" aided the sharp-shooters, by furiously cannonading the water batteries, but after two hours' firing was hit by two heavy solid shot, and forced to draw out for repairs.

Back of the skirmishers and sharp-shooters were the line regiments, unseen by the enemy, and marching to take up such positions as should hem the enemy in. But the day had not advanced very far when it became evident to McClelland, who commanded the division on the right, that he did not have enough men to cover the territory assigned him. Lew Wallace, who had been left behind in charge of Fort Henry, was therefore summoned to the scene of the impending conflict.

Once only on this day did the hostile forces clash in anything more serious than a skirmish. General Grant had given orders to his chiefs of divisions to avoid any act that might bring on a general engagement; but McClelland, harassed beyond measure by a seemingly unsupported battery on the enemy's line, ordered an assault, and was summarily beaten for his pains.

McClernand's march along a steep ridge to the left of the enemy's lines had been greatly impeded by a Confederate battery perched on a steep hill across a narrow valley. The battery was Maney's, and though it stood boldly on the crest of the hill, unprotected by defensive works of any kind, it was flanked on either side by breastworks and lines of rifle-pits from which the bare face of the hill could be swept clear of any assaulting force. At the base of the hill, too, was a tangled, ponderous abatis. Thus, in order to take this battery, the attacking column would have to descend a hill covered with tangled underbrush, pick its way through a thorny abatis, climb a steep hill from which all sheltering timber had been cut away; and all the way the path lay under the guns of three batteries, — Maney's firing directly from the front, Graves's from the left, and Drake's from the right. More than this were the lines of rifle-pits, tenanted by five regiments, ready to add their tempest of lead to the iron hail of the artillery. Yet to this desperate task did McClernand assign three regiments, — the 17th, 48th, and 49th Illinois.

Two colonels, Morrison and Haynie, dispute for the honor of the command. Each claims seniority. They debate the matter before the brigade leaves its shelter on the ridge.

"I will lead the brigade down to where the actual attack is to be made, then you may take it," says Morrison.

"Very well."

Down the hill go the Illinois men. They make no attempt at stealth. The bushes wave and rustle as they advance. Maney sees them coming, and opens with shells; but they reach the bottom without much loss. Then Morrison goes over to Haynie, and says: —

"Your turn now. There is the battery to be taken."

Haynie is irresolute. He had insisted on having supreme command. Now that it is offered him he hesitates to assume it.

"Let us take it together," he says, pointing to the battery.

Morrison went back to his regiment. No one had chief command. In leading a forlorn hope, two heads are *not* better than one.

Despite this error at the outset, the assault was manfully made. Up the steep hill, through and over the spiky abatis, went the plucky Illinoisians. No veterans they; but they advanced, in the teeth of a murderous fire, with the steadiness of regulars. The grape-shot and canister hurtled across the field, yet still they went on, firing as they went. The gunners began to fall; Maney himself was hit, but stayed at his post. Still on came the thin blue line, until, just as it seemed about to sweep over the crest of the hill and bayonet Maney's gunners, the five Confederate regiments rose up; over the long earthworks flashed a sheet of flame, and when the smoke cleared away the assailants were seen to have stopped. Great gaps were in their lines. Many of their officers had fallen. The sudden blow, dealt from an unsuspected quarter, dazed them. For a time they stood fighting, holding their ground against a murderous fire. Then Morrison was struck down, and the men broke, and drifted back, disorganized and doubting, to the foot of the hill. There they rallied on their standards, and tried again, only to be beaten back. A third time they tried it, with the same result. Then to those untutored soldiers came the idea that came to the famous Six Hundred at Balaklava: "Some one had blundered." Three regiments could not take a battery, when that battery was supported by five regiments, well entrenched, and two other batteries. Sadly they abandoned the task; all the more sadly as they heard the cries of their wounded comrades on the hill-side above them. For now a horrible thing happened. In some way the dry leaves and grass on the hill-sides had taken fire, and the flames and stifling smoke were slowly creeping upon the helpless wounded, many of whom were smothered or burned to death. Some, however, were saved by the Confederates, who clambered over their breastworks to go to the aid of the men whom they had just shot down.

Night fell before Wallace could arrive, and the troops went into bivouac. It was a most extraordinary and unprecedented movement that Grant was making. With fifteen thousand men he was attempting to surround twenty thousand. His line covered not less than eight

miles of rugged country, cut up with hills and steep, water-washed ravines. It was like a rubber-band stretched to its extreme limit; a pin-prick alone would have been enough to snap it. Why the Confederates, with their forces already massed and well in hand, did not, on that afternoon, sally out of their works, pierce Grant's line, and force him back upon Fort Henry, is incomprehensible. It was the wise course; it was the easy course; indeed, it was the only course that could have possibly saved them. But Floyd sat supine in his tent until the arrival of Wallace, on the morning of the 14th, added the last link to the chain that held the Confederates prisoners. Moreover, by nightfall of the 13th, the Federal fleet arrived, bringing transports laden to the guards with reinforcements. Thus Floyd's golden opportunity slipped away.

It was a bitter, cold bivouac the boys in blue had to bear that night. The wind had veered around to the north, and brought with it the icy chills of snow-clad Northern fields. The ground, so moist and warm that morning, froze in icy clods. There were no fires along the lines, for the enemy must not be informed of their position. There were no tents. So the half-clad soldiers crouched in ravines, lay prone under the lee of a log, and sought in all ways to escape the cutting blast. Many walked up and down all night to keep in circulation the blood that was rapidly growing icy in their veins.

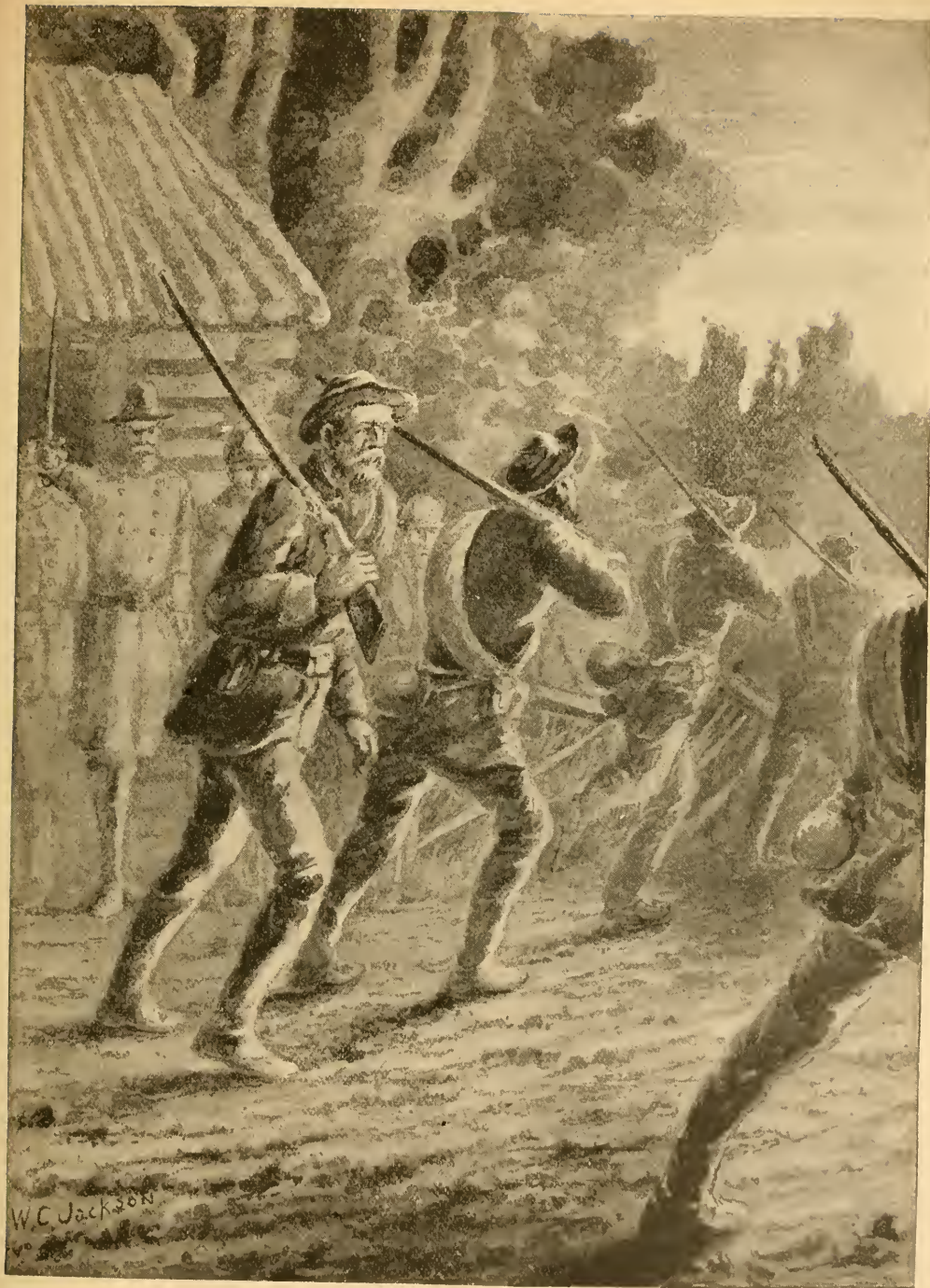
Morning was eagerly hailed by all. To the half-frozen soldiers it brought activity and comparative warmth; to Grant it brought Wallace and all the looked-for reinforcements. To Wallace he gave command of all the troops that had arrived by the river, and assigned him a position in the centre of the investing line, thus enabling Smith and McClelland, who held the left and right flanks, to contract and thereby strengthen their lines. Nothing more than this was done by the Federals on shore on the 14th.

What, then, was Grant's plan? From his own words it is learned that he expected to take the works without a land battle. "The plan was for the troops to hold the enemy within his lines, while the gun-

boats should attack the water batteries at close quarters, and silence his guns if possible. Some of the gunboats were to run the batteries, get above the fort and above the village of Dover. I had ordered a reconnaissance made with the view of getting troops to the river above Dover in case they should be needed there. That position attained by the gunboats, it would have been but a question of time, and a very short time, too, when the garrison would have been compelled to surrender."

In other words, Grant proposed to cut off the enemy's lines of communication by land and by water, and leave starvation to do the rest. The Confederates, by their lethargy, had allowed the Federal army to complete its dispositions on land without striking a blow. The naval force was, however, not destined to succeed so easily.

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th when Commodore Foote took his gunboats up the river and opened fire on the Confederate water batteries. As at Fort Henry, the iron-clads took the lead, the wooden gunboats keeping at a respectful distance from the heavy guns that peered over the frowning ramparts on the bluff. Slowly the fleet advanced; the iron-clads "St. Louis," "Carondelet," "Pittsburgh," and "Louisville" stubbornly ploughing through the yellow flood of the Cumberland, and hurling their solid shot from their bow guns. Up to within four hundred yards of the batteries they advanced; then the Confederate artillery began to show its teeth in earnest. All the upper works of the boats began to fall before the flying missiles. The pilot-houses of the "Louisville" and "St. Louis" were hit, the pilots killed, and the tiller ropes cut, so that the vessels became unmanageable. On the "Carondelet" a huge rifled cannon exploded, throwing fragments of iron in every direction over the crowded gun-deck. The Confederates tried to sink the gunboats by firing ricochet level, so that the shots would skip along the water and strike their target just at the water's edge. In this way several dangerous wounds were inflicted upon the gunboats. Another result of this way of firing was the great number of shot and shell that skipped upward from the water just high enough to dash into some open port. Seeing this the gunners began to give warning of the coming





missile by calling out, "Look out!" or "Down!" and the men, by dropping to the deck, saved themselves. On the "Carondelet," at one of the rifled guns, were three young men who refused to adopt this course.

"You can't dodge a cannon-ball," said they; "the only thing to do is to trust to luck."

Soon a shot was seen skipping along toward the open port. "Down!" shouted the gunner, and dropped just in time to escape the ball which took off his hat and the heads of the three rash men who trusted to luck. "Three sharp spats and a heavy bang told the sad fate of three brave comrades," writes an officer who saw the occurrence.

Meantime the gunners in the shore batteries were having no easy time. The practice of the gunboats was excellent. Their heavy shells fell thick in the trenches, and the solid shot cut their way resistlessly through the earthworks. The clean-cut ramparts, the well-designed embrasures, began to lose form,—to look like vast heaps of dirt. Moreover, for a time, though the gunners could see their shot strike the gunboats, the forward movement of the Federal fleet seemed unchecked. Nearer and nearer the vessels came; the four-hundred-yard line was passed, the three-hundred-and-fifty-yard line was reached; but then the lucky shots that demolished the steering-gear of the "St. Louis" and the "Louisville" were fired, and those vessels drifted away out of the fight. Then the triumphant gunners cheered with a will. In their biggest rifled gun a ball was lodged. With the rammer it could not be budged. A corporal and his guard climbed the parapet, picked up a small log, and the combined strength of four pairs of willing arms rammed the missile home. "Now, boys," said the gunner, "see me take a chimney!" He fired, and when the smoke cleared a chimney and a flag were seen to be the trophies of the shot. Soon after the gunboats dropped out of range, and victory remained with the defenders of the fort.

That night a council of war met in Floyd's headquarters in Donelson. Pillow was there, and Buckner.

"We must cut our way out through Grant's line to-morrow morning,"

said Floyd. "This fort cannot be defended with less than fifty thousand men. We will attack McClernand's division, rout it, and then either continue the attack upon the main army, or retreat by the Charlotte road."

All that night within the Confederate lines there were regiments of infantry, troops of cavalry, and batteries of artillery marching toward the Confederate left, until ten thousand men were massed near the point at which the Charlotte road pierces the line of earthworks. Outside, the Federal pickets were stamping about, swinging their arms, and more intent upon fighting back the numbing effects of the biting blast than alert to catch the sound of activity within the enemy's lines.

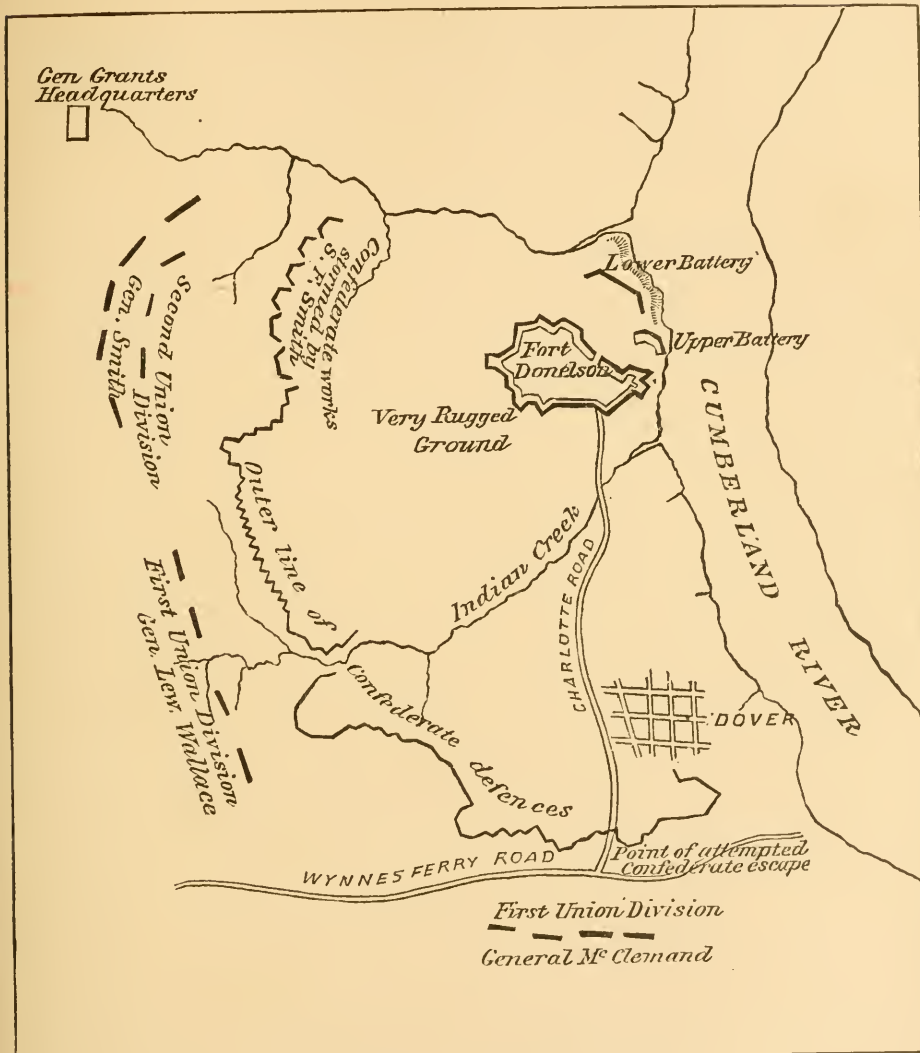
Morning came; reveille sounded; the blanketed forms that lay on the snow began to show signs of life. Suddenly from the picket line come a shot,—another,—a whole fusilade. Men spring to their feet, catch up their guns, and begin to fall in line. The harsh roll of the drums mingles with the firing, that comes faster and faster from the pickets. Company after company is formed and breaks into column of fours, starting out on the double-quick to learn whether this was simply a skirmish on the picket line, or the forerunner of a general engagement.

It is Oglesby's regiment of Illinoisians, that has been set upon by Pillow. Right valiantly they hold their ground. To their aid comes McArthur, and soon the whole of McClernand's division is engaged.

Meantime General Grant has gone off to the gunboat "St. Louis" to confer with Commodore Foote, who had been wounded in the river battle of the day before. As he rode down toward the river's bank he heard the noise of the conflict on his extreme right, but thought it nothing more than a lively skirmish. "I had no idea that there would be an engagement on land unless I brought it on myself," he writes, in his *Memoirs*.

Still the Confederates continue to pour out of their entrenchments. Oglesby is driven back. McArthur tries to support him, but in vain. W. H. L. Wallace, with six regiments and three batteries, dashes into action, but is unable to check the steady advance of the gray line.

"Send me reinforcements at once," McClernand appeals to General



Fort Donelson.

Lew Wallace, who commands the third division. Wallace doubts whether his instructions will permit him to do so. He sends an aide to General

Grant's headquarters for further orders. "General Grant is down the river with the fleet," is the aide's report. Again McClelland sends for assistance, and this time General Wallace orders Colonel Cruft to move to the right and report to McClelland for orders. But an incompetent guide takes Cruft to a point where he has to withstand the brunt of the enemy's fire without rendering any material assistance to those to whose aid he had been sent.

For an hour or more the conflict rages without intermission. Could one from some elevated point look down through the dense gray clouds of smoke that conceal the battle from view, he would see that the day is going against the Federals. On all sides they are being beaten back. Their ammunition has given out, and whole companies have ceased firing and sought shelter. Meantime the fury of the enemy's assault has in no way waned. His well-drilled regiments and batteries keep up a constant fire as they advance through the woods. The clouds of sulphurous smoke, the sheets of lurid flame leaping from the muzzles of the guns, the thunders of the cannonade, the shouts of the combatants, and the cries of the wounded tell of the desperate conflict that is raging.

By noon McClelland's division has been thrown into almost hopeless confusion. Buckner has issued from the centre of the Confederate works, and completes on the left of the division the work begun by Pillow on the right. The road to Charlotte is open to the Confederates if they see fit to carry out the programme determined upon at the council of the night before. But the madness of conquest is upon Pillow. All the morning the success of his regiments has been uninterrupted. He fancies that he can now fall upon and annihilate Grant's entire army. Ignoring altogether his superior officer, General Floyd, he sends off to General Johnston a hasty despatch, declaring "on the honor of a soldier" that the day is theirs. Then, ordering Buckner to press down upon Lew Wallace's right, he resumes the conflict.

Now is, indeed, the critical moment for the Union cause. McClelland's division is demoralized. Cruft's brigade, which Lew Wallace sent to its support, has been beaten back. Grant, the master-mind, is absent

from the scene of battle, and the exultant Confederates, flushed with victory, press down upon Wallace's division, which now stands alone between the Union army and defeat. Let General Wallace himself tell how well the soldiers of his command met the demand of the moment:—

"I was in the rear of my single remaining brigade," he writes, in the "Century," "in conversation with Captain Rawlins, of Grant's staff, when a great shouting was heard behind me on the Wynn's Ferry road; whereupon I sent an orderly to ascertain the cause. The man reported the woods and road full of soldiers, apparently in rout. An officer then rode by at full speed, shouting 'All's lost! Save yourselves!' A hurried consultation was had with Rawlins, at the end of which the brigade was put in motion toward the enemy's works, on the very road by which Buckner was pursuing, under Pillow's mischievous order. It happened, also, that Col. W. H. L. Wallace had dropped into the same road, with such of his command as stayed by their colors. He came up riding, and at a walk, his leg over the horn of his saddle. He was perfectly cool, and looked like a farmer from a hard day's ploughing.

"'Good-morning,' I said.

"'Good-morning,' was the reply.

"'Are they pursuing you?'

"'Yes.'

"'How far are they behind?'

"That instant the head of my column appeared upon the road. The colonel calculated an instant, and then answered, 'You will have about time to form line of battle right here.'

"'Thank you. Good-day.'

"'Good-day.'

"At that point the road began to dip into the gorge; on the right and left were woods, and in front a dense thicket. An order was despatched to bring Battery A forward at full speed. Col. John A. Thayer, commanding the brigade, formed it on the double-quick into line; the First Nebraska and the Fifty-eighth Illinois on the right, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, with a detached company, on the left. The bat-

tery came up on the run, and swung across the road, which had been left open for it. Hardly had it unlimbered before the enemy appeared and firing began. For ten minutes, or thereabouts, the scenes of the morning were reënacted. The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the assailants fell back in confusion and returned to the entrenchments. W. H. L. Wallace and Oglesby re-formed their commands behind Thayer, supplied them with ammunition, and stood at rest waiting for orders. There was then a lull in the battle. Even the cannonading ceased, and everybody was asking, "What next?"

At this moment General Grant rides up to the little group that stands at Lew Wallace's side. He had come ashore, not expecting to find a battle raging, but was met at the landing by Captain Hillyer, who told him of the morning's disaster. Together they galloped up the line to the scene of the conflict.

"I saw the men standing in knots, talking in the most excited manner," he writes, in his *Memoirs*: "no officers seemed to be giving any directions. The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it close at hand. I heard some of the men say that the enemy had come out with knapsacks and haversacks filled with rations. They seemed to think that this indicated a determination on his part to stay out and fight just as long as the provisions held out."

But Grant, the trained soldier, does not accept this theory. He knows that the knapsacks full of rations betoken that the enemy intends to make a march,—a retreat. Wallace briefly tells him of the disaster on the right: how McClelland has been cut to pieces and a road opened for the enemy's escape. With scarce a moment's consideration General Grant's resolution is formed.

"Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken," he said. Then to Colonel Webster: "Some of our men are pretty badly demoral-

ized; but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me."

A moment longer he stays on Wallace's line. Riding down among the disheartened, wearied soldiers, he shouts: "Fill your cartridge-boxes quick, and get into line; the enemy is trying to escape, and must not be permitted to do so." Wallace, Webster, and the company officers take up the cry. The soldiers fall into line. Escape! The enemy trying to escape! Then he must be panic-stricken, not boldly determined upon a desperate battle, as they had thought. They fill their cartridge-boxes and call upon their officers to lead them forward. Grant sees they have taken heart, and rides away down to Smith's division, on the extreme left. When he is gone General Wallace remembers that he has left no more definite order than that quiet remark, "Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken."

If the hill from which McClelland had been driven was to be retaken, Wallace must retake it. So much was clear to that officer, and he rode up to the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana regiments, and asked them if they were ready to charge the enemy's position. "Try us!" the soldiers cried; and in a moment the advance began, Col. Morgan L. Smith leading, a cigar in his mouth. From the crest of the hill there flashes a line of fire freighted with unseen, but deadly, bullets. Gaps appear in the long blue lines; but their advance is not checked. At times lying flat on the ground, again creeping slowly through the underbrush, now running forward when the enemy's fire slackens, again dropping to the ground when its fury increases, the Federals work their way up the hill. A bullet cuts off Colonel Smith's cigar close to his lips. A soldier runs out from the ranks and hands him a new one. "Thank you. Take your place now; we are almost up." Lighting the cigar, he puts spurs to his horse, and in a moment the Union lines sweep over the crest of the hill and drive back the Confederates. At three o'clock Grant's order has been literally fulfilled; the position on

the right has been retaken, and the avenue of escape which Pillow opened in the morning is closed again.

Meantime General Smith, on the Union left, has done a gallant deed. From Wallace's division Grant had gone to him and directed him to storm the Confederate outposts in front of his division. It was a formidable position to assail; a steep hill had to be scaled, a ponderous and tangled abatis had to be pierced, and all under the fire of several regiments of the enemy snugly concealed in rifle-pits and breastworks at the summit of the slope. The line of rifle-pits comes first; there is posted Hanson's brigade of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi riflemen. Back of these is an inner line of breastworks, where another brigade and a six-gun battery are ready to give their comrades support.

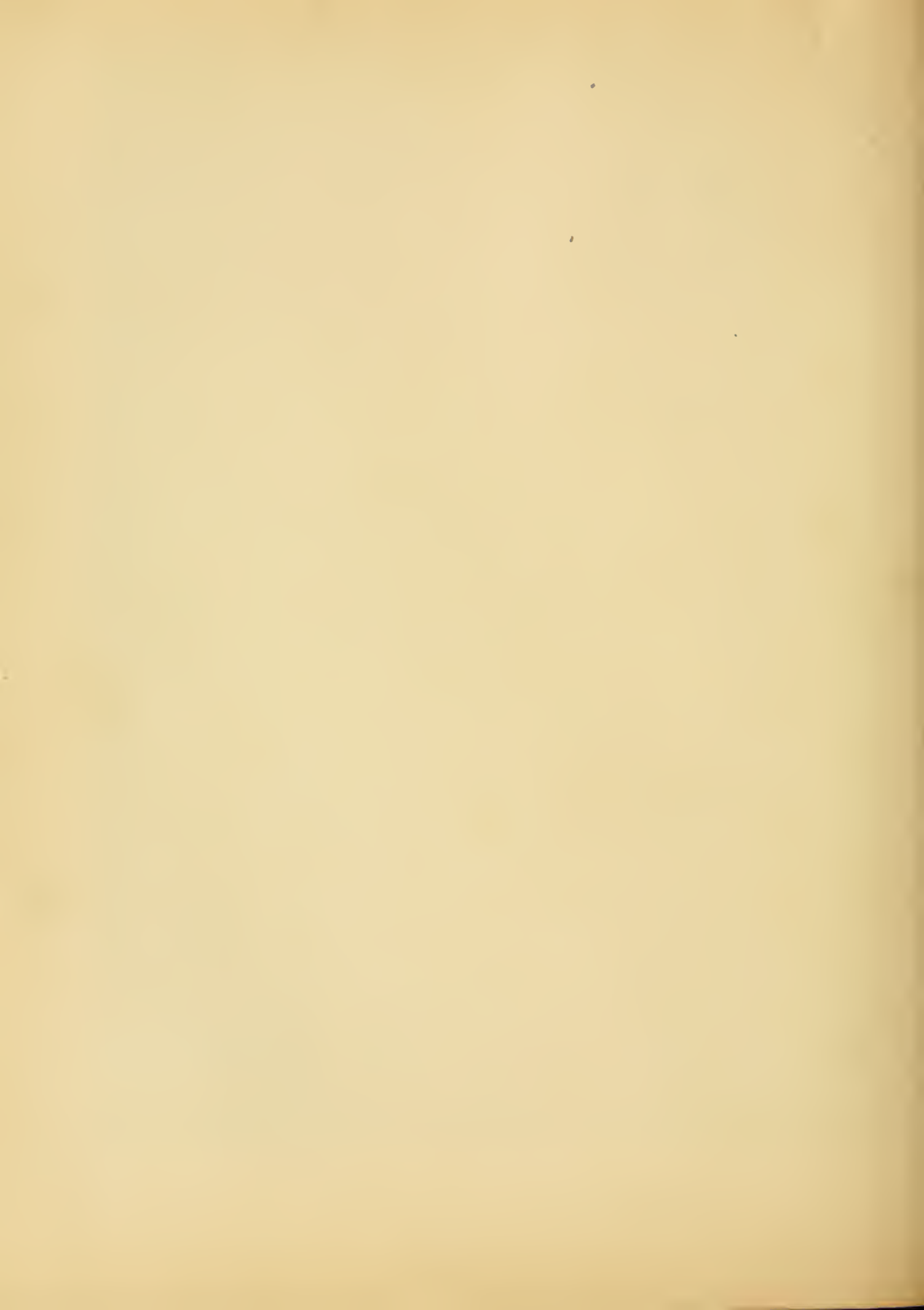
General Smith determines to lead the charge himself. Lanman's brigade of Iowa and Indiana men is to bear the brunt of the assault. The great guns of the batteries thunder behind them as they fall in line in the meadow at the foot of the slope. On either flank of the long line are companies of Birge's sharp-shooters, who are to keep up a fusillade as the storming party climbs the hill. Scarcely had the brigade appeared upon the meadow, when the enemy divines its purpose, and begins a furious cannonade. Musket-ball and rifle-bullet, shrapnel and grapeshot, pour upon the assailants. "Forward!" is the word; and without a cheer, with set faces and quick-beating hearts, the Federals move out into the field so swept by flying shot that one soldier said afterwards, "The bullets seemed too thick for a rabbit to go through alive."

Directly in front of the centre of the line rode General Smith. He was a noble sight. Erect and soldierly he bestrode his horse, his gray hair floating in the breeze, his right hand grasping a sabre, and his left gripping firmly the reins that hold his frightened steed in control. In advance of his line, the one mounted man upon the slope, he was of course a conspicuous target for sharp-shooters, and the bullets whizzed thick about him. By no sign does he show any comprehension of his position. He sits his horse as rigidly as though on parade, and from



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SMITH'S CHARGE AT FORT DONELSON.



time to time glances back at the waving line behind him, as though to critically examine its alignment. "I was nearly scared to death," said a soldier who followed Smith that day, "but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

So onward up the hill moves the slender line of blue. Gaps begin to appear in it, and to disappear at the gruff "Close up, men; close up!" of the officers. It is a command that has to be repeated very often. Behind the advancing line the ground is dotted with blue-clad forms,—officers and soldiers struck down by the leaden hail from the rifle-pits at the summit. Now the abatis is reached. Great trunks of trees, the branches cut short and sharpened, and so twisted and intertwined together as to make a kind of infernal hedge, bars the advance of the soldiers. The enemy's fire quickens as this point is reached. The lads in blue begin to despair. "We can never get through that barrier under this murderous fire," they think. Signs of wavering appear in the line. Over his shoulder glances the grim, gray general. He sees the signs of weakness. "No flinching now, my lads! Here, this is the way; come on!" And so crying, he puts his cap on the point of his sword, raises it high in air, and picks his way through the jagged timber. Men would be less than mortal were their blood not stirred by the sight of that bare, gray head leading them on so dauntlessly. After him they rush, break through the barricade, and form—though somewhat raggedly—on the other side. Now the day is nearly won. But fifteen or twenty yards more have to be travelled, and in a few seconds, with a cheer, the blue-coats swarm over the breastworks and drive the Confederates from rifle-pits and trenches to their inner line of defence. And this position, so valiantly won, is held, although Buckner himself comes determined to beat back the enemy who have thus pierced his outer works.

This assault has been made by the light of the setting sun. When darkness settles over the scene, the Confederates find themselves in hopeless flight. After a long day of gallant fighting they have in no wise improved their position. On their right the Federals have secured a lodgment within their lines; on the left the road which Pillow had wrested

from McClernand in the morning had been closed again by Wallace's advance in the afternoon. Right bitterly did they condemn the folly which led Pillow to allow the army to be cooped up again after he had opened an avenue of escape. More bitter still would have been their reproaches could they have known that his braggart despatch of the morning had been flashed all over the Confederacy, and that in all parts of the fair South-land the people were rejoicing in the victory won by their soldiers at Fort Donelson.

All night a council of war sat in Pillow's headquarters. Hard words were bandied. Each officer strove to throw the responsibility for failure upon the other. One great question was debated: How can we escape? To Floyd, it was a question of grave personal import. He knew that the people of the North had not forgotten his actions while Secretary of War, and he feared their vengeance. Pillow was anxious and timid. Buckner alone of the three retained his soldierly composure. An officer sent to discover whether a way of escape could be cut through the Union lines reported that such an attempt would probably cost the lives of three-fourths of the troops.

"No commander," said Buckner, "has a right to make such a sacrifice."

"Then we will have to capitulate," said Floyd; "but, gentlemen, I cannot surrender; you know my position with the Federals; it wouldn't do."

"I will not surrender myself nor the command," chimed in Pillow; "I will die first!"

"Then I suppose the surrender will devolve upon me," said Buckner, with a tinge of contempt in his tone.

And so it proved. Floyd resigned the command to Pillow, Pillow in his turn then transferred it to Buckner, who somewhat scornfully notified his colleagues that if they proposed to escape they must do so speedily, as after he should open negotiations with Grant no one would be allowed to leave the fort. Colonel Forrest, the trooper, straightway called together his cavalry, eight hundred in number, and by a road

through mud and water, impassable for infantry, made his way through the ^{Union} Confederate lines to Nashville. Floyd and Pillow hastened to Dover, to wait for two steamers hourly expected to come down the river. The boats arrived. They bore four hundred soldiers, reënforcements sent to the aid of Fort Donelson. Honor and justice demanded that these men, if any, should be allowed to go back on the boats; but Floyd ordered them ashore and loaded the boat with Virginia troops. The news of the flight spread about the camp, and thousands of soldiers came down to witness the embarkation. A Mississippi regiment was detailed to guard the embarkation, with the promise that it should be taken with the Virginians; but Floyd suddenly became affrighted, cut the ropes that held the steamer, and pushed out into the river with the jeers and hisses of the soldiers ringing in his ears. Pillow had already fled in a skiff. Then Buckner ordered the men to their quarters, and at daybreak sent to Grant for terms of surrender.

"No terms except an immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted," was the curt response of the Federal general; "I propose to move immediately upon your works."

There was nothing for Buckner to do but to yield. An answer was sent to Grant, in which the Confederate commander declared that he was compelled "to accept the ungenerous and unchivalric terms." White flags were hoisted all along the lines, and quiet settled down upon the scene of battle. At that very hour in Richmond and Nashville the newsboys were crying on the streets the morning papers, with full news of the great Confederate victory at Donelson. "This splendid feat of arms and glorious victory to our cause will send a thrill of joy over the whole Confederacy," said the "Richmond Enquirer."—"Enemy Retreating! Glorious Result!! Our Boys Following and Peppering their Rear!! A Complete Victory!" was the way an enthusiastic journal in Nashville announced the supposed result. Pillow's foolish and premature despatch, sent Saturday afternoon, was responsible for this deception of the Southern people and for the bitter disappointment that followed when the true news became known.

Meantime the victorious troops, with bands playing and colors flying, were gayly marching into Fort Donelson. Says one of the soldiers, "One of the grandest sights in the whole siege, and one which comes only once in a century, was the triumphal entry into the fort on Sunday morning. The sight from the highest point in the fort, commanding a view of both river and camp, was imposing. There were, on one side, regiment after regiment pouring in, their flags floating gayly in the wind; some of them which had been rent and faded on the fields of Mexico, and others with 'Springfield' emblazoned on their folds; one magnificent brass band pouring out the melodies of 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' etc., in such style as the gazing captives had never heard, even in the palmy days of peace. On the other was a spectacle which surpasses all description. The narrow Cumberland seemed alive with steamers. First came the gunboats firing salutes; then came little black tugs snorting their acclamations; and after them the fleet of transports, pouring out volumes of black smoke, their banners waving gayly, firing salutes, their decks covered with people sending deafening shouts in response to those from the shore."

For the Confederates it was no gala occasion. They knew they had fought bravely, and it was hard to think that the folly of their leaders should have brought them to captivity. Even Buckner felt this somewhat. After the formal details of the surrender had been arranged, he fell into friendly conversation with Grant, with whom he had been at West Point.

"Had I been in command, general," said Buckner, "you would not have got up to Donelson as easily as you did."

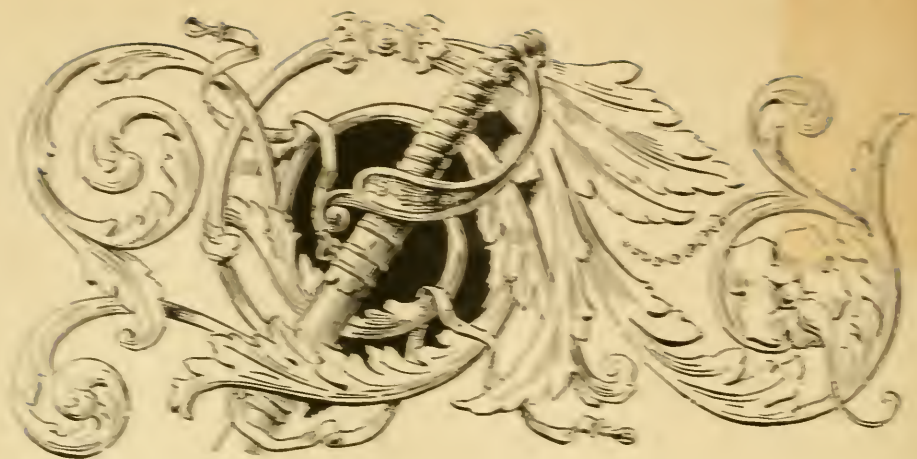
"Had you been in command," was Grant's courteous reply, "I should not have tried in the way I did."

Of the forces engaged at Donelson and the exact loss on either side, it is impossible to speak with accuracy. General Grant, in his Memoirs, says, that on the day of the surrender he had under his command 27,000 men, while the total number of Confederates within

the fort at any time was about 21,000. The Union loss was 2,331, of whom 446 were killed. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about 2,000, while 15,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

The fall of Fort Donelson was the first great and valuable victory won by the Union arms during the war. Its effects were immediate and far-reaching. Kentucky and Tennessee were immediately taken from Confederate control. Bowling Green, Nashville, and other important points were speedily evacuated by the Confederates and seized by the Federal forces. Polk was compelled to abandon his frowning works at Columbus, and a standing menace to the Union cause in Missouri was thus removed. The news of the decisive victory spread abroad to foreign lands. The Confederate prospects, which had looked so bright after the news of Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington, began to look less brilliant in the eyes of European financiers and politicians. It was a sad reverse for the Southrons and a glorious victory for the Federals; and the South mourned its reverses, while in the North, days of public thanksgiving, jubilee meetings, and a lavish bestowal of promotions upon the officers of the successful troops told of the estimation in which the victory was held.





CHAPTER X

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—THE CONFEDERATES ON BERMUDE ISLAND.—BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.—THE ADVANCE UPON BIRMINGHAM.—BATTLE OF NEW BERN.—FALL OF FORT MASON.—NEW BARGE AND ISLAND NO. 10.—THE LAND TROUPE THE FRODO.—THE "CLAMOROUSLY" LONG THE BATTERIES.—FURNACE AND SURRENDER OF FORT NO. 10.—ON SOUTH-WEST VESSEL.—THE BATTLE OF SEA RIDGE.



THE new year had opened auspiciously for the Union armies in the West. Garfield at Prossburg, Thomas at Mill Springs, and Grant at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson had won decisive victories. Kentucky and Tennessee had been brought under the control of the Federal armies. The troops and their commanders had shown energy and determination. No advantage was lost. The fruits of each victory were speedily garnered. The enemy was given no opportunity to recuperate from one defeat before receiving another telling blow.

Meantime there had been no lack of energy in the conduct of the war along the Atlantic coast. In the West the soldiers were scaling mountain ranges; in the East they were fighting along the sandy beaches.

upon which the great waves of the Atlantic ceaselessly beat with a thunder like that of the cannon of the warring sections.

It will be remembered that in August, 1861, a combined military and naval expedition had been sent against the forts that guarded the entrance to Hatteras inlet on the coast of North Carolina; that the men-of-war had driven the Confederates from their works; and that a small body of troops had been left to hold Fort Clark and Fort Hatteras,—the two captured forts. The evicted Confederates fled to Roanoke Island, that blocks the narrow channel connecting Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. Here they established themselves, threw up batteries, and sent to Richmond for reënforcements. To dislodge them would be to open all the northern part of North Carolina to invasion, and to clear a way for the Union troops to attack the Confederate stronghold at Norfolk from the rear. Seeing this, the Union authorities began preparations for an expedition which should sweep away the Confederate defences on Roanoke Island and open Albemarle sound for the operations of the Federal army and navy.

The command of this expedition was given to Gen. A. E. Burnside, and to him was left the task of collecting the troops and gathering vessels for their transportation,—for the army was to go by sea from Fortress Monroe. By the 5th of January, 1862, the army and the fleet to carry it had assembled at Annapolis. The soldiers were chosen from New England. There were among them sailors who could rig a ship and navigate it; carpenters who could build a boat or a bridge; mechanics who could put together a dismantled locomotive, and engineers who could run it. Nearly 15,000 troops in all were to be employed. To carry them, General Burnside had got together a most motley fleet. The gigantic naval operations of the war, the blockade, in maintaining which thousands of miles of sea-coast were patrolled by armed vessels, had swept the Northern harbors clear of suitable sea-going craft. Canal-boats and barges, ferry and tug boats, coasting schooners and a few passenger steamers of light draught made up the ill-assorted armada. After taking aboard the troops at Annapolis,

the whole fleet of more than eighty vessels cast anchor at Fortress Monroe.

Here they remained two nights and a day, until January 11. Not six men in the whole nation knew whither the expedition was bound, or what the assemblage of so formidable a force in Hampton Roads could portend. The curiosity of the newspapers was unbounded. The impertunity of the public men at Washington was almost irresistible. A noted senator called upon the President, and fairly demanded that he should be told the destination of the expedition. After resisting his entreaties for some time, Mr. Lincoln at last said, —

"Now, I will tell you in great confidence where they are going, if you will promise not to speak of it to any one."

"You may rely upon my discretion," responded the statesman, in his most impressive tones.

"Well, now, my friend," said Lincoln, "the expedition is going to sea."

The senator took his hat and left in speechless rage.

On the night of the 11th of January, the great fleet lay quietly at its moorings. Many of the vessels were illuminated. From some came the strains of music, as the soldiers on deck joined in singing patriotic choruses, or songs of home. On others the regimental bands were playing. The lights were mirrored in the calm waters, and the gentle breeze carried the soldiers' music across the bay. The trappings of war were there, but the scene was one of peaceful merriment. Suddenly a gun is heard booming out from the battery of the flag-ship. All eyes are turned that way, and a rocket is seen to climb high into the heavens. It is the signal to weigh anchor and go out to sea. Then the tramp of men about the capstan, the rattle of the chain hawsers, the creaking of cordage, and the measured rhythm of the sailors' "shanty songs" are heard, and soon the wide harbor, which has been the scene of so much life and gayety, is dark and deserted, and the vessels are out on the Atlantic, creeping slowly southward through an ugly sea.

Two days later the first vessel reached Hatteras inlet. The others

came flocking in by twos and threes until the whole fleet had reached the place of rendezvous. The ship "Pocahontas," with one hundred horses on board, had foundered during the voyage, and the propeller "City of New York," heavily laden with arms and ammunition, went ashore at the inlet and was a total loss. The rest, after a long delay to allow for dredging out the bar and lightening the ships, finally entered the more peaceful waters of Pamlico sound. But in the work of crossing the bar and preparing for the advance, the remainder of January passed away.

Relieved from all uncertainty as to the destination of this invading force, the Confederates applied themselves to the task of strengthening their works on Roanoke Island. On either side of the island were narrow straits connecting Albemarle sound with Pamlico sound. That on the eastern side was called Roanoke sound, while the strait on the west bore the name of Croatan sound. The channel of the former was commanded by formidable batteries erected by the Confederates, while the way through Croatan sound was blocked by a row of driven piles and a line of vessels sunk directly across the channel. Back of these was a fleet of puny, armed vessels,—a "mosquito fleet," as the Confederates themselves derisively termed it. On the island, the Confederates had five forts, of which Fort Bartow was at one end of the line of piles that blocked the Croatan channel; at the other end was Fort Forrest, a small battery mounted on the deck of a canal-boat, which had been hauled ashore and banked up with sand. These two batteries were relied upon to prevent the passage of the Union gunboats.

On the morning of February 7 the Union fleet got under weigh, and moved up the sound toward the Confederate stronghold. The gunboats led. From the flag-ship of Commodore Goldsborough, who commanded the naval forces, waved a row of signal-flags, which spelled out the words,—

ON THIS DAY OUR COUNTRY EXPECTS
EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

Straight up to the line of piling, within point-blank range of Forts Bartow and Bee, the gunboats steam. Their rapid and well-directed broadsides soon drive the little vessels of the mosquito fleet into the background. The fate of one of the Confederate craft was peculiar. "Toward four o'clock in the afternoon," writes a Confederate officer who was engaged in the battle, "a shot or shell struck the hurricane-deck of the 'Curlew' in its descent, and went through her decks and bottom as though they were made of paper. Hunter put his vessel ashore immediately in front of Fort Forrest, completely masking its guns, and we could not fire her for fear of burning up the battery, which, as I have said, was built upon an old canal-boat." Thus, by this fortunate shot, the Federals not only disabled one of the enemy's gunboats, but silenced a seven-gun battery as well. Their attention was now turned to Fort Bartow, and with such effect that the guns in that work were soon dismantled, its flag-staff shot away, its garrison driven out, and its walls of sand were fairly levelled by the bursting shells.

Meantime the troops under command of General Burnside had followed in the wake of the gunboats and were seeking a landing-place. A negro slave, who had escaped from his owner and fled to the Federal camp, guided them to a little bay about the middle of the west side of the island, known as Ashby's harbor. Here, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they began to disembark, meeting at first with some resistance from a small force of Confederates hidden in the woods that bordered the shores of the bay. A little judicious shelling by the gunboats soon put the enemy to flight, and thereafter the landing of the troops was unimpeded. But even with the hostile riflemen out of the way, the task of landing the troops was difficult and wearisome. The transports had to anchor in the channel, while the soldiers were carried from them to the shore in flatboats and barges. But the bottom of the sound sloped so gently from the shore to the channel that the boatmen found their craft aground when still fifty yards from dry land. Then there was nothing for the soldiers to do but clamber overboard and wade the rest of the way. Had the bottom been firm, this would have been bearable enough;

but often, where a boat of eight inches draught had grounded, a soldier would sink to his thighs in the soft ooze that had caught and held the heavy boat. Slowly the disembarkation progressed. By midnight 12,500 men were ashore, drenched to the waist by the cold waters of the sound, and rapidly getting completely soaked by a chill, 'drizzling rain which began falling at sunset. When morning came, a more uncomfortable and bedraggled body of troops could hardly be imagined.

But their enthusiasm is unquenched. Half-way up the island the Confederates have established a three-gun battery. A narrow strip of solid ground extends east and west from the flanks of the battery, and there the enemy has posted infantry supports to the number of 25,000. All the ground round about is a quagmire, save a narrow road or causeway which extends straight down the centre of a broad, treeless marsh to the breastworks of the battery. To attack this position the Federals moved out of their camp early on the morning of the 8th. The Confederates have the advantage of a strong position; the Federals, the advantage of overpowering numbers.

Burnside's troops are divided into three brigades. General Parker, with one brigade, advanced on the right of the open marsh which fronted the enemy's works, while General Reno did the same on the left. Though the ground over which these divisions had to advance was a veritable morass, the men sinking sometimes to their waists in the mud, they were to some degree protected by the heavy growth of trees and shrubbery that cloaked their movements. To General Foster's division fell the perilous duty of assaulting by the front and centre, where not even a thin screen of shrubbery was interposed between the assailants and the guns of the enemy.

Slowly but doggedly through the mud and over the rotting trunks of fallen trees the Federals advanced. The enemy held his ground with tenacity, and despite the overwhelming numbers of his foes, acquitted himself with such courage that after two hours of fighting the Federals found their ammunition giving out, and victory still as far from their grasp as ever. At such a moment a dashing charge invariably turns the

scales of fortune to the side of the commander who orders it. As the victory hung trembling in the balance, there came up to General Foster Major Kimball, of the Hawkins Zouaves (Ninth New York), who offered to lead a charge up the narrow causeway, straight into the teeth of the battery.

"You are the man, the Ninth the regiment, and this the very moment," cried Foster eagerly.

"Zouaves, storm that battery! Forward!" shouted Kimball, and in an instant the gayly uniformed fellows, with their red fezzes, were running up the causeway shouting their battle-cry of "Zou! zou! zou!"

"Make way for the red caps! They are the boys!" cried the troops, who saw the column dashing forward. Colonel Hawkins, with two companies of his men, was leading a flank movement on the left. He heard the familiar cry, and, looking up, saw the rush of the red-capped legion. "Look at the Ninth!" he shouted; "Zouaves to their help!" and his two companies joined in the charge.

It was enough. The Confederates did not wait for the clash of arms. One hasty volley, then, as the Zouaves showed no sign of wavering, they broke and fled. When the Zouaves, closely followed by regiments from Massachusetts and Connecticut, swarmed over the breastworks, there was no one left to oppose them. The knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, muskets, swords, and blankets strewn around told that the Confederates had been in haste to go.

This ended the fighting on Roanoke Island. The Confederates were followed, pushed into corners, and forced to surrender. When night fell, two thousand Confederates were prisoners of war, and forty guns had fallen into the hands of the victors. The navy followed up this success by pursuing and destroying the Confederate mosquito fleet; and by February 13, Albemarle sound and the contiguous waters were under the control of the military authorities of the United States.

For a few weeks the victorious Federals rested upon their arms at Roanoke Island; then duty called them still farther southward.

At the very southern end of Pamlico sound, where the long, narrow strip of sand that separates the tumultuous Atlantic from the tranquil inland sea ends in the sandy spit known as Cape Lookout, the noble harbor of Beaufort opens into the ocean. It had been a favorite port of entry for the fleet steamers that made a business of running the Federal blockade and supplying the beleaguered Confederacy with needed articles of commerce. The men-of-war could not follow the blockade runners into the harbor because of the heavy guns of Fort Macon, which stood like a sentinel guarding the entrance to the bay. But the fort had been built with reference to an enemy coming by sea only. On its landward side it was far from formidable. The military authorities of the Union determined to send the troops from Roanoke Island down to Beaufort and take Fort Macon in the rear.

But to get to Beaufort the invaders had first to dislodge the Confederates from a commanding position they had taken at New Berne, on the Neuse river. It was on the 11th of March that the troops left Roanoke Island upon this errand. Two days before, the fresh breeze blowing from the north had brought with it the thunder of distant cannon, and the soldiers wondered where the fighting was going on. It was the sound of the titanic conflict between the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" in Hampton Roads, eighty miles away.

When the transports bearing the troops reached the landing-place chosen, a cold north-east wind was blowing, bringing with it occasional gusts of icy rain. Nevertheless, the men, eager for action, responded promptly to the order to land, climbing down over the sides of the vessels, and wading ashore through water that oftentimes came to their waists. Once ashore, they pushed forward along the banks of the river toward the city, eighteen miles above, while the gunboats kept pace with them in the stream. All day the weary march continued. Several lines of deserted earth-works were passed, but no resistance was met. When the advancing column went into camp at sunset, the main position of the Confederates was but a mile and a half further on, and all hands knew that the morrow would see serious fighting.

At daybreak the army was in motion. The path was found to be blocked by a line of rifle-pits, redans, and breastworks two miles long, ending in a thirteen-gun battery on the river's edge, called Fort Thompson. In three columns the assailants advanced. Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke commanded each a division. A dense fog for a time hung over the battlefield, but soon cleared away. The struggle was not of long duration. The battle on Roanoke Island had taught the blue-coats that redoubts could be stormed, and that there was less peril in rushing upon the enemy than in standing still under his fire. So, having numbers on their side, they swept the enemy aside, and were soon in possession of his works, while the Confederates retreated in good order through the town of New Berne, burning the bridges behind them.

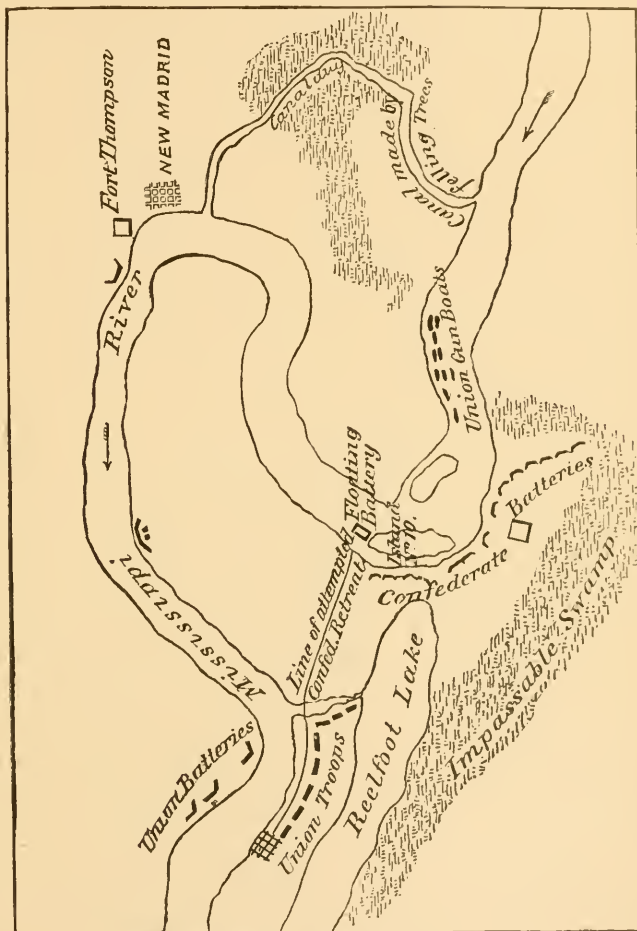
New Berne once taken, the rest of the Federal plan of campaign was easily completed. From Beaufort the Confederates fled without striking a blow; and when the long columns of blue-clad soldiers poured into the old-fashioned town, they found it tenanted only by negroes.

At Fort Macon, General Burnside expected to encounter a desperate resistance. The fort was strong, well garrisoned, and under the command of a nephew of Jefferson Davis, Colonel White, who responded to Burnside's demand for immediate surrender with the defiant declaration that he would not yield until he had eaten his last biscuit and killed his last horse. Thereupon Burnside made preparations for a siege. For nearly three weeks the work of planting siege-guns, building sand-bag batteries, and hemming in the beleaguered garrison with an iron circle went on. On the 25th of April the work was completed, the batteries opened fire, the Union gunboats steamed valiantly up and delivered their broadsides, and before night the doughty colonel commanding the fort had surrendered, without, so far as history has recorded, having either eaten his last biscuit or slain his last horse. It is interesting to note that when Burnside's troops entered the fort they found that the Confederate flag that had waved throughout the bombard-

ment was the Union flag ripped up and made over to suit the needs of the Confederacy. The red and white stripes had been ripped apart and then sewn together to form the broad bars of the Southern banner. The superfluous stars had been cut out, and the holes thus made were left.

Let us now turn our attention again to affairs in the West.

Grant's victories at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson had driven the Confederates from Kentucky and from Central Tennessee. General Polk had been forced to abandon those works on the bluffs at Columbus, from which some months before he had watched Grant moving down the opposite bank of the great river, to fall upon the Con-



New Madrid & Island No. 10.

federate camp at Belmont. But though forced from this position, he speedily discovered another point which, when fortified and put in possession of an armed force, would close the Mississippi river to the commerce and the armies of the Union. This was at Island No. 10, one

of the low-lying islands in the middle of the river; the tenth in order, numbering from Cairo southward. To-day the tawny flood of the Father of Waters sweeps unchecked over the spot where Island No. 10 once stood with its batteries and its camps; but in 1862 the spot was famous all over the country, and people spoke of it as a veritable Sebastopol. Nature, rather than military art, had given this position its strength. Here the great river makes one of its mighty compound curves, sweeping first to the southward, then straight north again for fifteen miles or more, then doubling again upon its course rushes with renewed speed, as though to regain the lost time, upon its serpentine way to the Gulf of Mexico. Just in the bend of the river, where the eddying flood checks its southward course and turns again to the north, stood Island No. 10. Both banks of the river were swampy, lined with huge trees, about the half-decaying roots of which the water stood deep and stagnant. At one point only was a little solid land, and there stood the little Missouri town of New Madrid. By land it was nearer the Union base at Cairo than was Island No. 10; but to go to New Madrid by water, the Confederate works on the island would have to be passed first.

Island No. 10 was easily so fortified by the Confederates as to make it a most formidable spot. But to New Madrid both Confederates and Federals speedily turned their attention, because they saw that it offered the Federals an opportunity to get in the rear of the works on the island. The Confederates, being first on the ground, set about the work of fortifying the town with earthworks on the landward side. Six gunboats came up the river from New Orleans, and were moored to the bank, where, as the river was high and the surrounding country flat, their guns commanded all the approaches to the village. Nine thousand men manned the Confederate works on the island and at New Madrid. On the island General Mackall was in command,—an officer who had signalized himself by issuing a proclamation that was remarkable even in that day of bombastic and egotistic military proclamations.

"Soldiers," it read, "we are strangers, commander and commanded, each to the other. Let me tell you who I am. I am a general made by Beauregard,—a general selected by Beauregard and Bragg for this command when they knew it was in peril."

In peril General Mackall's command certainly was. On the 22d of February, 1862, an army left Cairo, was ferried across the turbid Mississippi, swollen by recent rains, disembarked on the Missouri shore, and turned towards New Madrid. In command was General Pope. He had several thousand men in his columns, and though many miles of miry road and pestilential swamp-land lay between him and his destination, he inspired his men with zeal and pluck, and led them boldly onward. The advance was slow and painful. "The men waded in mud, ate in it, slept in it, were surrounded by it as St. Helena is by the ocean," said a newspaper correspondent who accompanied the expedition. Five miles a day was considered good marching. It was not until the 3d of March that Pope found himself before the enemy's works,—two forts mounting twenty-one cannon, and connected by a long line of earthworks and abatis.

Going into camp with his force, Pope sent back to Cairo for siege-guns. The ponderous cannon were mounted on huge trucks with broad, flat tires, and dragged along over the muddy roads by two companies of regular infantry. By the time they reached him, Pope had his army snugly entrenched before the enemy. More than that, he had planted a battery at Point Pleasant, ten miles down the river, to cut off the Confederates from their friends down stream. The Confederate gunboats had hotly contested this point with the invaders, but the blue-coats stuck to their picks and shovels, and soon had a sunken battery with supporting rifle-pits completed. Then they turned their guns on the enemy's boats, and the thunder of the cannonade reached the ears of Mackall on his island up the river, and gave him notice that he was hemmed in.

On the evening of March 12, Pope's four siege-guns arrived. There was no rest for the weary soldiers that night. With picks and

spades they were busy in throwing up breastworks before the Confederate forts. All worked in silence, for only a few hundred yards away were the Confederate pickets in complete ignorance of the work going on in their front. When morning dawned, the astonished garrison of Fort Thompson saw a long redoubt, of formidable proportions, that seemed to have grown up under the muzzles of their cannon in the night. From the fort and from the gunboats on the river the Confederates opened fire. The Federals replied with spirit. All day long the cannon roared and the shot whistled through the air, and all day long the Federals, with parallels, traverses, and zigzag approaches, carried their line nearer and nearer to the enemy's works. When night fell, the Confederates at New Madrid were hemmed in between an overwhelming Union army, strongly entrenched, and the river. Without waiting for the next day to determine the outcome of the struggle, they abandoned their works, boarded their gunboats, and fled up stream to increase Mackall's force on Island No. 10.

Not until after dawn the next morning, when the news was brought to him by two deserters, did Pope discover that he no longer had an enemy in his front. But when the vanguard of his army marched into the dismantled forts and down to the almost deserted village on the river's bank, they found signs in plenty of the precipitate flight of the foe. Many bodies lay on the ground unburied, while a hundred new-made graves told of the havoc that had been done in the Confederate ranks. Food stood on the tables in the tents; in some were lighted candles still burning. The enemy succeeded in carrying off his light cannon, but the heavy guns were left behind spiked with rat-tail files. At one place in the fort was a gun sunk to its trunnions in the black mud. Mud was everywhere. It had poured rain during the night, and the trenches and rifle-pits were half full of water. Both the escaping Confederates and the Union forces bivouacking in the woods outside had passed a sorry night.

From the moment that the Confederates determined to abandon New Madrid, the fall of the stronghold on Island No. 10 was assured. It



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ON PICKET.



was cut off and hemmed in by the Federals. The guns in the captured forts, together with his siege-guns, Pope mounted in sunken batteries at the river's edge. Five Confederate gunboats strove to dislodge the gunners from this position; but after a furious cannonade, in which one of the boats went to the bottom, the flotilla abandoned the attempt. Then the work of planting batteries went on, until Pope had the Missouri side fairly lined with breastworks and rifle-pits.

Meantime Commodore Foote, who, since the attack upon Fort Donelson, had been at Cairo repairing the damages which his gunboats had suffered in that memorable struggle, dropped down the river with a fleet of gunboats and mortar-boats, and began to bombard the island. The Confederate batteries replied with spirit. For two weeks the conflict of great guns continued with varying activity. The thunders of the cannonade were heard over three States. The huge shells from the mortars fell upon the island, digging deep pits where they burst. The Confederate redoubt was cut and torn by the flying missiles, but the actual injury to the soldiers engaged was but slight. On April 5, General Beauregard telegraphed to Richmond: "The enemy has thrown three thousand shells and burned fifty tons of gunpowder without injuring the effectiveness of our works, and killing but one of our men."

Meantime the Yankee soldiers in camp below the island in the miasmatic marshes of New Madrid were growing impatient.

"Well, what is the navy doing to-day?" was the question passed along the lines when the dull booming of the cannon told that the conflict had been renewed.

"Oh, it's still bombarding the State of Tennessee at long range," was the impatient reply.

The lads at New Madrid held the key to the situation, and they knew it. All they had to do was to rest patiently in their batteries, and see to it that no vessels passed bearing supplies to the Confederates up stream. Starvation in time would prove more effective than mortars and bomb-shells in subduing the garrison of Island No. 10.

But Pope wished to do more than to drive the enemy from the

island; he wished to capture them, bag and baggage. To do this, he had to cross the river; and to make the crossing in the face of the enemy's batteries on the further shore, armed vessels were needed. "Cannot two of your vessels run the batteries?" he telegraphed to Foote. But the naval officer thought the project hopeless, and General Pope began to cast about in his mind for other means of crossing the great river that held him a prisoner. Floating batteries were planned, to be built of heavy barges, packed with cotton bales and sand-bags, and carrying three heavy guns and eighty sharp-shooters. But before these were finished, two occurrences put an end to the work upon them.

From some acute observer came the suggestion to General Pope, that by following the line of Wilson's bayou, a canal might be cut from a point above Island No. 10, across the peninsula to New Madrid, and that the gunboats could thus escape the fire of the Confederate batteries. Seven cities, they say, dispute the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. The partisans of more than seven officers claim each for his friend the honor of having first suggested this canal. It cannot be stated with any certainty with whom the project originated. The execution of the work, however, was left to Col. J. W. Bissell, and right well he discharged his difficult task.

Though a canal had to be cut, there was no digging to be done. All along the line, in the bayous and in the swamps, the water was standing deep enough to float Foote's heaviest gunboats. But the bayous were choked with driftwood and snags, and in the swamp the great forest trees stood so thick that a skiff could hardly navigate between them. To cut away these trees was the chief work of the engineering force. First the tops were cut off about eight feet above the water, and dragged away. Then a raft, bearing a huge saw swung upon a pivot, was brought up alongside the stump, and the trunk was sawed off four and a half feet below the surface of the water. It would seem that such work must have been tedious and almost unbearably slow; but Colonel Bissell writes: "I think two and a half hours was the

longest time ever expended upon any one stump, while about two minutes would dispose of some small ones when the saw was ready. It took eight days to cut the two miles."

Twelve miles in all was the length of the canal, and by unremitting toil the soldiers completed the work on April 4,—just nineteen days after the work had been begun. They thus had a clear channel of four and a half feet in depth, out of range of the enemy's guns, and leading direct to the Union works at New Madrid. The day after its completion four boats steamed through it almost to New Madrid, but did not make their way out into the river because of something that happened to make the canal useless.

In war, perseverance is a good thing, but pluck is a better. Perseverance had brought the canal to completion, but the pluck of a Yankee naval officer had demonstrated the fact that it was both safe and easy to take the gunboats right past the Confederate batteries, without condescending to the navigation of an ignoble ditch. When Pope first asked for gunboats, several captains volunteered to run the batteries, saying that if the enemy should attempt to capture their vessels they would set the torch to the magazines before they would allow their craft to fall into the hands of the enemy. But Foote refused to permit the attempt, declaring the risk too great. The importunity of Commander Walke, of the "Carondelet," at last persuaded the commodore to yield so far as to authorize that officer to man his vessel with volunteers and attempt the perilous adventure.

With a coal-barge lashed to either side, with her lights out, with chain cables coiled about the pilot-house and loose iron piled upon the decks to protect them from plunging shot, the "Carondelet" set forth. It was the night of the 4th of April. Dense banks of clouds hid the stars, and the boat could not be seen by the sharpest lookout as she sped down the river between the darkly wooded banks. But before she reached the island, a thunder-storm burst, and the bright flashes of lightning made all like day. "Almost every second," wrote a correspondent, "every brace, post, and outline could be seen with startling

distinctness, enshrouded by a bluish-white glare of light, and then her form for the next minute would become merged in the intense darkness." But worse even than the lightning was a huge blaze of fire that burst from the smoke-stacks of the "Carondelet" just as she came abreast the batteries. The sleepy sentries, who had not espied the vessel, rubbed their eyes and looked again. Another flash, and the alarm was given. The great guns roared from the batteries on both sides of the river, and rifles and muskets spat out their spiteful messages. But the "Carondelet" minded the storm of bullets and cannon-balls no more than she had minded the pelting of the thunder-storm. On through it all she sped, past the great floating battery moored at the lower end of the island, where she was hit for the first time by a solid shot that lodged in one of the coal-barges; this point passed, she was out of danger, and steamed quietly on to the levee at New Madrid, where the troops turned out and gave three cheers in honor of the gunboat's great achievement. Three signal-guns gave notice to the eagerly listening blue-jackets above the island that the gauntlet had been safely run. Then all hands went below and spliced the main brace.

This was the final blow to the hopes of the defenders of Island No. 10. The next day they began their preparations for escape. At night they began crossing to the main-land and pushing their way southward across the narrow peninsula. But they were too late. Another Federal gunboat had followed the "Carondelet." Pope's troops had been ferried across the river. The Confederate batteries at Tiptonville had been captured, and the fugitives from Island No. 10 arrived at that little hamlet weary, wet, and half starved, only to find their road lined with Union troops and themselves prisoners. It was an overwhelming disaster. The island, the mainland batteries, the floating battery, one gunboat, and 7,000 men were captured by the victorious Federals. It was upon April 8, 1862, that the surrender was completed. Island No. 10, with all its formidable natural and artificial defences, had delayed the southward march of the Union forces about five weeks.

While the belligerents were thus measuring strength on the eastern

borders of Missouri, the south-west corner of that State was the scene of a decisive battle. In Arkansas, near the border line, were Confederate troops to the number of 12,000, in command of Generals Price and McCulloch. Pressing close upon them was General Curtis, with a much smaller body of Federals. Had Price and McCulloch been able to act in harmony, they could have fallen upon Curtis and swept him from their path. But dissension had arisen between these commanders. That which one advised, the other discouraged. Neither had authority to force the other to bend to his will, and as a result the army remained. When Jefferson Davis learned of this state of affairs, he sent Earl Van Dorn to take command of the army. Van Dorn was a cavalry captain of no little merit. To the Southern soldiers he was the beau ideal of a dashing cavalier. In all parts of the South his popularity was unbounded, and his arrival at the camp of Price and McCulloch was celebrated by a salute of forty guns, bonfires, and rejoicing of the soldiers.

Van Dorn opened his campaign by fairly bombarding the surrounding country with bombastic proclamations. "Beautiful maidens of Louisiana," he cried, "smile not upon the craven youth who may linger by your hearth when the rude blast of war is sounding in your ears!" To his army he said, "Soldiers, behold your leader! He comes to show you the way to glory and immortal renown. He comes to hurl back the despots at Washington, whose ignorance, licentiousness, and brutality are equalled only by their craven natures. They come to free your slaves, lay waste your plantations, burn your villages, and abuse your loving wives and beautiful daughters." This is hardly the language to be expected of a man of bravery. Van Dorn had been educated at West Point, and must have known that the foes with whom he had to deal possessed none of the black qualities with which he had invested them. Still, in justice to the Confederate commander, it must be said that he was as reckless of danger as he was reckless in his use of words.

The spot at which Van Dorn's army was encamped was near the border of the Indian territory. Early in the war the Confederates had

made overtures to several of the Indian tribes for an alliance, in the expectation that the savage instincts of the red-skins would make them good fighters. Many of the tribes had promised their aid; and Gen. Albert Pike, whose commanding proportions and great natural wit had given him great influence with the savages, had been put in command of the Indian legion. Pike now brought his half-trained bands to swell Van Dorn's army.

On March 5, 1862, Van Dorn was at Fayetteville. He says he had in his army 14,000 men. The official records put his force at 16,000. Before him was Curtis with 10,500. The Confederate leader was kept well informed of his adversary's strength and disposition of his forces. He knew that Sigel's division was at Bentonville, separated from Curtis by several miles, and that several regiments were out foraging, suspecting no danger.

"I will make a forced march to Curtis's rear, cut off his retreat, and destroy his army," was Van Dorn's determination.

He was prompt in moving. In the midst of a driving storm of snow his men broke camp and started upon the long march. Though they had fifty miles to go, Van Dorn was merciless in urging them on. It was essential to the success of his plan that the blow should be struck quickly, and against an unsuspecting enemy.

But in this the Confederate was doomed to disappointment. The country was full of Union men, and hardly had Van Dorn's column begun to move before farmers came pouring into Curtis's camp with the news. He divines the enemy's plan at once, and determines that he himself should choose the ground upon which to give battle to the advancing host. The road from Fayetteville into Missouri, along which the Confederates were advancing, at one point crosses a little stream known as Sugar creek, and then passes over a slight elevation known as Pea Ridge. The ground thereabouts is rough, cut up with narrow valleys and heavily timbered ravines. This spot Curtis chose as his point of defence; the more readily, because one of his divisions, that of General Carr, was already on the ground.

Cavalry-men were hastily sent in all directions to call in the foraging parties, and to notify Sigel. Curtis himself galloped across the country to attend to the disposition of the forces.

Sigel moved slowly. He had two hundred wagons, and they impeded his progress. He sent them ahead, and followed slowly with the main body of his division. Van Dorn learned of his plight, and instead of continuing his advance up the Fayetteville road, took all his cavalry and the main part of his army off to the westward to cut off Sigel at Bentonville. But the little band of Federals, though hemmed in by an overpowering force, fought with such bravery and determination that they cut their way out of the trap, and reached the rendezvous at Pea Ridge in safety. "On the retreat from Bentonville to Sugar creek," said Sigel in general orders to his troops a week later, "a distance of ten miles, you cut your way through an enemy at least five times stronger than yourselves."

By nightfall of the 6th, Curtis had most of his troops on the ground, and had formed his lines facing south, as the enemy was thought to be coming from that direction. But Van Dorn continued his flank movement all night, and when morning dawned was ready to attack from the north and west. The news of this flank movement was speedily brought to Curtis. All night he had been busily engaged in throwing up breast-works, felling trees, and masking batteries to block all approach to his camp from the south. Now he suddenly found that it was his rear that was threatened after all. But he showed no hesitation. Carr's division was pushed forward to Elkhorn Tavern. On his left was Davis, and still further to the left Sigel. The advance of the enemy was so rapid that Colonel Osterhaus, with two batteries and three infantry regiments, was ordered forward to detain them until Carr's troops had time to deploy. They were to throw caution to the wind and check the enemy at all hazards. Osterhaus did his work well. Though he found himself in the midst of the enemy's lines, he hotly contested every foot of ground. But his pluck was opposed by the enemy with equal daring and far greater numbers. Two of his cannon were captured, and he was about

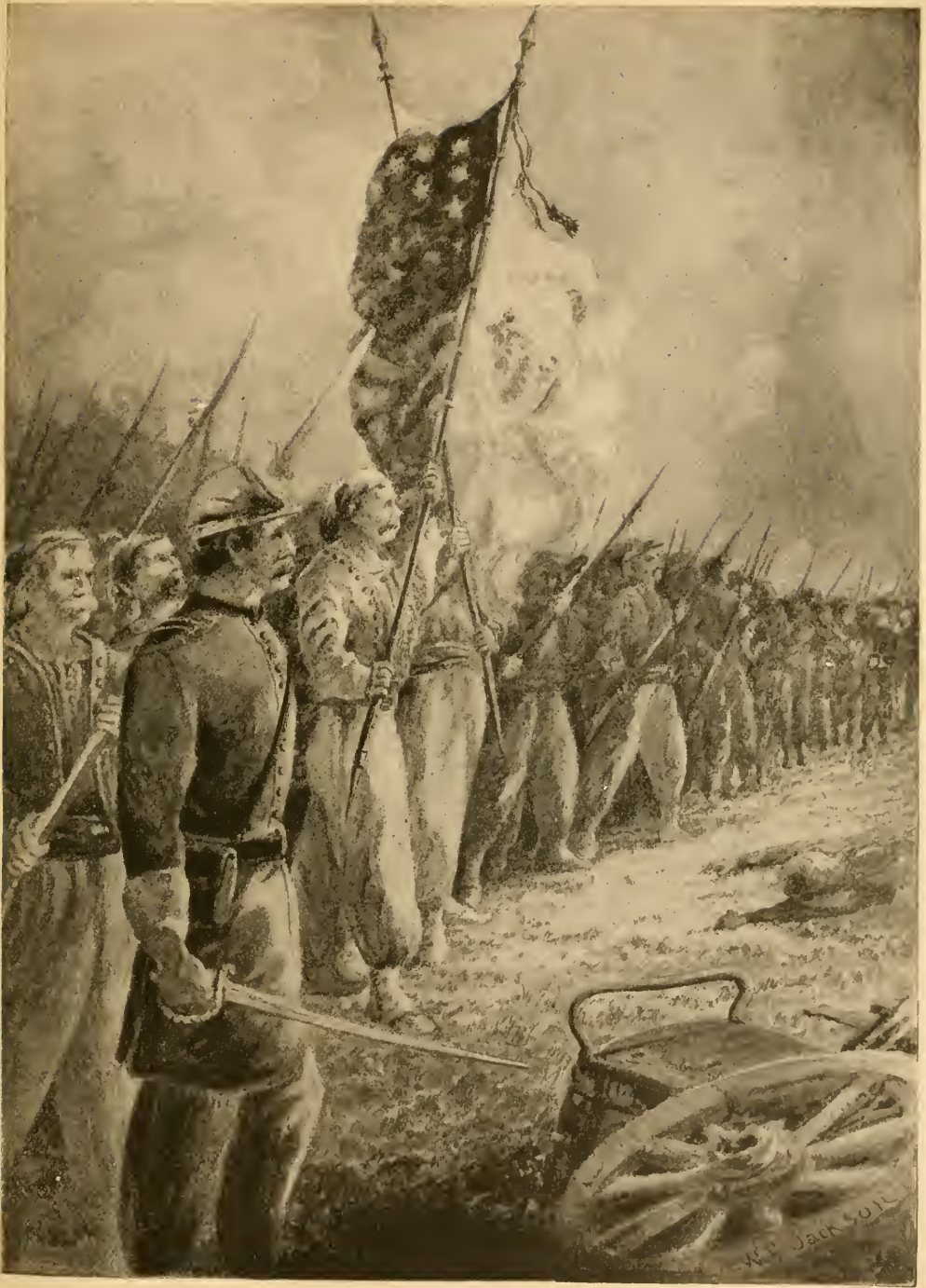
to be swept away in complete rout when Sigel and Davis came rushing to his rescue. Then the fight on the left grew fierce. Charge after charge swept over the field; now the Federals and then the Confederates were in the ascendancy. Opposed to Davis, Sigel, and Osterhaus were McCulloch and McIntosh. Pike tried to bring up his Indians to join the conflict, but a few shells from the Union batteries were thrown into their midst and they broke and ran in frantic terror. That was not their style of warfare. Slowly the tide of battle turned in favor of the Federals. General McCulloch was struck down by a bullet and died almost instantly. A few minutes afterwards McIntosh suffered a mortal wound. Thus deprived of their commanders, the Confederates fell into confusion; a glorious charge by the Eighteenth Indiana drove them in hopeless rout from the field and ended the battle on the left.

Over on the Union right, at Elkhorn Tavern, the fighting was harder. Van Dorn himself was there, and inspired the troops of Price's division to fight with dogged determination. Yard by yard Carr's division was forced back. Against him were arrayed the strongest batteries, the most dashing regiments of the Confederate army in the south-west. He sent an aide to Curtis to tell of his dangerous position, and begging for reënforcements. "Tell General Carr to hold his ground at any cost," replied Curtis, and sent his body-guard—a handful of cavalry—and a pitiful little mountain howitzer to his aid.

Again Carr sent for help. By this time the conflict on the left was over, and Curtis said to the aide, "Tell General Carr to persevere," and himself galloped over to Sigel to find a battery which could be taken to Carr's assistance. A fresh battery and a regiment were ordered forward, and in a few minutes Curtis himself was on his way to the front with Asboth's division. As he approached the field of battle he met the Fourth Iowa, retiring in good order.

"What does this mean?" asked General Curtis.

"Out of ammunition; going to the rear for cartridges," responded the colonel commanding.



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RALLYING UPON THE COLORS.



"Then use your bayonets," said Curtis; and the regiment faced about and followed him back to the scene of battle.

But it was by this time after five o'clock. Darkness set in, and gradually the firing ceased. The Federals had been forced back about a mile from their position of the morning, but to offset this they had won a decisive victory on their left.

There was no rest for the weary soldiers under either flag that night. Van Dorn was massing his regiments about the Elkhorn Tavern, intending to hurl them with resistless force upon Curtis's slender force on the morrow. Curtis was hurrying Carr and Davis and Sigel into line on the heights of Pea Ridge. Though the advantage of numbers still rested with the enemy, Curtis enjoyed the inestimable advantage of complete familiarity with the ground. He, therefore, so deployed his forces that, when morning dawned, he was ready for battle and confident of victory.

The Confederates, on the contrary, showed no anxiety to reopen the conflict. It may have been that Van Dorn recognized the strength of the positions taken by the Federals. It is possible that he felt himself heavily handicapped by the loss of McCulloch and McIntosh. At any rate, he was so slow in opening that Curtis himself, who twenty-four hours before would have been glad to see the enemy depart without firing a shot, boldly ordered Davis and Carr to begin the fight.

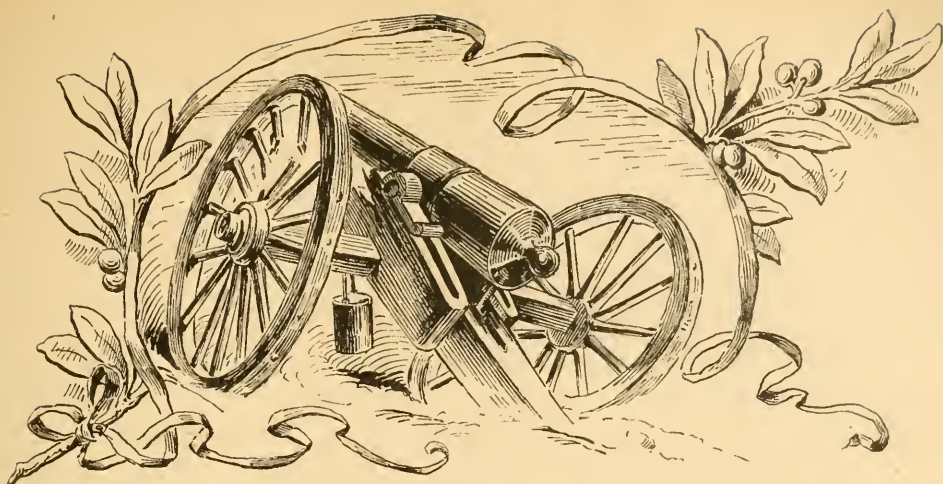
Van Dorn contented himself with a defensive battle; but in holding his ground without an attempt to advance, he permitted the Federals to bring up batteries and post them on the hills about him, until suddenly he found himself in the midst of a semicircle of hostile batteries, all pouring shot and shell down into his ranks. A terrific tempest of iron beat upon him. His batteries were silenced. The Union infantry pressed close upon his lines. There remained but one course open to him,—retreat. In a masterly manner he withdrew his forces from the field, leaving, indeed, many of his dead upon the bloody ground, but taking his wagons, his guns, and his men safely beyond any danger of safety.

So ended on March 8 the battle of Pea Ridge. With the

chances of victory at the outset wholly in favor of the Confederates, it had ended in a complete victory for the Union forces. General Curtis had snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat. Van Dorn's army fled southward, suffering sadly from desertion, breaking up into scattered commands, appearing never again as a powerful organization to threaten the peace of Missouri. More than thirteen hundred Federals had been killed or wounded, while the loss of the Confederates was still larger.

Great bitterness was aroused in all parts of the North by the sensational stories told of the conduct of General Pike's Indians after the battle. They were depicted as murdering the Union wounded found upon the field and scalping the Union dead. It is only too true that some foundation existed for these reports. Some bodies were found mutilated after the barbarous manner of the Indians, but they were happily but very few. And the fact that not the Union dead alone, but the Confederate dead likewise, suffered in this way should tend to quiet the continually recurring charge that the Confederate officers acquiesced in the loathsome work of the savages.





CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. — WHY THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT THERE. — LETHARGY OF GRANT'S ARMY. — GENERAL JOHNSTON DETERMINES TO ATTACK. — THE SURPRISE OF GENERAL PRENTISS. — GRANT REACHES THE FIELD. — THE HORNET'S NEST. — THE CONFEDERATES SUCCESSFUL. — SECOND DAY AT SHILOH. — THE FEDERALS VICTORIOUS.

IN 1862 there stood by the side of a country road in South-western Tennessee, near the border line of Mississippi and Alabama, a little log meeting-house which bore the name of Shiloh. Perhaps a scant hundred of the farmers living in the sparsely settled country thereabouts knew its name. But one day chance, as some would say, or infallible military instinct, as others declare, led two hostile armies to that lonely spot. They met, clashed, and for two days grappled in war's deadly struggle, and ever since the name of Shiloh has been familiar to every American and to every student of military history, whatever may be his nationality.

Volumes have been written about the battle of Shiloh. The plans of the hostile generals, the success or failure of their tactical ma-

nœuvres, and the result of the battle have all been made matters of controversy. But to us, caring nothing for tactics, the plain story of the battle will be an easy one, and, unblinded by partisanship, its result can hardly be regarded as indecisive.

First, then, how came a great battle to be fought in this secluded spot, seemingly the last that should resound with the clash of arms?

A story in great vogue among people who ascribe to military commanders superhuman prescience, and regard war as a game in which the motions of the belligerents are as rigidly defined as the moves of the pieces in a game of chess, describes Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston as sitting in his tent at Bowling Green in 1862, and pointing out Shiloh church upon a map spread before him by the Confederate engineers, saying as he did so, —

“Here the great battle of the South-west will be fought.”

But allowing General Johnston what he actually possessed, — military genius in its highest form, — we must still express some disbelief in the truth of this story.

Chance, indeed, alone dictated the battle at Shiloh. But a glance at the map and a consideration of the disposition of the Union and Confederate forces in March, 1862, will show that it was inevitable that somewhere in that neighborhood a battle should be fought.

We have already remarked that the lines upon which the campaigns of the Civil War were fought were determined mainly by rivers and railroads. Both had to do with bringing on the battle of Shiloh. At the village of Corinth, in the north-eastern part of Mississippi, two railroads cross. New Orleans and Mobile on the south, Memphis on the west, Montgomery, Savannah, and even Charleston and Richmond on the east, were all in direct communication with this point. Thither Albert Sydney Johnston had gone when he abandoned Bowling Green after Grant's capture of Fort Henry. The few Confederates who escaped from Fort Donelson made their way there. Beauregard, after leaving Mackall the hopeless task of defending Island No. 10, turned

his steps there likewise. General Polk, who had been driven from Columbus, and Van Dorn, fresh from the bloody field of Pea Ridge, came with troops to swell Johnston's army. Braxton Bragg came from Mobile with ten thousand men. Even New Orleans, that devoted city that time and time again had given the flower of its youth to swell the Southern armies, until it seemed as though her streets were emptied, yet found five thousand men to send to the well-beloved leader, Albert Sydney Johnston, at Shiloh.

And so by gathering from Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Alabama, Johnston succeeded in concentrating at Corinth, on the 1st of April, an army of 50,000 men, of whom 40,000 were "effectives."

Where were the Federals?

After the fall of Fort Donelson, a lethargy seemed to fall upon Grant's army. A prompt movement southward by the Tennessee river would have taken the Union army into Mississippi and Alabama almost without striking a blow. There was no enemy to oppose them. Albert Sydney Johnston would have had no time to have gathered his army. Corinth would have fallen. The very existence of the Confederacy would have been jeopardized.

But for some reason sluggishness ruled in the Union ranks. In Missouri and along the Mississippi there was no dearth of energy, but Grant's project of piercing the centre of the Confederate line languished.

Doubtless heavy rains, swollen rivers, and impassable roads had somewhat to do with it. But jealousy and dissension among officers had more. Halleck was in command in the West. He weakly allowed his suspicions to be aroused by an anonymous letter levelled against General Grant. A treacherous army-telegraph operator, who afterwards deserted to the enemy, suppressed Grant's replies to Halleck's messages of inquiry and direction. Suddenly Grant was deposed from command, and virtually placed under arrest, remaining thus idle a week. Then the truth of the whole matter came out, and he was released. But valuable time had been lost. Before his arrest Grant had planned a

movement against Corinth, and immediately upon being restored to his command he began the work of carrying out his design.

Under Grant's immediate command, at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, were about 30,000 men. General Buell had 37,000 men at Nashville. To effect a junction between these armies and, with the combined force, to crush Johnston's army, was Grant's task. The meeting-point was chosen largely by accident. After the fall of Fort Henry, two gunboats had steamed up the Tennessee river, reconnoitring. At one point they were fired upon by a Confederate battery hidden in the bushes on the bank. A few rounds from the steamers' guns silenced the battery, and a landing-party was sent ashore to spy out the land. They found a level plateau, high above the river and well wooded. The name of the place was Pittsburg Landing. This spot, thus brought to the knowledge of the Union forces, was made the place of disembarkation of the Federal army when it moved up the river on the way to Corinth.

The advance of the army was begun while the trouble between Grant and Halleck was at its height. For the time, Grant was not in command of the army, and in his place was Gen. C. F. Smith, whom we have seen leading the charge through the abatis at Fort Donelson. It was early in March that Smith's command embarked upon a fleet of sixty-nine transports, and with gunboats at the head of the procession moved up the noble river.

"It is difficult to conceive anything more orderly and beautiful," wrote General Wallace, "than the movement of this army up the river. The transports of each division were assembled together in the order of march. At a signal, they put out in line, loaded to their utmost capacity with soldiers and materials. Cannon fired, regiments cheered, bands played. Looking up the river after the boats had, one by one, taken their places, a great, dense column of smoke, extending as far as the eye could reach, marked the sinuosities of the stream and hung in the air like a pall. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten."

A part of the troops were disembarked at Savannah, on the east

bank of the river; one division at Crump's Landing, four miles above, and on the west side; and the remainder at Pittsburg Landing, five miles above Crump's, and about twenty-three miles from Corinth. Such was the disposition of the army when Grant was restored to the command.

His first act was to unite the army thus scattered. Division commanders were ordered to take their commands to Pittsburg Landing and there go into camp. As the regiments poured in, the camp began to stretch out far into the interior, and up and down the river's bank. Sherman's division was farthest from the river, and grouped its tents about Shiloh church. On Sherman's left was Prentiss; directly in his rear was McClelland. Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were encamped on the river's bank at Pittsburg Landing, while Lew Wallace was at Crump's, and Nelson at Savannah.

Though General Grant had succeeded in getting his troops fairly concentrated, he neglected the precaution of entrenching them. A year later an army hardly rested an hour in the vicinity of an enemy without throwing up breastworks. But Grant erred on the side of over-confidence. He had encountered so sluggish a foe at Fort Donelson that he little expected the enemy to leave his snug earthworks at Corinth and attack the Federal host resting at Pittsburg Landing.

But Grant had now to do with generals of a different calibre from those whose supineness gave him the victory at Fort Donelson. Albert Sydney Johnston, the pride of the infant Confederacy; Beauregard, trained in the science of warfare; Hardee, the tactician; Polk, the fighting priest,—all these, and a host of lesser military leaders, were in the camp of the Confederates at Corinth. Moreover, in his office in Richmond, that noblest of Southern soldiers, Robert E. Lee, then known only as Davis's military adviser, was observing with anxious care the situation in Tennessee. The telegraph brought him full reports of the progress of the armies. He saw, as in a moving panorama, Grant's army moving up the river, Buell's army marching overland from Nash-

ville to join it, and Johnston's army, greater than either of these, but smaller than the two together, quiet in its trenches at Corinth. "I need not urge you, when your army is united," he wrote to Johnston, "to deal a blow at the enemy in your front, if possible, before his rear gets up from Nashville. You have him divided, and keep him so if you can."

Lee's reminder was hardly necessary. Johnston had the situation well in hand. But as every day brought reënforcements to his camp, he determined to wait until the last moment possible before making the attack. Meanwhile his scouts kept him well informed of Buell's progress from Nashville.

Late on the night of the 2d of April, there came to General Johnston a telegram from General Cheatham, far away on the Confederate left flank, saying that a Federal division under Gen. Lew Wallace had been manœuvring in his vicinity all day. The telegram had been given to Beauregard, who forwarded it with the endorsement, "Now is the time to advance on Pittsburg Landing." With the telegram in his hand, Johnston sought Bragg's quarters. That officer was found in bed, but listened to the news, saw at once that if Lew Wallace was in the place reported the Union army was dismembered, and added his recommendation to that of Beauregard. Johnston had been in doubt, but his hesitation now vanished. All that night his adjutant-general was busy issuing orders for the advance, which was to begin the next morning at six. The men were each to be provided with three days' cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition.

Daybreak brought excitement and activity to the great camp at Corinth. The soldiers were busy striking their tents, filling their haversacks, and making ready for the march. Staff officers galloped to and fro bearing orders. The roads were blocked with trains of wagons and field batteries. Regiments ready to move stood in the fields. The morning passed away rapidly. Somewhere there was a flaw in the machinery of the army. The advance which was to have begun at six o'clock had not yet started at noon. Down the roads and across the

fields tear the aides, seeking the trouble. It is found in Polk's corps. At last all is set right and the advance begins.

The first division is in the van. Its commander, Hardee, is a tried soldier, a graduate of West Point, a veteran of the Mexican War, and the compiler of the system of tactics by which both armies were manœuvred. General Bragg, another West Pointer, followed; then came Polk, and finally the reserves under Breckinridge. The plan had been to move at six o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 2, and by Friday night to have secured a position so close to the Union lines that the assault might be made Saturday morning. But the delay in starting made the first day's advance slight, and a heavy rain on Friday so choked the roads with mud, that when night fell the Confederates were too far from the Federals to admit the possibility of an attack on the morrow. The advance was, therefore, continued until Saturday afternoon, when the van of the Confederate army was within two miles of the unsuspecting Federals.

That night the Confederate generals assembled in council of war about the camp-fire. Beauregard urged the abandonment of the attack. He declared that the Federals could not fail to have been put on their guard by the long delay. Johnston was determined to carry out the original plan. He felt sure that the enemy was still ignorant of their presence. A young Union officer had been captured during the day, and had exclaimed, as he saw the roads crowded with soldiers and batteries, "Why, this means a battle! They don't expect anything like this back yonder." This evidence that the Federals were still ignorant of his approach, coupled with his disinclination to abandon a military movement already begun, led him to end the conference by saying quietly, —

"Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow morning. I would fight them if they were a million."

The officers parted, but not to sleep. All night each labored, making the dispositions of his troops, watching for signs of activity in the enemy's camp, and making ready for the conflict of the morrow.

Shortly before dawn they assembled again about the camp-fire before the tent of the commander-in-chief. Again they discussed the situation. Suddenly a sputter of musketry along the front indicated that the skirmishers had aroused the enemy.

"The battle has opened, gentlemen," said Johnston; "it is too late now to change our dispositions."

Then, as he swung himself to his saddle, he said, "To-night we will water our horses in the Tennessee river."

"And sleep in the tents of the enemy," added Beauregard, who felt all the enthusiasm of the soldier tingling in his veins, as the sound of the battle, against which he had advised, met his ears. It was then fourteen minutes past five.

For an hour the fire of the skirmishers continued. Strange to say, the Union troops did not take the alarm. The idea that they were on the verge of a serious conflict seems not to have occurred to them. The Union troops who had encountered the Confederate advance were three companies of Missourians under Colonel Moore, who had been sent forward to reconnoitre. Instead of firing and falling back to give the alarm, they held their ground stubbornly, while the Confederates were massing their regiments to swoop down upon the camp of General Prentiss, in which the men were quietly breakfasting. Their line of battle once formed, the Confederates did not dally long with the handful of Missourians. A rush, and the way was clear before them. The sound of the fierce "rebel yell" and the din of cannon and musketry then told the men in Prentiss's camp that they were in for a fight. But before they could get in line, before they could even grasp their weapons, Hardee's troops swarmed down upon them, fighting with such as were armed, and ordering the unarmed to surrender. So complete was the surprise, that many of the Federals were captured in their tents; some outside their tents, but in the raiment of night-time; others seated about the benches on which breakfast was being served. The few who escaped capture fled in confusion. The victors should have pressed on in hot pursuit, but instead wasted time in plundering the captured tents.



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THE SURPRISE AT SHILOH.



in cheering and rejoicing over a victory which they thought already complete.

But the surprise of General Prentiss and his command was but the beginning of the struggle. The Union line was re-formed. Sherman and McClernand, shoulder to shoulder, held back the enemy's advance until the divisions of W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlbut could be brought into action. Sherman was ever in the thickest of the fray. Several horses were shot under him. Twice was he wounded, once in the hand and once in the shoulder. His narrowest escape was when a musket-ball passed through his hat.

General Grant, throughout all this early morning fighting, was far from the field of battle. Buell was hourly expected at Savannah, ten miles down the river, and Grant had gone thither to meet him. In the morning he heard the sound of battle up the river, and took a steamer to hasten to the scene. On the way he stopped at Crump's Landing, where Lew Wallace was stationed with seven thousand men. Wallace himself came down to the Landing.

"Get your troops in line, General," said Grant, "and be ready to move to the front."

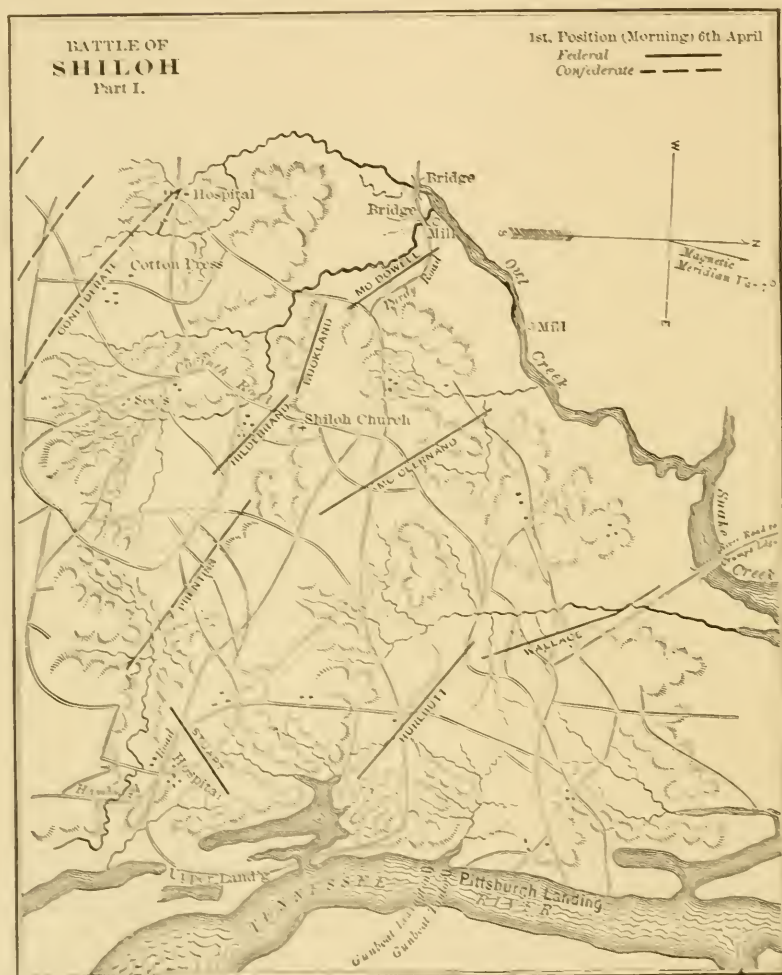
"I am ready, and await only the word of command," was Wallace's reply.

Grant continued his way up the river. He gave Wallace no order to move, because he then feared that Crump's Landing was to be the real point of the enemy's attack, while the assault on Pittsburg Landing was but a feint. But when he reached the battle-field, saw the hordes of stragglers, and the long trains of wounded men being brought to the rear, and heard the terrific din of the contest in the front, he perceived that the battle was to be fought there, and sent a hasty message to Wallace to come up by the shortest road.

Meantime, how goes the battle?

The field is irregular, cut up by deep ravines, steep hills, and dense patches of standing timber. On such a battle-field no exact alignment can be maintained. The battle seems rather to have been

a series of attacks by detached commands, than an advance of a line of battle.



Sherman finds himself bearing the brunt of battle. The division of Hardee, which first attacked him, has been reënforced by Bragg. Sherman finds himself outflanked. Between his ranks and those of Prentiss there is a gap into which the Confederates are pressing. They roll him

back, almost surrounding him. Although his men fight desperately, and Sherman himself enters into the thick of the fray, leading a charge here, inspiring his men to make a dogged resistance there, the enemy is too much for him, and he soon finds his command shattered by the continual hammering of the foe. But the spirit of the commander has animated the men. They do not fly from the field of battle, but by squads and companies fall in line with McClelland's troops and continue the fight. Between Sherman and McClelland there has been a coolness for some time, but now, in the hour of peril, all personal feelings are forgotten. Side by side the two fought for their common cause, and it is even said that McClelland, recognizing the superior military genius of his colleague, surrendered to him the direction of the troops engaged.

Meantime General Grant has surveyed the field from all points. He finds his troops outnumbered, outflanked on the left, and the line pierced at, at least, one point. He finds, moreover, that the confusion into which his troops had fallen, and the ruggedness of the land, make a supervision of the whole battle impossible. Therefore he contents himself with galloping from point to point, and urging the troops to make a stubborn resistance to the Confederate advance. Had the battle been begun a day earlier Grant would have been tortured by apprehensions of a crushing defeat; but he knows that Buell is already at Savannah, that Nelson's division had already arrived at that point, and that couriers had been sent to hasten the march of other divisions of Buell's army. With reinforcements so close at hand, Grant determines that his sole task is to hold the position at Pittsburg Landing until night; the attack will then cease, and before the rising of the morrow's sun he will have a fresh army with which to withstand the onset of the foe. Shortly after noon he went down to the landing-place to meet Buell, who had come from Savannah on a steamer. The low lands along the river's bank were crowded with stragglers from the Federal lines, who were huddled together under the bluffs in abject terror. Few had weapons. Nearly all had thrown aside their muskets, knapsacks, even

their coats, in order that their flight might be unimpeded. Some lie on the ground in complete exhaustion. Many, with shamefaced air, are stealing away down the river towards Crump's Landing. Officers are there in plenty. Courage does not always go with a pair of shoulder-straps. Indeed, two regiments were led out of action by their colonels at the sound of the very first gun. Grant and Buell stood together for a moment, looking upon the scene. "At the top of the bluff," writes the latter officer, "all was confusion. Men, mounted and on foot, and wagons with their teams and excited drivers, all struggling to force their way closer to the river, were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion with a battery of artillery, which was standing in park without men or horses to man or move it." Out of all this confusion Buell brought something like order, by having the teams, wagons, and the deserted battery taken off to a neighboring hillside, and there disposed in proper order. The deserted battery proved afterwards to be an efficient aid to beating back the last assault of the enemy.

It is now two o'clock in the afternoon. Let us see how the battle is going, and what are the positions held by the Union troops.

Sherman and McClernand hold the extreme right of the Union line. Before the constant pressure of Hardee and Polk, this flank of the Federal army had been forced back, little by little, until at this hour it was a mile or more from the position about Shiloh church, which it had held in the morning. Yet another half-mile it fell back before the sun went down upon that bloody field.

Next in order, proceeding toward the left of the Union line, were Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace. They had taken up a strong position in a dense thicket on the crest of a hill. Logs and brush had been hastily piled up, and these extemporized defences, together with the conformation of the ground, made the position almost impregnable. Besides being a spot well fitted for defence, it was the key to the Federal position.

"Hold this position," Grant had said, when he rode by on his

reconnoitring tour of the lines; and the position was held long enough to save the Federal army from annihilation.

In the formation of the Confederate line of battle, the divisions of Bragg and Hardee were arrayed against the commanding position held by Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace. With complete confidence a charge was ordered. Bragg watched the line ascend the hill, falter a moment, as a volley of musketry flashed from the thicket at the crest, and then fall back in retreat. Another charge was ordered; the same result followed.

"It's a regular hornets' nest," said one of the baffled gray-coats.

Let an officer who fought on that bloody slope tell of Bragg's determination to drive the hornets from their nest. Writes Colonel Lockett, of the Confederate army:—

"I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks upon the 'Hornets' Nest.' During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. 'Our flag must not go back again,' he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, 'General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear.' While I was talking to him, the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, 'What are you doing with my colors, sir?'—'I am obeying General Bragg's orders to hold them where they are,' was my reply. 'Let me have them,' he said; 'if any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front.'"

Soon after this the attack of the Confederates upon the Union position became less vigorous, and for a time ceased altogether. The

Federals thought their assailants disheartened by the desperation of their defence, and began to have hopes of holding their position. But a far different reason had for the time dampened the ardor of the assailants.

On the left of Prentiss and Wallace was Hurlbut's brigade. It occupied a hillside very like that which had won from the gray-coats the sobriquet of the "Hornets' Nest," and had been the objective point of several fierce charges by the division of General Breckinridge. As these charges had been successfully withstood, and the assailants repulsed with great slaughter, General Albert Sydney Johnston had gone himself to the scene.

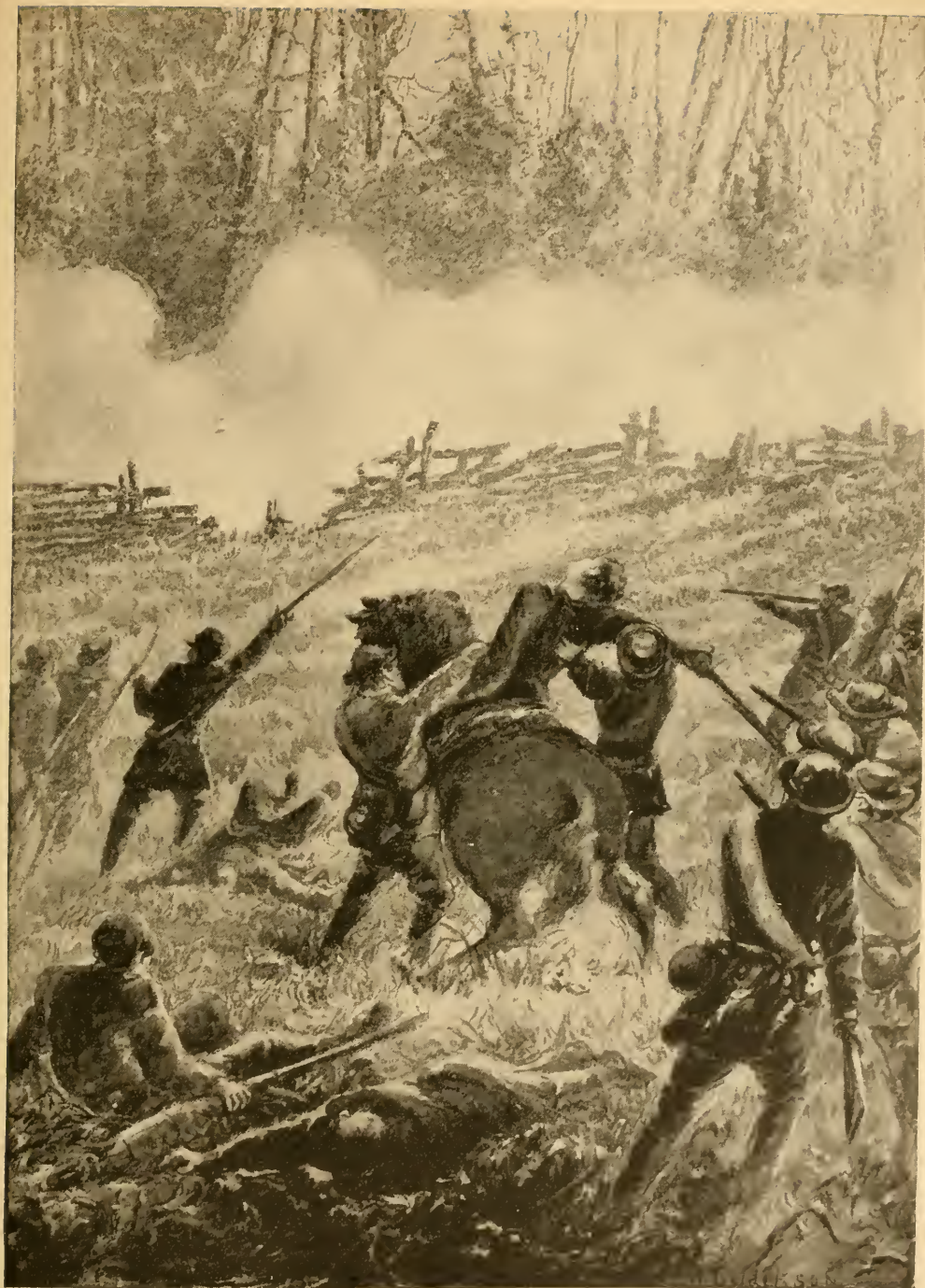
"They are offering stubborn resistance here," he said to one of his staff; "I shall have to put the bayonet to them."

Then, bareheaded, he rode slowly along the scarred and bleeding line.

"Men, they are stubborn! We must use the bayonet!" he said; and as he reached the centre of the line of soldiers standing eagerly waiting his words, he cried, "I will lead you!" and wheeling his horse to the front moved toward the foe.

Men's hearts leaped in their breasts. It was an act so simple, and yet so soldierly, that it would have made the veriest coward a hero. The general who, at that time, even more than Robert E. Lee, was beloved by the people of the South, had discarded the privileges of his rank, and offered his life like a simple lieutenant to lead a forlorn hope. With a mighty cheer the men of Stratham's and Bowen's brigades followed in his footsteps.

Up the hill pressed the soldiers of the South, never flinching. Their leader rode ahead through the storm of flying missiles, stern and unwavering in his course. The crest is gained, and, with a ringing shout, the sorely shattered line sweeps over it. It is a victory; but in the moment of triumph their rejoicing is turned to sorrow. The Federals have retreated slowly, firing as they go. A minie-ball strikes General Johnston in the leg. With iron will he sits his horse, giving



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CHARGING THE HORNETS' NEST.

orders to those about him. One of his officers notices his unearthly pallor. "General, are you wounded?" he asks.

"Yes, and I fear very seriously," is the response, spoken slowly and with difficulty.

They lead him to a mossy bank near by, and examine his wound. An artery has been cut, and the blood comes in spurts. Had a surgeon been near at hand the wound might have been healed; but the general had sent away his private surgeon to attend some wounded prisoners; and so his friends and colleagues stood helplessly at his side until the brave spirit of the soldier took its departure.

General Johnston's death occurred at the very moment when victory seemed most certain for the Confederates. He had driven Hurlbut from his coign of vantage, and opened a way for Bragg to attack the "Hornets' Nest" by the flank. These positions carried, it needed only unflinching determination on the part of the Confederate commander to force Grant to surrender. But with Johnston's fall Beauregard became the general-in-chief, and at a critical moment he threw away all that Johnston had won.

For a time after the fall of the leader the Confederate attack was maintained with spirit. The news was sent to the commanders of divisions, but carefully concealed from the rank and file. The advance of the Confederates was still unchecked.

After a short delay Bragg availed himself of the opportunity to attack the "Hornets' Nest" by the flank. The movement was attended with complete success. Generals Wallace and Prentiss showed themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them by Grant, and fought stubbornly until the former was shot down with a mortal wound, and the latter, with three thousand men, was surrounded and captured by an overwhelming force of Confederates. But they had for over four hours held Bragg in check, and this delay proved the salvation of the Federal army.

Four o'clock. The Union lines are broken everywhere. The Confederate right has reached the Tennessee river, half a mile above

Pittsburg Landing. The Confederate left nearly approaches Snake creek. The Federals are in a trap, crowded into a triangle, of which one side is the rolling Tennessee; a second, Snake creek, swollen by recent rains; and the third, the impenetrable lines of the enemy. The Confederates feel that the victory is won. But now comes Beauregard's blunder.

From his headquarters, in the rear of his army, he sends out to the division commanders an order to discontinue the attack. An aide, bearing the order, comes to Bragg, who is enthusiastically leading the advance of the Confederate right down the Tennessee river towards Pittsburg Landing. Bragg sees victory in his very grasp. To his men he says, "One more charge, my men, and we shall capture them all."

At this moment the aide appears and says, "General Beauregard directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gunboats."

"My God! Was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" cries Bragg; then asks the aide if the order had been given to any other commander.

"Yes, sir, to General Polk on your left. He is already obeying it."

"Then it is too late," said Bragg sadly. "Had the order come to me first, I should not have obeyed it. Now the battle is lost."

But though some one had blundered, the order was obeyed. The sound of the firing gradually died away. The Confederates lay down to rest literally in the camps of the Federals, and had it not been for the early discontinuance of the battle they would, in all probability, have fulfilled that other prediction of the night before, and watered their horses in the Tennessee river; for when the fatal order came to Bragg, there was but one Federal position remaining to be taken, and that was not of sufficient strength to long detain an army flushed with victory.

Night fell. There was rest for neither army. The Confederates were consolidating shattered commands, and preparing for an attack on

the morrow. The two Federal gunboats in the river harassed Bragg's command by throwing shells every minute into the forests in which it was bivouacked.

Near Shiloh church, two Confederate officers had a tent which the Federal prisoner, General Prentiss, shared with them. All chatted freely of the day's results and the probabilities of the morrow. "You gentlemen had your way to-day," said Prentiss good-humoredly, "but it will be very different to-morrow. You'll see! Buell will effect a junction with Grant to-night, and we'll turn the tables on you in the morning."

Prentiss was right. Even as he spoke the Federals were being re-enforced by fresh troops. Nelson's division of Buell's command arrived at the Landing about dusk. Cullenden's and McCook's divisions of the same command arrived at daybreak.

Another important reënforcement received by Grant on Sunday night was Lew Wallace's division of seven thousand men. Early in the day Grant had sent for Wallace to come with all speed to the scene of action. Two roads lay open for Wallace's command to advance by. One led straight from his camp to Shiloh church, where Sherman's division was stationed; the other followed the course of the river and led to Pittsburg Landing. In the absence of orders, Wallace chose the first. Had he followed it to its end he would have reached Shiloh church to have found Sherman beaten back for over a mile, and himself in the rear of the enemy. It is by no means certain that the appearance of Wallace with so heavy a body of fresh troops in their rear might not have thrown the Confederates into a panic. However, this is mere conjecture, for Grant, becoming uneasy at the non-appearance of Wallace by the river road, sent mounted aides to scour the country in search of him. They soon caught up with his slow-moving column of infantry, and directed him to countermarch and bring his command to the Landing. This he did, but arrived too late to take part in the battle of the first day.

All night the rain fell in copious showers. At dawn the battle recommenced, but this time the attack was made by the Federals. Far

back in the Confederate lines, General Prentiss sat up as he heard the field artillery begin its chorus, and said to his captors, "Ah! Didn't I tell you so! There is Buell."

The story of the second day at Shiloh is easily told. Grant had at least 25,000 fresh troops. The Confederates were still bleeding with the wounds of the day before, dejected by the loss of their general, and disheartened by the knowledge that their foe had been overwhelmingly reënforced. Though they met the attack with spirit, there could be but one issue to so unequal a struggle. All the morning with unquestionable gallantry the gray-clad ranks fought against fate; but at noon Beauregard yielded to the inevitable, and the retreat to Corinth began. It was a long and weary tramp for the dispirited soldiers, who felt that they had been fairly cozened out of victory by the blunder of a commander. Over the muddy roads, with heavy hearts, they plodded, while for a time the Federal artillery thundered in their rear. For a mile beyond Shiloh church the Federal pursuit was kept up; then having regained all the positions from which he had been driven the day before, Grant ordered the pursuit abandoned. The Confederate column continued its march until it was safe within the earthworks at Corinth.

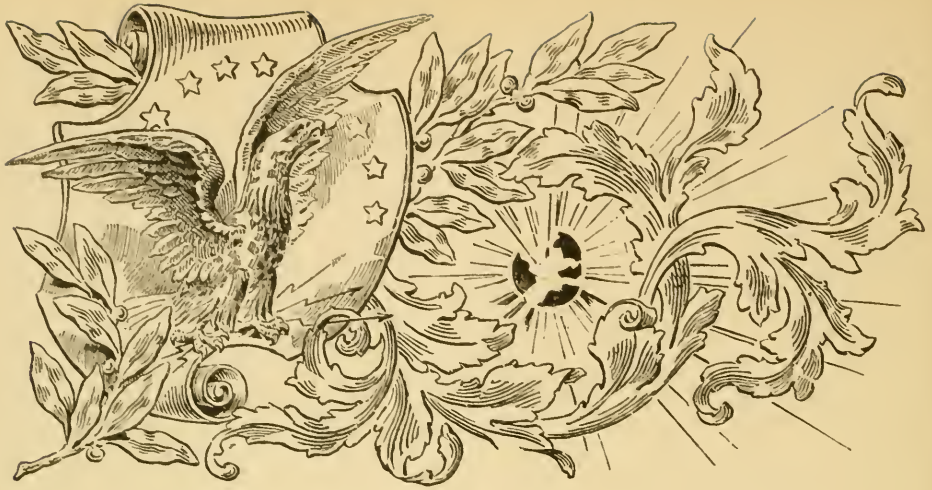
The two days of fighting had cost both armies dear. To many a home, North and South, did the news of Shiloh's bloody field bring sorrow. Full 1,700 of Grant's soldiers laid down their lives. Of the wounded there were 7,882, and of prisoners taken away by the Confederates in their retreat, 3,956. Beauregard's loss cannot be stated with complete accuracy. The best authorities place it at 10,699, of whom 1,728 were killed. On the first day the Confederates captured thirty-three cannon; on the second day the Federals captured thirty. In this respect, therefore, the honors were about equally divided.

Concerning this battle volumes have been written. Partisans of each side have claimed it as a victory for their party, while others have declared it indecisive. The self-esteem of many of the distinguished officers engaged has been nearly touched, and many of them have added

their opinions, explanations, or theories to the controversy. But it would seem that a dispassionate study of the battle would establish the fact that on the first day the victory was won by the Confederates, only to be wrested from them by the Federals on Monday. But as the Federal victory was final, the Federals enjoyed all the fruits of triumph. They remained on the ground, while the Confederates had to make a weary retreat of nearly eighteen miles.

But that the battle of Shiloh was indecisive cannot for a moment be admitted. It opened the back door of the Confederacy for invasion. It made the cleft wherein was to be inserted the wedge that should split the Confederacy in twain. Within a few weeks the Union forces, under the command of Halleck, had followed up the advantage won on the field of Shiloh. By regular approaches they had driven the foe from Corinth and seized his works there. With the fall of that stronghold disappeared the last vestige of that Confederate line of defence which had stretched from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi river.





CHAPTER XII.

NEW ORLEANS. — PLANS FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE CRESCENT CITY. — BUTLER'S EXPEDITION. — THE FORTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. — FARRAGUT'S NAVAL EXPEDITION. — THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS. — THE CITY TAKEN. — RIVER BATTLE BEFORE MEMPHIS. — ELLET AND HIS STEAM-RAMS. — MEMPHIS TAKEN.

SET down in the spongy soil of Louisiana, not far from the mouth of the Mississippi, is the quaint old city of New Orleans. Its people had been prompt to cast their lot with the Confederacy. Beauregard, the idol of the creoles of the city, had commanded the Southern forces at the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The Washington Artillery, the crack military company of the Crescent City, had been on the field on that bloody day at Bull Run. Albert Sydney Johnston, who laid down his life at Shiloh, was a cavalier of the queen city of the South. All that the Confederacy asked of New Orleans — men, money, or munitions of war — was granted, and granted with a cheerfulness that gave no signs of the sore privations which the war had brought upon the people of the creole city.

The war had not lasted very long when the Union authorities

determined upon an expedition against New Orleans. Though in the heart of the enemy's country, and far from the nearest point in the possession of the Federals, the city was really an easy prey for an invading force. A land force alone could never reach the town; but a combined military and naval expedition, advancing by way of the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi river, could easily bring the city under subjection.

In January, 1862, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was in consultation with Secretary Stanton. After a long chat over military affairs in general, the secretary suddenly inquired, —

“Why can't New Orleans be taken?”

“It can,” said Butler coolly.

The suggestion had never before been made, but Butler was a man but little given to considering ways and means. He believed all things possible, let but sufficient determination to overcome obstacles be manifested. That night, with maps and charts and books, he worked over a plan for the capture of the Southern metropolis. In a few days his plans were matured, and accepted by the Secretary of War. Preparations for the expedition were then pressed forward with all possible energy.

By the 25th of February, Butler's expedition was ready to put to sea. Before leaving, the general called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. As he left Lincoln he said, “Well, good-by, Mr. President; we shall take New Orleans, or you'll never see me again.”

“The man who takes New Orleans,” responded Mr. Stanton, who was present, “is made a lieutenant-general.”

In the Gulf of Mexico, near the coast of Mississippi, lies a low bar of shifting sand, known as Ship Island. At no point is it more than a few feet above the water-level. When the winds lash the waters of the gulf into tumbling waves, it is hard to tell where the island lies, so like the foaming breakers is its white sand. Sixty-five miles away, as the crow flies, is New Orleans; ninety-five miles to the south-west are the mouths of the Mississippi, and ten miles due north the nearest main-

land. The whole island contains less than two miles of land, and is nowhere wider than a scant three-quarters of a mile.

This bit of land had been chosen by General Butler as the place of rendezvous for his forces. Already General Phelps, with two thousand men, was there, and had held the island since December, 1861. After a thirty days' voyage, replete with disaster, Butler and his troops reached the island and disembarked. There were then twelve thousand men on the narrow sand-bar. Water they obtained in plenty by sinking wells, but all provisions had to be brought from the far North. The nearest main-land was the hostile coast of Mississippi. The soldiers ruefully quoted the words of Dr. Watts's hymn: —

“Lord, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supplies!”

But wretched though the land was, the soldiers of Butler's command were condemned to spend a month or more there in idleness, while the force that really took New Orleans was preparing for battle.

For it was not to General Butler, nor to any other military commander, that the fall of New Orleans was due. The navy alone, and that doughty sailor Farragut, brought the Crescent City under the domination of the authorities of the United States; and to Butler was left only the sorry glory of holding that which Farragut had won at the muzzle of his cannon.

That the laurels won at New Orleans should belong to the navy in nowise reflects upon the ability, energy, or courage of General Butler. The situation of the city and the nature of its defences made it vulnerable only to a naval attack. On all sides it is hemmed in by gloomy swamps or broad expanses of sea-marsh, across which no army could move. But the great river, sweeping away to the southward, affords a path for vessels up to the city's broad levees. This path Farragut, with his stanch vessels, opened, and held the town in subjection until the transports could bring Butler and his men to the door of the city.

The Confederates had not been unmindful of the danger that threatened their city from the South. Seventy-five miles below the city, in one of the mighty bends of the river, stood two forts. Fort St. Philip, a work mounting forty guns, stood on historic ground. In 1815, a work bearing the same name had stayed the progress of a British fleet up the river and helped General Jackson to win the battle of New Orleans. Across the river from St. Philip stood, and still stands, Fort Jackson,—a star-shaped fort of heavy masonry, provided with numerous bomb-proofs. It mounted seventy-four guns, and had a water battery of six guns which commanded a long stretch of river. Altogether it was a very powerful work, and with the support of Fort St. Philip might well be expected to close the Mississippi against all hostile vessels.

For the purpose of still further impeding the progress of an invading fleet, the people of New Orleans had raised funds for the purchase of a ponderous chain with which to close the river. Hulks were anchored a few hundred feet apart and connected by chains, so as to span the river from shore to shore; and the Confederates looked fondly upon this device as one certain to hold the Union vessels in check until the heavy guns of the forts could hammer them to pieces. But when the hour of trial came the chain proved worthless.

About the middle of March came Farragut, with a fleet of forty-seven armed vessels, of which twenty-one were mortar-schooners and the rest men-of-war. A month was spent in getting the heavy war-ships across the bar, and all steamed slowly up to the neighborhood of the forts. The mortar-vessels, with their masts decked with green boughs, so that at a little distance they looked like a part of the thickets of willow that lined the banks of the great river, were anchored in positions carefully chosen for them by the surveyors. The gunners on these boats had no need to see their targets. The one heavy mortar which each schooner carried was immovable,—fixed in place to throw a shell high into the air at one unvarying angle. The surveying officers calculated the distance and the direction of the fort from each available point,

then anchored there a mortar-boat, which could pitch its ponderous shells high over the surrounding tree-tops and drop them into the fort, of which the gunners could at no time catch a glimpse. Twenty vessels were thus put in position.

The Confederates in the forts up stream were kept well informed of what was going on below them by spies who, concealed in the dense underbrush along the river-bank, could safely watch every movement of the Union fleet. One night they set fire to a flat-boat, piled high with light wood well soaked with tar and turpentine, and set it drifting down upon the Union fleet. A correspondent of the "New York Times" thus tells how it was handled:—

"A turgid column of black smoke, arising from resinous wood, was seen approaching us from the vicinity of the forts. Signal-lights were made, the varied colors of which produced a beautiful effect upon the foliage of the river-bank, and rendered the darkness intenser by contrast when they disappeared. Instantly a hundred boats shot out toward the raft, which was now blazing fiercely and casting a wide zone of light upon the water. Two or three of the gunboats then got under way and steamed boldly toward the unknown thing of terror. One of them, the 'Westfield,' Captain Renshaw, gallantly opens her steam-valves and dashes furiously upon it, making sparks fly and timbers crash with the force of her blow. Then a stream of water from her hose plays upon the blazing mass. Now the small boats lay alongside, coming up helter-skelter, and actively employing their men. We see everything distinctly in the broad glare,—men, oars, boats, buckets, and ropes. The scene looks phantom-like, supernatural, intensely interesting, inextricably confused. But finally the object is nobly accomplished. The raft, yet fiercely burning, is taken out of range of the anchored vessels and towed ashore, where it is slowly consumed. As the boats return, they are cheered by the fleet, and the scene changes to one of darkness and repose, broken occasionally by the gruff hail of a seaman when a boat sent on business from one vessel to another passes through the fleet."

The next morning the bombardment was begun. It was terrible alike

to assailants and assailed. The sailors who handled the mortars were deafened by the thunder of guns, and made ill by the tremendous concussions. Nearly twenty pounds of powder were used in each charge. The bomb was a huge ball of iron, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds, and rose a mile or more into the air with "the roar of ten thousand humming-tops." The shock of the discharge killed fish swimming in the river and birds flying in the air.

Great was the havoc done in Fort Jackson by the bombardment. "Nearly every shell of the many thousand fired at the fort lodged inside the works," wrote Colonel Higgins, the Confederate commander, to Admiral Porter, who commanded the Federal mortar-boats. "On the first night of the attack the citadel and all buildings in rear of the fort were fired by bursting shell, and also the sand-bag walls that had been thrown around the magazine doors. The fire, as you are aware, raged with great fury, and no effort of ours could subdue it. At this time, and nearly all this night, Fort Jackson was helpless; its magazines were inaccessible, and we could have offered no resistance to a passing fleet. The next morning a terrible scene of destruction presented itself. The wood-work of the citadel being all destroyed, and the crumbling walls being knocked about the fort by the bursting shells, made matters still worse for the garrison. The work of destruction from now until the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, was incessant.

"I was obliged to confine the men most rigidly to the casemates, or we should have lost the best part of the garrison. A shell, striking the parapet over one of the magazines, the roof of which was seven feet thick, penetrated five feet and failed to burst. If that shell had exploded, your work would have ended. Another burst near the magazine door, opening the earth and burying the sentinel and another man five feet in the same grave. The parapets and interior of the fort were completely honeycombed, and the large number of sand-bags with which we were supplied alone saved us from being blown to pieces a hundred times, our magazines being much exposed."

For five days the bombardment continued. The levees about the

forts were cut by the bursting shells, and the waters rushed in, converting the parade into a vast pond. The gunners in the forts were driven into the bomb-proofs. The barbette guns were dismounted. One shell broke into the officers' mess-room while the staff was at dinner and rolled on the floor, with its fuse sputtering and smoking. The men sprang to their feet, that they might escape before the thing exploded. But the bomb lay betwixt them and the door, and their one avenue of escape was thus blocked. Crowded together in a corner the officers awaited the deadly explosion, which all felt was coming; but just as the spark of fire was about to creep down the fuse into the shell it sputtered and went out. Had the bomb exploded, the slaughter in the crowded room must have been frightful.

But despite the destruction done by the bombardment, the fleet was getting no nearer to New Orleans, and the mortar-schooners were getting out of ammunition. Farragut wearied of this inaction, and determined to take his vessels past the forts, cost what it might. But first the chain that spanned the river had to be broken. This task was assigned to Lieutenant Caldwell, and successfully performed by him under a terrific fire from the enemy's works. Had the naval forces of the Confederates contested Caldwell's attack, it is questionable whether the chain, which was really the most efficient bar to the Federal advance, could ever have been broken.

The way being thus opened for his advance, Farragut prepared his fleet for the desperate encounter. The exploit he was about to attempt was, up to that time, unparalleled in naval annals. To take a fleet of wooden vessels past two powerful forts, against the rapid current of a great river, was a feat that had never before been attempted by any naval officer.

The general orders issued by Farragut were so minute that it seemed as though no possible precaution had been forgotten. Ladders were to be kept hanging over the sides of the vessels for the use of the carpenters in stopping shot-holes. Tubs of water for extinguishing fire were to be on the decks. All light spars were to be sent down

from aloft that there might be no flying splinters. But perhaps the wisest order of all was that in which the admiral invited suggestions from officers and men of devices which might prove useful in the battle. This brought out many useful precautions. As the attack was to be made by night, the decks of some of the vessels were painted white, so that dark objects could easily be found. The hulls of some ships were plastered with clay. Some captains had sacks of coal or coils of rope so piled on deck as to form ramparts behind which the men might fight in safety; others hung chain-cables over the sides of the vessels, forming a kind of armor.

It was after three o'clock on the morning of April 24 when the fleet weighed anchor and started up stream. The soldiers in the forts suspected that an attack was coming, and felt their suspicions verified when the Northern boats resumed, with redoubled zeal, that night the bombardment which for twelve hours previous had somewhat flagged.

In two columns the navy advanced to the assault. The division under Farragut was to engage Fort Jackson; the division under Capt. Theodorus Bailey was to run by Fort St. Philip and engage the Confederate naval force above. But when once plunged in the heat of battle it was difficult to keep to this order, and each captain strove only to defend his ship against the assaults of his adversaries, and at the same time to maintain his advance against the strenuous current of the river.

Great was the gallantry displayed on either side. Confederates and Federals fought with true American valor. The roar of the broadsides and the thunder of the guns of the forts was constant. Many of the naval officers have told of the exploits of their ships. Let us quote some of their stories.

Farragut first. His flag-ship, the "Hartford," began to receive the fire of the enemy when a mile and a quarter from the fort. But her advance was unchecked until a tug-boat, pushing a flaming fire-raft, came bearing down upon her, and in attempting to avoid this danger the ship was run aground. "In a moment," writes Farragut,

"the ship was one blaze all along the port side, half-way up to the main and mizzen tops. But, thanks to the good organization of the fire department by Lieutenant Thornton, the flames were extinguished, and, at the same time, we backed off and got clear of the raft. But all this time we were pouring the shells into the forts, and they into us, and every now and then a rebel steamer would get under our fire and receive our salutation of a broadside. At length the fire slackened, the smoke cleared off, and we saw, to our surprise, that we were above the forts, and here and there a rebel gunboat on fire."

Short and easy work Farragut makes of the fire-raft, but Lieutenant Kautz, of the "Hartford," tells the story better. "No sooner had Farragut given the order 'hard-a-port,' than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near the shore that from the bowsprit we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine-knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed; but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the star-board to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, 'My God! is it to end in this way!' Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Mas-

ter's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen-rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry paint on the ship's side that made the threatening flame, which went down before the fierce attack of the firemen as rapidly as it had sprung up."

The "Brooklyn," too, did gallant service, though having become entangled in the chain she was a little slow in getting into action. "I extricated my ship from the rafts," wrote Captain Craven, "her head was turned up stream, and a few minutes afterward she was fully butted by the celebrated ram 'Manassas.' She came butting into our starboard gangway, first firing from her trap-door, when within about ten feet of the ship, directly toward our smoke-stack, her shot entering about five feet above the water-line and lodging in the sand-bags which protected our steam-drum. I had discovered this queer-looking gentleman while forcing my way over the barricade lying close in to the bank, and when he made his appearance the second time, I was so close to him that he had not an opportunity to get up his full speed, and his efforts to damage me were completely frustrated, our chain armor proving a perfect protection to our side. He soon slid off and disappeared in the darkness.

"A few minutes thereafter, being all this while under a raking fire from Fort Jackson, I was attacked by a large rebel steamer. Our port broadside, at the short distance of only fifty or sixty yards, completely finished him, setting him on fire almost instantaneously.

"Still groping my way in the dark, or under the black cloud of smoke from the fire-raft, I suddenly found myself abreast of St. Philip, and so close that the leadsmen in the starboard chains gave the soundings, 'thirteen feet, sir.' As we could bring all our guns to bear for a few brief moments, we poured in grape and canister, and I had the satisfaction of completely silencing that work before I left it, my men in the tops witnessing, in the flashes of their bursting shrapnel, the enemy running like sheep for more comfortable quarters."

The "leadsmen in the chains" of the "Brooklyn," to whom the

gallant Craven alludes, was Quartermaster Thomas Hollins. His post was a perilous one. He had no shelter between him and the guns of the enemy. The flashes of their cannon seemed almost to reach him, and the bullets flew thick about his head; yet he held his post manfully. When the "Manassas" rammed the "Brooklyn" a man came out on the deck of the ram and ran forward to the bow to see what damage had been done. Suddenly an officer on the Union ship saw him fall overboard. "What became of that fellow; did you see him fall?" he inquired of Hollins.

"Why, yes, sir," was the matter-of-fact response. "I did see him fall overboard; in fact, I helped him, for I hit him alongside of the head with my hand-lead."

One Federal vessel found the storm of shot and shell and the blows of the enemy's rams too much for her. "After passing the batteries with the 'Varuna,'" writes Captain Boggs, "finding my vessel amid a nest of rebel steamers, I started ahead, delivering her fire, both starboard and port, at every one that she passed. The first vessel on her starboard beam that received her fire appeared to be crowded with troops. Her boiler was exploded, and she drifted to the shore. In like manner three other vessels, one of them a gunboat, were driven ashore in flames, and afterwards blew up. The 'Varuna' was attacked by the 'Morgan,' iron-clad about the bow, commanded by Beverly Kennon, an ex-naval officer. This vessel raked us along the port gangway, killing four and wounding nine of the crew, butting the 'Varuna' on the quarter, and again on the starboard side. I managed to get three eight-inch shells into her abaft her armor, as also several shot from the after-rifled gun, when she dropped out of action partially disabled.

"While still engaged with her, another rebel steamer, iron-clad, with a prow under water, struck us in the port gangway, doing considerable damage. Our shot glanced from her bow. She backed off for another blow, and struck again in the same place, crushing in the side; but by going ahead fast, the concussion drew her bow around, and I was able, with the port guns, to give her, while close alongside, five eight-inch

shells abaft her armor. This settled her and drove her ashore in flames.

"Finding the 'Varuna' sinking, I ran her into the bank, let go the anchor, and tied up to the trees."

Such, in part, at least, is the story of the river fight before the Mississippi forts. It was purely a naval battle, so far as the Union forces were concerned. General Butler and his staff viewed the conflict from the deck of a small steamer down near the line of mortar-boats. No other army officers were in the vicinity. As for the Confederate soldiers in the forts, their service was devoid of exciting incidents. Driven to the bomb-proofs by the rapidity and precision of the Union fire, they worked their casemate guns with energy and skill; but their efforts to check the advance of the Union vessels were unavailing. In one hour and a half from the moment the Union ships left their anchorage, the little Confederate fleet was destroyed, and the forts were passed. It had been an easily won victory, too. One ship, the "Varuna," was destroyed; thirty men were killed and one hundred and nineteen wounded. But the results of the victory were greater than those attained by the slaughter of thousands of men on such fields as Shiloh or Manassas, for New Orleans, the queen city of the Confederacy, was now at the mercy of the victor.

Pausing but a little time to repair damages, bury the dead, and attend to the hurts of the wounded, Farragut passed on up the river toward the city. The Confederate batteries at Chalmette were still to be encountered; but with no naval force to support them, these works delayed the ships not at all. About noon the men-of-war swept into the famous crescent and were in full view of the city. What a sight it was! The broad levees, which the blockade had long since robbed of their trade, were crowded with people. There were Union men there, though they made no demonstration. There were mere quiet curiosity seekers, too; but by far the greater number were secessionists, infuriated by the sight of the vessels. "Burn the city!" cried some in heedless rage. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" shouted others; and pandemonium reigned

until a furious tropical rain-storm burst over the scene and dispersed the mob.

Then followed a period of negotiation for the surrender of the city. General Lovell, the Confederate commander, had taken all his troops away, and the mayor declared that he had no authority to make a formal surrender. Finally Farragut, wearying of a wordy contest, sent two officers ashore, who hauled down the flag of Louisiana from the city hall. Another landing-party raised the Federal flag above the mint, so that though New Orleans was never surrendered, it was pretty effectually taken possession of. Having done this, Farragut anchored his vessels along the river front, and awaited the arrival of Butler. Though he had no troops to send ashore, the situation of the town was such that his guns could sweep it from one end to the other, and he thus held it at his mercy.

Meantime General Butler had marshalled his troops for the purpose of investing the two Confederate forts which the navy had passed but not reduced. A narrow, crooked bayou was found, by following which a force could be taken around the forts, and landed at such a point as to cut off the retreat of the garrison. A small steamer, crowded with troops, was sent into the bayou, but soon grounded. Then the soldiers were put in heavy row-boats, and pulled laboriously against the fierce current. After nearly five miles of this kind of travelling they came to a canal leading into the Mississippi. Against the current in this ditch no headway could be made, and so at last the soldiers jumped overboard and, breast-deep in the muddy current, dragged the boats through water, mud, marsh-grass, and phantom alligators to a point a mile and a half farther on. But wearying though their labors were, their toil was rewarded. Out of Fort Jackson came a body of two hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers and surrendered, saying that they had determined to fight no longer, since the fort was surrounded. And the next morning the Confederate commander, discouraged by the mutiny of his troops, surrendered both forts. So, though the glory of taking New Orleans must ever belong to the navy, it was to the



army that the huge forts at the mouth of the Mississippi finally surrendered.

The Union authorities thus made a mighty stride towards securing complete control of the great river which was often called the "backbone of the Confederacy." With Butler holding New Orleans, and Federal troops in the forts at the river's mouth, Farragut went boldly on with his vessels up stream, right through the heart of a country into which Federal troops as yet could not penetrate. At Grand Gulf he found some batteries, but they were but an hour's diversion after Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and the Union fleet went past them, until a shot from the famous batteries of Vicksburg admonished the venturesome blue-jackets to stop. Vicksburg was to hold the navigation of the Mississippi in her grip for yet many a long month.

While the salt-water navy was opening the Mississippi from the southward, flaunting the Stars and Stripes in places where that flag had not been seen before for a twelvemonth, and astonishing the people of Mississippi and Northern Louisiana by the sight of the yards of the "Hartford" and the "Brooklyn" in waters where no square-rigged vessels had ever before been seen, a fleet of fresh-water craft, manned by sailors and soldiers, was working down from the northward. We have noted the various steps by which the Mississippi had been opened southward from Cairo. Forced from Belmont and Columbus, the Confederates had made a stand at Island No. 10 and New Madrid. Driven from this stronghold they had taken refuge in Fort Pillow, just above Memphis. The evacuation of Corinth had left Fort Pillow open to attack from the rear, and the Confederate troops were forced to yield yet another point to the advancing Federals.

In its retreat from point to point, the Confederate army had been accompanied by the little flotilla of hastily constructed gunboats and rams that formed the Confederate force afloat. The largest vessel of them all carried four guns; one mounted but two. In all, the eight vessels mounted twenty-eight guns,—a pitiful little fleet to dispute with the Union squadron the control of the great river. But the Confederate

naval commander, Commodore Montgomery, was a man of sterling courage, and when the Confederates evacuated Fort Pillow he declared that he would retreat no longer, but make a stand before the city of Memphis and there abide by the issue of the conflict.

The battle that was fought on the broad surface of the Mississippi river before Memphis, on the 6th of June, 1862, was, in a certain sense, a naval battle, being fought wholly by forces afloat. Yet, as the day was won by the steam-rams built and commanded by Col. Charles Ellet and manned by soldiers, the honor of the victory must rather redound to the army than the navy. Early in the war-time, Ellet had urged upon the government the project of building a fleet of swift, heavy rams, with which to hold the Mississippi against the enemy's gunboats. He asked for no cannon, believing that a swift rush upon the enemy, and the terrific blow dealt by the armored prow, would be enough to make his vessels terrible in action. The war authorities looked upon his plan with scant favor, until the eventful day when the iron "Merrimac" drove her prow deep into the side of the frigate "Cumberland" at Hampton Roads. Then the ram was recognized as a formidable weapon of offence, and Ellet was ordered to build a fleet of river rams with all possible speed. On the 3th of June he had ready eight of these vessels, and was on his way down the Mississippi to join a small flotilla of Federal gunboats lying near Memphis, and confronting the Confederate fleet under Hollins.

It was early dawn of the 6th of June when Ellet's flotilla came in sight of the Federal gunboats anchored in a line extending across the river about a mile and a half above Memphis. Signal was made to the rams to tie up on the Arkansas shore; one boat had touched the bank and put out a line, a second was just about to make fast, when suddenly the sound of a cannon boomed out upon the quiet morning air. A jutting point cut off all view down stream, but all felt sure that the gun portended the advance of the enemy.

"It's a gun from the enemy!" shouted Ellet, waving his hat; "round out and follow me! Now is our chance!"

A moment later the rams had put out into the stream and were speeding down towards the scene of action. When the point was rounded, a beautiful and stirring spectacle met the eyes of the eager gazers. The morning was beautifully clear. Not a breath of air was stirring, and so the cloud of gunpowder-smoke hung about the gunboats down the river like a curtain extending straight across the stream from shore to shore. The gunboats were now actively engaged, and the rapid flashes of their cannon looked lurid, gleaming through the pall of smoke. Straight into the dense curtain plunged the rams, the "Queen" leading, her smoke-stacks towering above the smoke, her hull lost to sight of those behind, Ellet on her quarter-deck directing her course. Past the gunboats as they lay at anchor sped the rams, and the blue-jackets paused for a moment in their work to cheer the gallant fellows who were thus rushing forward to do desperate battle. For it must be remembered that the rams carried no cannon; a few revolvers and muskets for use in repelling boarders were their only arms. As Ellet himself declared, the audacity of their attack was their chief hope of success.

Choosing his victim, Ellet urged his craft forward at full speed. He had chosen to attack the "General Beauregard," and for a moment it seemed as though he was to be fought according to his own tactics, for the Confederate vessel sped forward to meet the "Queen" in gallant style. Men on the other vessels stopped firing, and watched eagerly for the issue of the duel. If the two vessels met prow to prow, both would surely go down. Was that, then, to be the fate of Ellet in his first battle? For a moment it seemed so; but just at the critical moment, some weakness seized upon the Confederate commander, and he sheered off, adroitly avoiding the stroke. Swinging around in a great circle, with her side dipped far beneath the waters of the river, the Yankee ram sought a new adversary, and found it in the "Price." Shot from the "Little Rebel" and the "Beauregard" crash through the timbers of the "Queen," but she passes on undaunted, straight to her mark. The Confederate vessel receives the blow right aft her wheel-

house. The wheel is cut nearly off, and a great wound is opened in the vessel's hull, while the crack of rifles on the Union craft gives notice that the sharp-shooters are at their deadly work. In a moment a white flag appears over the wreck of the "General Price," and she is run ashore to avoid sinking.

But now the "Beauregard" comes dashing forward to avenge the fate of her consort. Straight down upon the "Queen" she bears, and Ellet urges his craft forward to meet the on-coming enemy half-way. But this time the fortunes of war are against the "Queen." Again a crash; but this time it is the stanch timbers of the "Queen" that are shattered by the shock. A great gap opens in her side. The waters rush in; but though the ship is in momentary danger of sinking, her gallant men stand pluckily to their posts, and her sharp-shooters keep up with vigor their merciless fire upon the few men who expose themselves upon the decks of the enemy's vessel.

The triumph of the "Beauregard" is but short-lived. While she is still engaged with the "Queen," the "Monarch" comes down upon her. The stroke is swift and fatal. The timbers of the Confederate ram snap like laths. From the "Monarch" comes a hail of rifle-balls and streams of scalding water from the steam-pumps. There is no hope for the "Beauregard," and a white flag is soon displayed in token of her submission.

By this time the battle is pretty well decided. Ellet's rams have put an end to the usefulness of the two Confederate gunboats, "Beauregard" and "Price." The "Little Rebel" has received a shot in her boilers, and her crew have run her ashore and fled to the woods, followed as they go by rounds of grape from the nearest Yankee gunboat. The "Thompson" has been set on fire, and is blazing on a sand-bar. The "Lovell" has encountered the Federal gunboat "Benton." The contest was a short one, for a rifled shell tore the bottom out of the Confederate boat, and she went to the bottom with such speed as to carry many of her officers and crew with her. One only of the Confederate fleet, the "Van Dorn," escaped.

During the progress of the battle, the bluffs on the Memphis side of the river were crowded with spectators. Nearly all who were there were ardent secessionists, and had husbands, sons, or brothers on the Confederate fleet. With eager and with anxious eyes they strove to penetrate the veil of smoke that hung over the warring vessels. With cheers and cries of joy they hailed every advantage gained by their friends, and loud, despairing groans told how their hearts were racked with anguish when the Confederate ships were seen to be going to pieces before the assaults of the Federals. Among the watchers on the river's bank was Gen. Jeff. Thompson, the cavalry leader who escaped from Fort Donelson just before the surrender to Grant. Pacing the levee, he watched, with evident disappointment, the rapid destruction of the Confederate fleet. When he saw the issue of the battle no longer in doubt, he shrugged his shoulders, and with the philosophical remark, "They are gone, and I am going," leaped on his horse and galloped off.

To Colonel Ellet's young son, a lad of tender years, belongs the honor of having first raised the Union flag over Memphis. Toward the close of the battle, when Ellet lay wounded upon the deck of his vessel, some one told him that a white flag was flying over the city. Though he had no troops with which to hold the place, he determined to demand and receive its surrender. Accordingly, he called his young son, Charles R. Ellet, then serving as a medical cadet, and sent him ashore to demand the surrender of the city, and to hoist the Stars and Stripes above the city hall. With three men the young fellow set out upon his perilous errand. Through the city's streets, followed close by angry men brandishing clubs and revolvers and hurling curses and threats at them, they marched. The city hall was reached. The Mayor declared the city in the hands of the victors, and Ellet, though stoned and fired at by the mob in the streets below, hoisted over the city hall the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States.

By this victory the Mississippi river was opened from Cairo to Vicksburg.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. — GENERAL MCCLELLAN IN DISFAVOR. — RIVAL PLANS OF CAMPAIGN. — THE PENINSULA. — SIEGE OF YORKTOWN. — BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG. — THE JAMES RIVER OPENED. — PERIL OF MCCLELLAN'S ARMY. — BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES AND FAIR OAKS.



IN the West, as we have seen, the war had been carried on with vigor. In the East it lagged. For this there were two reasons. The Union armies in the West found the great rivers an aid to their progress southward, while in the East, the great streams flowing from the foot of the Alleghanies into the Atlantic Ocean lay right athwart the path of the Northern armies, and served the Confederates as natural lines of defence.

This was the first great reason for the apparent paralysis which held the Army of the Potomac dormant from the day of the battle of Bull Run until late in the spring of 1862. But a second cause of this inactivity was the character of the commanding general, George B. McClellan.

McClellan possessed many of the qualities which go to make the great military commander. In his ability to organize and discipline an army, he had probably no equal among the generals of the Civil War. He was untiring in industry and indefatigable in his attention to details; but he lacked wholly that essential attribute of the soldier called "dash." However well equipped his army might be, he was always possessed of a haunting dread that the enemy might be better prepared for battle. Nor could he comprehend that an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men could never be perfectly equipped; that by the time shoes had been issued to the last brigade, the foot-gear of the brigade supplied early would be worn out. Therefore, while the whole country fretted and grew restive under the long inactivity of the Army of the Potomac, McClellan still protested that his troops were in no condition to move. Then it was that along with the universal chorus of "On to Richmond!" there began to arise ominous cries of "Down with McClellan!"

For a long time President Lincoln reposed implicit trust in the young general whom he had brought from the West and put in supreme command of the armies of the United States. But at last his patience was exhausted by McClellan's constant seeking for delay. Perhaps, too, the intrigues of men who sought to depose McClellan from his station had some share in awakening the President's suspicions. At any rate, midwinter saw a marked change in the President's manner toward the general-in-chief. Words of half-concealed criticism dropped from his lips. At one time he declared that the Army of the Potomac had become "nothing but McClellan's body-guard." At another, he said, "If General McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it." Finally, spurred on by the pressure of public opinion and his own convictions, he peremptorily ordered an advance of all the Federal armies.

This was on Washington's birthday,—the 22d of February, 1862. How well the order was obeyed in the West, the story of Donelson, Island No. 10, and Shiloh bears witness. But the Army of the Potomac, to which the order was particularly directed, did nothing.

The trouble there lay with a difference of opinion as to the proper course of operations to be adopted. The objective point, of course, was Richmond. There was the Confederate capitol and the high officials of the new government. Its capture would have been a fatal blow to the Confederacy. But how to get there was the question.

President Lincoln was for an advance straight overland from Washington. The Confederate army still held its position at Manassas and along the line of Bull Run, where it had once inflicted so fearful a defeat upon the Federals. But President Lincoln believed that the superbly equipped and disciplined Army of the Potomac could meet the foe upon his own ground, whip him, and march on to Richmond.

General McClellan had another plan to offer. He disliked the cross-country march from Washington, the crossing of broad streams, and the task of driving the enemy from his works at Manassas. He suggested that the army drop down the Potomac in vessels, ascend the Rappahannock to Urbanna, march thence overland to West Point, at the head of the York river, and with that as a base move direct upon Richmond. It was an excellent plan in many respects. It brought the troops close to Richmond with but little marching over the muddy roads of Virginia. It forced the Confederates to leave their works at Manassas and meet McClellan on ground of his own choosing. But one flaw lurked in the project. While the Army of the Potomac was thus amphibiously progressing toward Richmond from the seaboard, what was to prevent the Confederates from capturing Washington? Right gladly would Jefferson Davis and his cabinet have left Richmond to the invader could they have transferred their government to the capitol at Washington.

This same objection applied to the plan finally determined upon, but was obviated by taking from McClellan's army a strong detachment to man the earthworks before Washington. Moreover, the Confederates themselves relieved the Washington authorities of much of their anxiety by stealing quietly away from their works about Manassas on the night of the 8th of March. Spies brought the news to Washington, and the Union troops marched out over the roads which had witnessed the dis-

astrous rout of July, '61, and took possession of the deserted stronghold. Among other things, they discovered that many of the formidable guns that peered over the Confederate ramparts were but logs of wood, painted black and mounted on wheels. Johnston, who had evacuated Manassas, took up a position on the south bank of the Rappahannock.

General McClellan then suggested another plan of campaign, which was adopted. The York and James rivers, flowing nearly parallel for many miles, enclose a long, narrow slice of the soil of the Old Dominion known in the State as the Peninsula. At the extreme end of the Peninsula stands Fortress Monroe, held by the Union forces. From that point direct roads led to Richmond, passing through the villages of Yorktown and Williamsburg. This route was chosen for McClellan's advance, and the gathering of vessels of all kinds for the transportation of his troops to Fortress Monroe was speedily begun. Washington began to take on the appearance of a thriving seaport. Steamers, schooners, barges, pleasure-craft, and gunboats crowded the placid waters of the Potomac river. A huge army, with tremendous troops of horses, thousands of wagons, hundreds of heavy cannon, and of ammunition and stores a veritable mountain, had to be moved, and it took a fleet to do it. One hundred and twenty thousand men in all were sent to Fortress Monroe. At the outset McClellan had asked for one hundred and forty thousand, but when fifty-eight thousand had arrived he began his march upon Richmond.

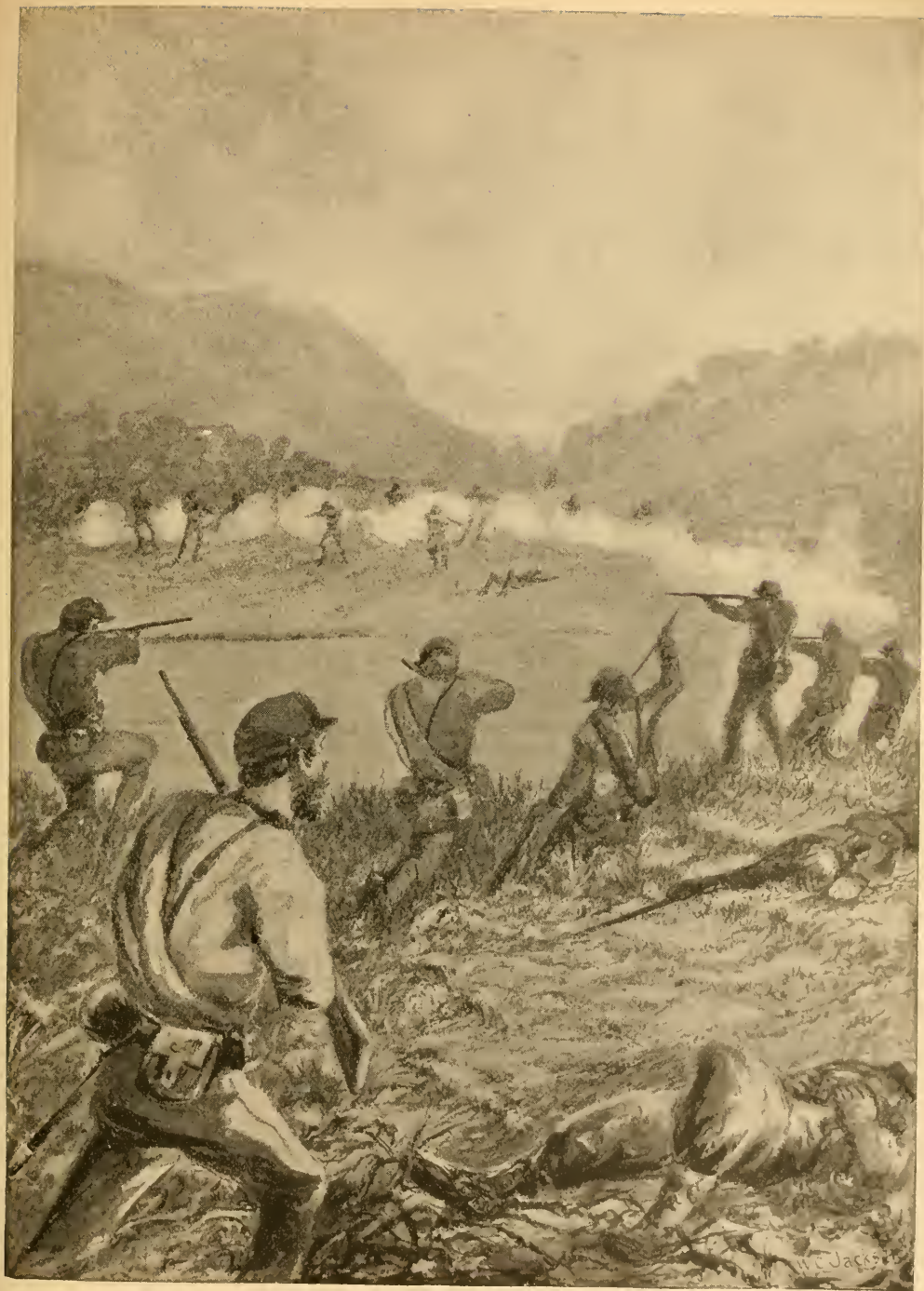
Moving up the Peninsula from Fortress Monroe, the village of Yorktown is first passed. Here the Confederates had thrown up earthworks, completely blocking the road. It was historic ground that the Confederates had chosen upon which to dispute the right of the Federals to invade Virginia. On that very spot the British general, Lord Cornwallis, had been hemmed in by Washington and the French allies of the American colonies and forced to surrender. In 1862, the earthworks behind which crouched the Confederate soldiers followed almost exactly the lines of the British fortifications of eighty years before.

In command of the Confederate forces was Gen. J. B. Magruder. His line of entrenchments extended over twelve miles. He had eleven

thousand men to defend it. Clearly he was in no condition to resist very long the advance of the fifty-eight thousand men with whom McClellan began operations. But Magruder's orders were to check as much as possible the advance of the Union troops. He did it, and did it well. By much marching and countermarching, and by mounting large batteries of "quaker" guns where he had no real cannon availing, he made a formidable showing of force. He utilized to the fullest extent the natural defences of his position. Swamps covered much of his line. A shallow stream running before his front he converted into a serious obstacle by building a series of dams which covered the fords with deep water. But despite all his show of strength, Magruder had no intention of risking a battle, and was all prepared for flight, when to his surprise McClellan, instead of attacking his works, sat down and prepared to take them by the tedious processes of a siege.

Slowly and painfully the Federals dug trenches, laid out parallels, and hauled heavy siege-guns into position. The Confederates brought up reënforcements, strengthened their works, and rejoiced in the inactivity of their foes. Heavy rains set in. Twenty out of the thirty days spent at Yorktown were stormy. Disease made frightful havoc in the Union army. Says one of the regimental surgeons, "The sick in our hospitals were numbered by thousands, and many died so suddenly that the disease had all the aspect of a plague."

One day an accident came near giving the Federals a hint which, if followed up with energy, would have speedily dispossessed the Confederates of their stronghold. A Vermont soldier, wading in the river which skirted the front of the enemy's works, discovered a ford, and further noted the fact that but a few Confederate soldiers guarded the earthworks at that point. A Union battery came down to the bank, and under cover of its fire two companies of Vermont infantry pushed across the stream. They met with no opposition, for the shells bursting in the enemy's trenches had put to flight the few troops stationed at that point. For a time the Vermonters held their ground unmolested expecting reënforcements. None came, and as the Confederates began



PAGE 287. — BATTLE FIELDS OF '61.

FIGHTING ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

to move upon them in force, they withdrew. An unequalled opportunity to turn the enemy's flank had thus been wasted. Worse than that, the handful of Vermont soldiers who had crossed the stream were left so long without succor of any kind, exposed to the attacks of a foe in overwhelming strength, that over half had been shot down.

The month of April was passed in digging trenches and mounting siege-guns. May 1 came, and with it an intelligent contraband who told McClellan that the Confederates were about to abandon their works. The general did not believe it, and continued his preparations for the bombardment which was to begin on the 4th of the month. By way of testing the range of some of his big guns, he threw a few shells into Yorktown, which only had the effect of hastening the departure of the besieged. On the night of the 3d of May, the front of the Confederate earthworks was one line of fire. Never during the siege had their cannonade been so rapid nor so well maintained. The shells from their great guns sought out every nook and corner of the woods before them, and the Federals crouching in their trenches felt that if they were to assault those works in the morning they had a serious task in store for them.

But about midnight the firing ceased. Then a red light in the sky over the Confederate works made old campaigners in the Union lines suspect a flight. At daybreak scouts went out to reconnoitre, and soon returned with the tidings that the enemy had, indeed, taken "French leave." Seventy-one heavy guns, duly spiked and left behind, told of the precipitation of his escape.

The Confederates had marched up the highway toward Williamsburg. The Union cavalry and a battery set out in hot pursuit, and came upon the rear of the retreating army as it plodded wearily along through mud and drizzling rain. The Confederates turned viciously upon their pursuers, shot down a score or more of cavalry-men, and captured one cannon. Night put an end to further fighting.

Morning found the Confederates snugly ensconced in earthworks that had been constructed a month before for the very purpose of

affording a stopping-place upon this retreat. The works were thirteen in number, the chief being Fort Magruder, at the side of the highway. The ground before the earthworks was heavily wooded, and the trees had been felled in such a way as to impede greatly the advance of an attacking force, while affording no shelter from the bullets of the defenders of the fort. A mile back of the fort lay the village of Williamsburg.

With the coming of the morning, the Federals begin the attack. General McClellan is behind at Yorktown, never once suspecting that a battle is to be fought. In his absence there is confusion. No one takes general command of the field, and the battle is fought out by detached commands.

Hooker's division is nearest the Confederate works. "Fighting Joe" waits for no command, but begins the assault when morning comes. His skirmishers scatter out among the stumps and fallen trunks that cover the ground before Fort Magruder, and a battery is sent out without cover to a point within seven hundred yards of the bastion. The Confederates turn their guns on the battery. The cannoneers are shot down; volunteers take their place. So well do they serve the guns, that for a time Fort Magruder is actually silenced by this unprotected battery. Meantime the Confederates have been reënforced. A long line of infantry appears in the gap between Fort Magruder and the nearest redoubt. It moves out in a charge upon Hooker's line, but is beaten back. Then Hooker charges, but gains no ground; and so for a time the hostile ranks surge to and fro across the narrow clearing before the rampart of Fort Magruder, until many a wearer of the blue or the gray is left lying amid the stumps and bullet-scarred timber.

All this time Hooker has been fighting alone. Smith's division on his right has stood idly beneath the guns of Fort Magruder without firing a shot. There was no general commanding to direct the course of battle, and Smith, instead of coöperating with Hooker, stood idle all the morning, and towards night deliberately began an attack at another point of the enemy's line, too far away for Hooker to profit by his

coöperation. "History will not be believed," said "Fighting Joe," somewhat bitterly in his report, "when it is told that my division were permitted to carry on this unequal struggle from morning until night unaided, in the presence of more than thirty thousand of their comrades with arms in their hands; nevertheless it is true."

But just as Hooker's troops, completely fatigued and wholly discouraged by the indifference of the rest of the army, are about to abandon the contest, aid comes. Phil. Kearney, with his division, stationed far down the road, has heard the sound of battle. A born soldier and a veteran of the Mexican War, Kearney waits for no orders, but hurries his troops on, past Sumner's soldiers standing idle in the road, past Smith's division listlessly lounging in the fields, and so on to the scene of battle where Hooker is just being forced back by the Confederates, who advance across the open. Kearney's troops swing into line. A blaze of fire and a crash of musketry, and the smoke clears away to show the Confederates wavering.

"Give them the cold steel, boys!" commands Kearney; and the line pushed stoutly forward, while the Confederates fell back before this new foe. But before the Federals could press their advantage to a victory, darkness settled upon the field and put an end to the struggle.

Meantime the Union forces on the right had accidentally stumbled upon an important discovery, and, without a struggle, had secured a commanding position on the left flank of the Confederate line.

A countryman had come to Captain Stewart, of Smith's division, with the news that the Confederates had failed to occupy all the works on their line, and that two redoubts, at least, on the left of Fort Magruder were untenanted. Negroes corroborated the story, and volunteered to lead a party to the spot. Captain Stewart, with four companies, was sent to reconnoitre, and soon returned with the news that a redoubt, seemingly deserted, was seen, but that a deep creek flowed before it, spanned only by a narrow bridge on the crest of a dam. Scarce four men could walk abreast on the dam; and who could

tell that batteries and regiments were not masked in the woods about the empty redoubt, ready to open a murderous fire upon any troops that might try to cross the bridge?

General Hancock — then hardly known, the hero of Gettysburg later, and, still later, when the cruel Civil War was long past, a candidate for the presidency of the re-United States — was sent with his brigade to take possession of the redoubt. When the bridge was reached, skirmishers were sent to cross it and search the woods on the further shore. At their head marched a young lieutenant, George A. Custer. Many years later a band of painted Indians fell upon him and a band of gallant soldiers under his command, and massacred them all. But throughout the annals of the Civil War we shall see him often.

Led by Custer, the skirmishers crossed the bridge, entered the woods, and scaled the redoubt. All was empty. The Confederates had no idea that such an earthwork existed. When Hancock reached the scene, he discovered another redoubt, some half a mile away. This he seized. But when he attempted yet another advance, he stirred up so vigorous a resistance that he sent to Smith for reënforcements, and fell back.

No reënforcements came, but in their place an order to retire — to abandon all that he had won. Hancock saw the folly of the order, but had no choice but to obey. Still, in obeying, he determined to move as slowly as possible, hoping that McClellan might reach the field and infuse some life and some military skill into the Union ranks. But, first of all, he had to prepare to meet the assault for which he could see the Confederates preparing. With a cheer, the long line of gray-clad men broke from the woods and came sweeping down upon Hancock's one battery and four regiments. He fell back across a level plain and down a gentle incline, which, for a moment, hid his movements from the foe. Here he halted and turned about. The exultant pursuers came rushing over the crest of the hill only to encounter a deadly volley. As they wavered, the Union troops

swept forward cheering; the Confederates broke and fled to the woods. It is a fair repulse. "Bull Run! Bull Run!" the Confederates had shouted in derision as they saw Hancock retreat; but Hancock has avenged Bull Run.

But now the gathering darkness puts an end to the fighting on this part of the line, as it had in Hooker's front. But Hancock did not abandon the position he had won, for by this time McClellan had come galloping to the battle-field, and gave orders that he should hold his ground at any cost. Then he set about preparing for an assault on the morrow; but when morning dawned there was no enemy to attack. Repeating the tactics of Yorktown, the Confederates had silently stolen away in the night. The Union loss in the battle, which is known as the battle of Williamsburg, was two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight, while the Confederate loss was hardly half as great.

After a night spent on the cold ground under a driving rain, the Federals entered Williamsburg. "We have other battles to fight before reaching Richmond," telegraphed McClellan to the Secretary of War; and by way of preparing for the conflicts that he knew were impending, he gave his soldiers a brief resting spell in the quaint old university town of Williamsburg.

Meantime, an independent force in McClellan's rear had wholly, without his solicitation, rendered him great assistance in his campaign. Turn again to the map of the Peninsula, and you will see that it is bounded on the one side by the York river, and on the other by the James. The latter stream is the larger of the two, and flows past the front of Richmond. Yet McClellan had chosen the York river as the waterway upon which to transport the supplies necessary for his troops, and to bring up his reënforcements. The reason for this was, that the Confederates still held their ground at Norfolk, at the mouth of the James; and in the channel of the river, with steam up and guns ever shotted, floated the dreaded iron-clad ram "Merrimac," no whit the worse for her conflict with the "Monitor." So long as she lay there,

supported by Confederate batteries on the bank, no vessel over which floated the Stars and Stripes could hope to enter the James river. General Wool, who was in command of the Union forces at Fortress Monroe, led an expedition against Norfolk, and threatened the place from the rear. The Confederates speedily evacuated the place without waiting for the attack, and the commander of the "Merrimac" being unable to take his vessel farther up the river, set her on fire that she might not fall into the hands of the national forces.

The James was now open for the advance of Federal gunboats, and the "Monitor," "Galena," "Aroostook," "Port Royal," and "Nau-gatuck" ascended the stream to a point within eight miles of Richmond. General McClellan's army left its comfortable quarters in Williamsburg, and plodded over the roads ankle-deep in mud, and choked by all kinds of obstructions left by the retreating enemy, until it too had secured a position not more than eight miles from the Confederate capital.

Then something very like a panic set in among the people of the beleaguèred city. They were guarded by miles of formidable breastworks, with thousands of gallant gray-clad soldiers to defend them. They had the very flower of the Confederate army commanding the troops. Lee was there, and Johnston, the lion-hearted, whose only failing, as his chief said, was "a bad habit of getting wounded," and "Jeb" Stuart, the dashing leader of cavalry. But notwithstanding all, the thought of a hostile army within eight miles spread terror in the streets of the city. The records of the Confederate government were hastily sent to Columbia, S. C. The Secretary of War sent his family away. The Secretary of the Treasury had a train kept in readiness for instant flight. Even Jefferson Davis himself feared the worst. "Uncle Jeff. thinks we had better go to a safer place than Richmond," wrote his niece in a letter which fell into the hands of the Federals.

General McClellan's march from Williamsburg had been slow and painful. His reports of progress to the War Department at Washing-

ton had been accompanied by constant appeals for reënforcements. General McDowell, with forty thousand men, was at Fredericksburg, within easy marching distance of McClellan's position. Could not a juncture between the two be effected? President Lincoln thought it could, and upon his assurance that McDowell would be sent to his support, McClellan took his army to the very front door of Richmond.

Doubtless such a juncture between the two Union armies would have made certain the fall of Richmond; but the Confederates were shrewd enough to see the danger that threatened them, and prompt to guard against it. They could throw no force in McDowell's way which could for a moment check his advance, but they could and did hold him by threatening to move on Washington the instant his army should move from its position at Fredericksburg. How Stonewall Jackson, with his famous "foot cavalry," discharged this duty we shall see in a later chapter. It is enough to say here that McClellan's hopes of aid from McDowell were never fulfilled, and the battles about Richmond were fought by the Army of the Potomac alone.

The last week of May arrived. President Lincoln was importuning McClellan to make an attack on the Confederates. "I think the time is near when you must either attack the enemy or give up the job," he telegraphed. The general replied only with requests for more troops. Meantime, he had got his army into a most perilous position. Near Richmond flows the Chickahominy river. In dry seasons it is a mere creek, purling along a narrow, crooked channel. In the spring it is a rushing river, deep and turbid in its channel, overflowing its bank, and making the ground for half a mile on either side a morass. Two days of heavy rain is enough to make the change.

By this treacherous stream the Union army was divided into two parts. Three corps—Sumner's, Fitz John Porter's, and Franklin's—were on the north side of the river. Keyes's and Heintzelman's corps were on the south bank of the stream near Richmond. General Johnston, being well informed by his scouts of the disposition of the Federal forces, de-

terminated to sally from his entrenchments, fall upon Keyes and Heintzelman, and put them to rout.

It is the 31st of May. General Casey's division of Keyes's corps is busily engaged in throwing up a redoubt on both sides of the Williamsburg road, a little over five miles from Richmond. This is the very advance guard of the Union army. Behind Casey, on the same road, at a point known as Seven Pines, is Couch. His position is at the junction of two roads, the Williamsburg road and the "Nine-mile road." Here stood two twin farm-houses, and, hard by, a grove of seven straight and towering pine-trees, whence the spot derived its picturesque name. Couch had a line of earthworks at Seven Pines, and the left flank of his division extended a mile and a half up the "Nine-mile road" to a railway station called Fair Oaks.

All night the rain had descended in torrents. The weary soldiers in Casey's camp lay in the mud, and were pelted with the drenching floods of a Southern thunder-storm. When dawn came they willingly left so uncomfortable a couch, and again set to work on their entrenchments. As the morning wore on, Casey began to suspect that an attack upon his post was impending. From the Richmond and York railway, that ran from the Confederate city to the front, came a constant rumbling of trains as though troops were being sent forward. After a time, Casey's scouts came in with a prisoner, who proved to be one of General Johnston's aides. Though the prisoner bore himself with reserve, there was that in his manner which confirmed Casey's suspicions, and led him to urge on his men in their work.

Casey's fears were well grounded. The Confederate army was in full advance upon him. Had General Johnston's plan been adhered to properly by the division commanders, the battle would have already been begun. The three division commanders, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Huger, were to have advanced by three roads converging at Seven Pines. But Longstreet, in some way, misunderstood his orders, and fell into the same road with Huger, thereby greatly delaying the advance of that officer's division. There was bad generalship at more than one

point along the Confederate line. Writes an officer who wore the gray that day, "A little brook near Richmond was greatly swollen, and a long time was wasted crossing it on an improvised bridge made of planks, a wagon mid-stream serving as a trestle. Over this the division passed in single file, you may imagine with what delay. If the division commander had given orders for the men to sling their cartridge-boxes, haversacks, etc., on their muskets, and wade without breaking formation, they could have crossed by fours at least, with water up to their waists, and hours would have been saved."

Blunders like this, combined with the fathomless, sticky mud of Old Virginia, so delayed the Confederate advance that the attack on Casey's outposts was not made until noon.

When the storm burst, it was with fury. First a few scattering shots along the picket line, then volleys, then the pickets came in on the run. For a few yards before Casey's rifle-pits and half-finished redoubt the ground was cleared, but beyond that was a dense thicket in which the Confederates were moving, completely concealed from view. But speedily they burst into sight,—a long line with gleaming bayonets and waving colors rushing down upon the Federals. Casey's guns speak out spitefully. They are loaded with grape-shot, and at that short range do fearful damage. The musketry fire, too, is deadly, though Casey's men are green hands unused to the smell of powder. For a time the Confederates are held in check. Then Longstreet comes to the rescue, and Casey is taken in the flank. Seeing his peril, he orders a charge. Three regiments led by General Naglee spring from the earthworks, and with mighty cheers rush upon Longstreet's lines, which await not their coming but flee to the protection of the woods. Then followed an hour of charges and counter-charges. The Confederates, when too hotly pressed, took to the woods; the Nationals had their breastworks for a place of final refuge. But through it all the Confederates, being in overwhelming numbers, were working around on Casey's flank, until at last that officer found himself in danger of being wholly surrounded. He had sent to the rear for aid, but none had come. At three o'clock

in the afternoon he began to fall back. Most of the Union guns were taken away by the retreating soldiers, but seven were so situated that to remove them was impossible. Colonel Bailey undertook to spike these, but was shot down by the triumphant Confederates, who swarmed over the breastworks as the Federals withdrew.

As Casey's men made their way to the rear, routed but not yet broken in spirit, they met Peck's brigade coming to the rescue. The new-comers advanced with solid front, while the shattered remnants of Casey's brigade fell in behind them. Together they endeavored to regain the position from which Casey had been driven, but without avail. They checked the advance of the enemy for a time, but that was all.

The battle had now been in progress for four hours. Strange to say, neither of the commanding generals knew that it was under way. McClellan was sick in his tent at Gaines's Mill, and not until late in the afternoon did he hear the cannonading that told of a battle being fought. Johnston had accompanied Smith's division along "Nine-mile road," intending to attack the Federal position at Fair Oaks as soon as he should hear the thunder of Longstreet's guns at Seven Pines. A fierce storm of wind followed the thunder-shower of the night, and bore the sound of battle away from Johnston, so that not until four o'clock did he learn that the fighting was fierce on his right. When the news reached him, however, he was prompt to act upon it. Hurling his troops against the Union line at Fair Oaks he pierced it. Then wheeling to the right, he sent his troops down the "Nine-mile road," to aid Longstreet by taking the Federals at Seven Pines in the flank.

By this time the condition of the Federals begins to appear desperate. Nearly all of the troops south of the Chickahominy have been brought to the scene of battle, but even then they are but eighteen thousand against thirty thousand of the enemy. Bit by bit they have been forced back. First Casey has been driven from his advanced position back to Seven Pines. Then as Smith's troops came pouring down the "Nine-mile road," this position in turn is abandoned

for one some two miles farther back, where Phil. Kearney has fortunately thrown up some breastworks. Here they make a stubborn stand. Again and again the Confederates dash against that dark-blue line, only to fall back shattered like waves against a rocky crag. Up and down the Union lines go the officers, exhorting their men to be firm and cool, to stand their ground doggedly, and see that each shot tells. If that position is lost, the fate of the eighteen thousand men south of the Chickahominy is sealed, and the Peninsular campaign will end in disaster and disgrace to the Federal arms. Let that position be held, and there is still hope for success. It is a desperate chance, but boys in blue are making the best of it.

Meantime, one of Heintzelman's staff-officers is galloping over fields and along muddy roads to find McClellan and tell him of the danger impending to his left. McClellan has heard the firing, but, in the absence of further information, has thought it meant only a skirmish. He has in his camp a balloon intended to meet just such an emergency as this, by taking a signal-officer high in the air to discover what may be going on in the enemy's lines. But to-day the high wind makes balloon observations impossible. Thinking to be on the safe side, however, McClellan sends word to General Sumner to be ready to move his division in case of need.

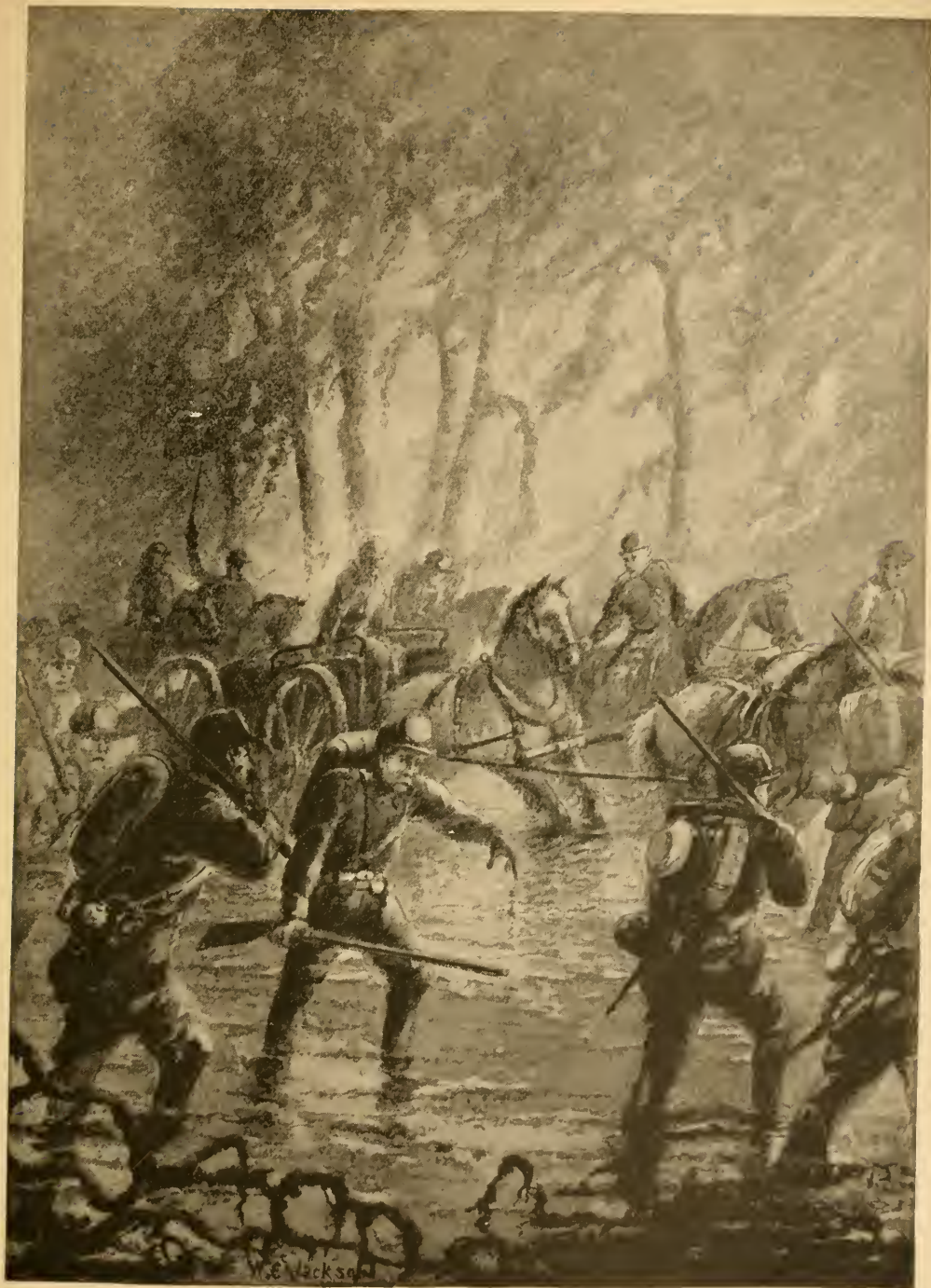
The fate of nearly every battle is decided by the forethought of some officer. Sometimes it is the commanding general of one army or the other. More often it is one of his subordinates. At Seven Pines, General Sumner was the one man to whom the salvation of the Federal army is due. While encamped upon the banks of the Shenandoah, he had observed the habits of that fickle stream, noted that the nearest bridge was far from his position, and had proceeded to build a bridge for his own convenience, and without orders from the commanding officer. Moreover, Sumner was a man accustomed to think for himself. He was somewhat fearful of a Confederate attack upon the dismembered left of the Union army, and so when McClellan's warning order reached him on that last day of May, he so far improved

upon it as to have his men under arms, in line, and ready to move at an hour's notice. He thus saved an hour's time, and that hour saved the army of the Potomac.

Heintzelman's messenger had reached McClellan and told him how sore beset were the troops about Seven Pines. McClellan speedily sent word to Sumner to hasten to their assistance, and at two o'clock his troops began to cross the bridge. For a time it seemed as though the frail structure would not bear the strain of marching troops. The turbid tide of the Chickahominy surged about its piers until they shook in their foundations. The corduroy of logs that formed the approach to the bridge was under water, the flooring of the bridge was afloat, and only kept from drifting down the stream by ropes tied to trees upon the shore. The "Grape-vine Bridge," was what the soldiers called the tottering structure. But frail though it was, it served its purpose.

The bridge once crossed, Sumner's men have a hard task before them. Their way lies through a swamp, thick grown with trees and bushes, their roots bedded in a sticky clay, which clung to the feet of the soldiers and wheels of the cannon, making marching well-nigh impossible. Imbedded to their axles in this mud, many of the guns became immovable. One battery alone made the difficult march successfully. Through mud and stagnant water the soldiers plodded bravely on, and by six o'clock had reached the scene of battle.

Though surprised and sorely disappointed by the appearance of this strong body of fresh troops to aid their enemies, the Confederate troops turned their attention speedily to this new foe. Whiting's brigade charged valiantly upon the new-comers, but was driven back by a tempest of grape-shot from the guns of Kirby's battery, which alone had been freed from the clutches of the swamp. Then General Johnston himself rallied about him the strongest brigade of Smith's division and led it across the open field, up to the very muzzles of the guns that poured out a murderous fire all the time. At Bull Run, Johnston had taken some of Kirby's guns, and the gunners now set their teeth hard, and swore they would die at their posts before their cannon should again



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SUMNER'S MARCH TO SEVEN PINES.

fall into the hands of the Confederate soldier. With fierce energy they loaded and fired their pieces. Before the storm of flying lead and iron horse and man went down. Johnston was hit by a flying bit of shell and fell from his steed. His men saw him fall, and wavered. One more volley, and they broke and fell back from the hard-fought field. The Union infantry dashes out from its sheltered line in the woods. It sweeps down the field upon the retreating Confederates; they give way, and for the first time that day the tide of victory seems to turn toward the side of the Federals.

But by this time night is near. In the gathering darkness it is difficult to tell friend from foe. The battle gradually subsides into a scattering musketry fire at long range, and the tired soldiers throw themselves on the sodden ground to seek a little rest.

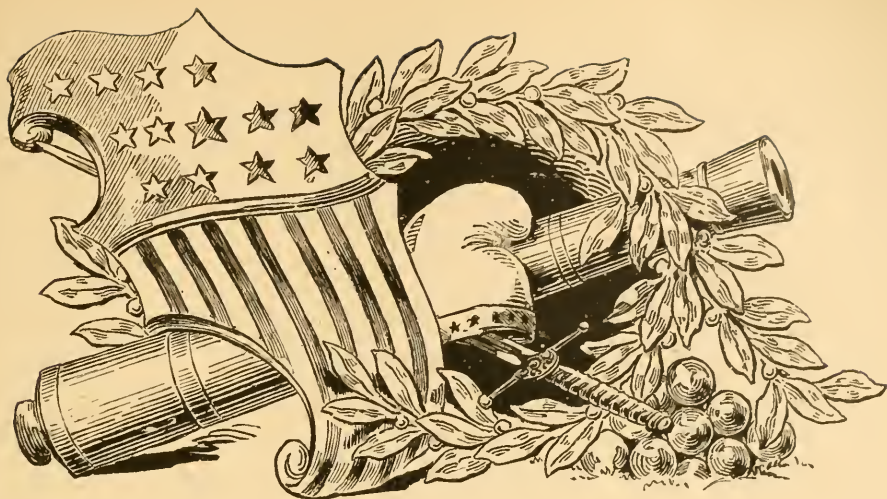
It was an anxious night at the headquarters of each army. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Confederates had been jubilant. They had carried every position assaulted, they had forced the Federals back nearly two miles, they had pierced their enemy's line, and complete success seemed certain. Richmond was ablaze with enthusiasm over the reported victory. But the appearance of Sumner changed all this. How he had crossed the Chickahominy none could tell, but that the rest of McClellan's army might come to the battle-field by the same path was more than possible. Moreover, Johnston's wound had deprived the Southern army of its head. Smith, who succeeded to the command, could by no means replace him. After consultation with the chief officers of the Confederate government in Richmond, it was determined to withdraw the army in the morning.

Nor were the hearts of the officers about the Union camp-fires much lighter. True, they felt the great danger was past, but they had a smarting sense of defeat and disgrace left after the day's fighting. After chasing the enemy to his stronghold at Richmond, it was hardly creditable to the Federal generalship that he should have sallied out and put his pursuers to flight. As for the outcome of the morrow's battle, none could tell what it might be.

All that night a chill rain fell, drenching the weary soldiers on picket duty, or about the camp-fire. All night the rumble of the ambulances in the streets of Richmond told of the deadly havoc of the great battle. The exultation had died away in the city. The people were beginning to suspect that the victory was not so complete as the first reports had announced. And the lists of killed and wounded that began to be made public showed that, even if complete, the victory had been dearly bought.

The story of the second day's battle is quickly told. The Confederates made scarcely any resistance to the Federal advance, and before noon the Stars and Stripes again waved over the positions from which the blue-coats had been driven the day before. Sullenly, and with heavy hearts, the Confederates made their way back to the beleaguered city, from which they had so gayly issued on the day before. The Federals pressed closely on behind them until within four miles of the city. "I have no doubt but we might have gone right into Richmond," said General Heintzelman afterwards, and the other commanders of Union divisions concurred in this opinion.

Thus ended the battle known variously as the battle of Seven Pines or the battle of Fair Oaks. That it had not terminated disastrously to the Union arms was due chiefly to General Sumner's promptitude, and, perhaps, somewhat to General Johnston's wound; for had that officer been on the field upon the second day of battle, the Confederates would have not so tamely retreated. Though in some degree indecisive, the battle was one of the most hotly contested of the whole war. The Union loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine men. The Confederate loss nearly approached eight thousand men. As not more than fifteen thousand men on either side were actually engaged, the loss was somewhat unusual.



CHAPTER XIV.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—HOW JACKSON CHECKED McDOWELL.
 —ASHBY'S EXPLOITS.—EVACUATION OF WINCHESTER.—BATTLE OF KERNTOWN.—
 BATTLE OF McDOWELL.—SURPRISE OF THE FEDERALS AT FRONT ROYAL.—ON THE
 ROAD TO WINCHESTER.—DEATH OF ASHBY.—BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.—
 BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.—END OF THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.



THE analogy of war to a game of chess is often remarked. The "moves" of the pieces in the lesser game are not more arbitrarily defined by the laws of the game than are the movements of armies limited by the character of the country to be traversed, or by the disposition of the enemy's forces. As in chess, so in war, the most efficient method of defending an exposed point is to vigorously threaten some vulnerable and important portion of the enemy's territory. It was by tactics of this kind that Richmond was protected from McClellan's attack. The Union general had led his army to the very gates of the Confederate city, in the expectation that he would be joined by General McDowell, who, with an army of forty thousand men, was at Manassas. But McDowell was

virtually kept a prisoner by Stonewall Jackson, whose rapid movements in the Shenandoah valley fairly mystified the Federal authorities, and led them to believe that if McDowell left his post for a moment, Jackson's "foot cavalry" would appear in the streets of the national capital.

The rich valley of the Shenandoah lies in the western part of Virginia, extending north and south. The mountains of the Blue Ridge separate it from the greater part of the State and from Richmond. At its northern end is Harper's Ferry, the gateway to Maryland and to Washington. A Confederate force in the valley was a constant menace to the national capital, while a Federal force in the same locality gave no alarm to the defenders of Richmond, who, with the detachment of but a small body of troops, could close the few mountain-passes that gave egress from the valley.

The history of military events in the Shenandoah valley almost necessarily takes the form of an account of the military exploits of that remarkable soldier and great leader, "Stonewall" Jackson. It was in the valley that he won his fame as a general, though the name by which his men loved to call him was gained at Bull Run. But from November, 1861, until midsummer of the following year, he led his men up and down the fertile valley, now in dashing advance, again in no less masterly retreat, until the soldiers came to know every stone, or spring, or spreading tree by the wayside.

Though sent to the valley in December, Jackson undertook little in the way of offensive operations until spring. The winter was a bitter one, and the sufferings of the Confederate soldiers were often almost unbearable. One expedition that was undertaken for the purpose of destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad compelled the troops to bivouac several nights in the midst of driving snow and sleet. The soldiers had not yet learned what manner of man their commander was, and many roundly denounced him for undertaking a march at so inclement a season. "One morning," writes General Imboden, of the Confederate army, "some of his men having crawled out from under

their snow-laden blankets, half frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; and, without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and, shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them." It was by thus sharing with the humblest private all the hardships of war that Jackson won the respect of his troops.

The winter was spent by the Confederates in winter quarters at Winchester. But in March the Federals in overwhelming force, led by General Banks, entered the valley and forced Jackson to fall back. The retreat was made with great deliberation, Jackson carrying off with him all his stores, camp equipage, and munitions of war. The rear of the retreating column was covered by the cavalry under command of Colonel Ashby, a dashing trooper, and the hero of many daring exploits during the valley campaign. It is said that on this occasion Ashby sat calmly on his horse watching the Federal troops march into the town. When the head of the hostile column was almost upon him, he waved his sword above his head with a cheer, and dashed off, but found himself confronted by two Union cavalymen who had been sent to cut off his retreat. Galloping fiercely down upon his would-be captors, Ashby sent one to earth with a shot from his pistol, and catching the other by the collar, dragged him from his saddle and carried him off in triumph.

The Confederates retreated down the valley as far as the village of Mount Jackson, some forty-five miles. The main body of the Federals remained at Winchester, but their advance guard proceeded as far as Strasburg, where they went into camp. For about ten days the two armies thus confronted each other, while between the two, Ashby's cavalymen scoured the country, closely observing the movements of the Federals, and now and then cutting off some luckless Union picket who had ventured too far from his lines. On the 21st of March Ashby sent a courier to Jackson with the information that the Federals were falling back from Strasburg. Jackson did not know what this movement

portended, but determined to follow, and immediately upon the receipt of the news led his troops on one of those forced marches which earned them the name of "the foot cavalry." Twenty-six miles the gray-clad soldiers made in that one day's march, and when they threw themselves down about the camp-fires at night, they could hear the din of a lively skirmish between Ashby and the Federal rear-guard.

During the march, Jackson discovered the reason for the Federal retreat. In obedience to an order from Washington, Banks had withdrawn a large part of his army from the valley, leaving Shields alone to confront the Confederates. This greatly reduced the force of the Federals before Jackson, but untrustworthy scouts told him that he had but four regiments to cope with. As a matter of fact, Shields had about seven thousand men left under his command, while Jackson had less than three thousand.

It was in the middle of the afternoon of March 23 that Jackson's advance guard under Ashby came up with the Federal forces at the little hamlet of Kernstown, on the road to Winchester. The Confederates were worn out by a long and rapid march. In thirty-six hours they had passed over a distance of more than forty miles. "The men were so utterly broken down when they reached the battle-field," declares an eyewitness, "and so footsore and weary, that if they trod on a rock or any irregularity they would stagger." When he saw the condition of his troops, General Jackson at first thought to defer his attack until the next day. But riding forward in front of his lines, he saw that the Federals occupied a position from which they could watch every movement of his troops. Fearing that the delay would give them time to bring up reënforcements, and still believing that he had only four regiments to contend with, he determined to begin the battle at once. The thunder of his batteries and the advance of his skirmish line gave notice of his intentions to the Federals, who responded with promptitude.

It was early spring-time, and the farmers in that fertile valley had been at work with plough and harrow preparing the fields for seeding. Two such ploughed fields divided by a stone wall became the scene of battle.

The lines of both armies were formed in protecting patches of woods; between them lay the ploughed ground, with the stone wall in the middle lying parallel to the hostile lines. It became evident early in the action that the Federals were trying to turn the left flank of their foes, so that the battle, instead of taking the form of dashing charges and a steady advance, was rather in the form of a slow drifting of both lines to the westward,—the Federals trying to get beyond Jackson's flank, and the Confederates rapidly sending troops in that direction to confront them. Meantime the cannon and the musketry roared in a tremendous chorus. "There was an almost continuous roar of musketry," writes Jackson in his official report. "It rose and fell and swelled on the air like some grand infernal organ," writes one of the Union officers. The aim of the Federal cannoneers was deadly, and their fire rapid. Great havoc was made in the Confederate ranks. One Confederate gun was knocked from its carriage by a solid shot. Another was overturned. Both were captured by the Federals. On the Confederate left was a bitter struggle for the possession of the stone wall. Federals and Confederates advanced from the sheltering woods, firing as they charged, each seeking first to gain the coveted coign of vantage. Breaking into a double-quick, the Confederates dashed across the ploughed field, reaching the wall just in time to load and fire a volley point-blank into the breasts of their adversaries. The effect was immediate. The ground before the wall was covered with Union dead. The survivors wavered a moment, then turned and fled, while the Confederates, snugly hidden behind their breastworks, were able to hold their ground without loss.

But at other points upon the battle-field the wearers of the gray were less fortunate. They were outnumbered, and the troops opposed to them were by no means their inferiors in bravery. Often a regiment of Confederates, pursuing a body of Union troops, would come suddenly upon a regiment of blue-coats whose existence had not been suspected. "They seemed to rise out of the earth," said a soldier who followed Jackson on that day. Jackson was everywhere. On his homely old sorrel horse he led several charges, and more than once, by his personal

determination and gallantry, saved his line from giving way. For two hours he holds his ground. The sun has gone down in the west. In the gathering dusk the movements of foes and friends alike are indistinct. Jackson has found out how greatly he has underestimated the Federal strength, and no longer hopes to rout his foes. If he can beat off defeat until the night shall put an end to the battle it is all he can hope for. But even in this he is disappointed. In the centre of his line, where the storm of war was fiercest, he had posted the brigade which had stood with him at Bull Run, when the soldiers cried, "Look at Jackson, standing like a stone wall." Ever since that day the brigade had borne the name of the "Stone-wall Brigade," and where the danger was greatest there was it to be found. So on this day, at Kernstown, it had long withstood the shocks of the Federal charges; but towards night, with ammunition exhausted, and nothing but the bayonet left with which to beat back the assaults of the enemy, it began to fall back. Jackson's quick eye caught sight of the movement, and saw in it impending defeat. Putting spurs to his horse he galloped to the spot.

"Hold your ground, men! Who ordered this retreat?" he cried. Then seeing that in the din of battle his voice was not heard, he caught a drummer-boy by the shoulder and dragged him to a hillock in full view of the troops.

"Beat the rally!"

The order was quick and stern. The drummer, frightened as much to find himself in "Old Jack's" grasp as by the storm of balls that whistled by his ears, plied his sticks with a will. The roll of the drum rose above the noise of battle. The retreating soldiers looked up and saw Jackson beckoning them forward. With cheers they responded to the call, and soon something like order was restored in their ranks.

But it was too late to save the day. The Federals had noted the signs of weakness in the enemy's ranks. With renewed spirit they pressed forward on all sides. The Confederate centre was pierced, the left flank turned, the right weakening. The day was lost, and the one course left for Jackson was to make his retreat orderly and not a rout.



As his men had not lost their spirit nor their obedience to discipline, this was an easy task. "Such was their gallantry and high state of discipline," wrote General Shields in his report to the Union war-authorities, "that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic." And another Union officer says: "Many of the brave Virginians who had so often followed their standards to victory lingered in the rear of their retreating comrades, loading as they slowly retired, and rallying in squads in every ravine and behind every hill, or hiding singly behind the trees. They continued to make it very hot for our men in the advance."

Night put an end to the pursuit. Though the weary Confederates continued their toilsome march down the valley to the southward their ranks were sorely shattered, for the battle, though short, had been sanguinary. Of the three thousand men or less who went into the fight on the Confederate side, seven hundred and eighteen had been numbered among the killed, wounded, or missing. The Union loss was five hundred and ninety. But, though defeated and driven from the field, Jackson had accomplished his great object. He had given the Federals a touch of his mettle; they found him dangerous; and the portion of Banks' army which had been sent beyond the Blue Ridge to join McDowell and move upon Richmond was hastily recalled to the Shenandoah valley, and thus one danger which threatened the capital of the Confederacy was removed.

For more than a month the two armies moved slowly along down the Shenandoah valley, Jackson in retreat, Banks following him closely, but not attempting to overtake him or bring on a general battle. Ashby, with his artillery and cavalry, brought up the Confederate rear, and was engaged in an almost continuous skirmish with the Federal van. At one point the valley turnpike crosses the north fork of the Shenandoah river, which is there both wide and deep. A wooden bridge spanned the stream, and to Ashby fell the duty of burning it when the Confederate troops should have crossed in safety. The Federals well understood the importance of saving the bridge. The stream was swollen by recent

rains, and unfordable, so their van pushed on to drive Ashby away before his work could be completed. In this the pursuers were successful. The timbers of the structure were wet and slow to take fire, and while Ashby and his men were still on the structure, plying the axe and the torch, two squadrons of blue-clad cavalymen came plunging down the bank and dashed on to the bridge into the midst of the smoke and flame. Though the Confederates upon the river's bank turned their guns on the bridge, the new-comers dismounted, brought water in their hats, and soon extinguished the little fire that the Confederates had been able to kindle. Then they mounted again and set out in pursuit of Ashby's men, who had fled, leaving their leader standing on the bank. Ashby saw his danger, and sprang to his horse. The first files of the Federal cavalry were almost upon him as he swung himself into the saddle. At the touch of the spurs Ashby's magnificent white steed sprang forward. His hoofs resounded on the hard, smooth turnpike. After him galloped the blue-coats, keeping up a constant fusilade with carbines and revolvers. They knew not who their flying foe might be; but his bearing, as much as his uniform, convinced them that he was an officer of high rank in the Confederate service. For two miles the chase was kept up, then Ashby saw a little way before him his men drawn up at a bend in the road. Looking over his shoulder he found that all his pursuers had abandoned the chase save two, and these he determined to meet. Quickly wheeling his horse, he drew his sabre, and stood ready for the cavalymen, who came rushing forward with swords uplifted. The first was run through the body by the Confederate trooper's steel, and the second, at the moment when his sword was about to fall on Ashby's head, was shot through the body by one of Ashby's men.

Though Ashby escaped, the Federals had the bridge, and their pursuit of Jackson slackened not at all until he found a strong position at the southern end of the valley, and turned to confront them. Then for a time the two armies lay idle. Jackson was reënforced from Richmond, and early in May was ready to take the field against the enemy. Then, to the astonishment of his men, the consternation of the inhabitants of

the valley, and the joy of the Federals, he abandoned the Shenandoah valley, and led his troops to the eastward of the Blue Ridge. The news of Jackson's flight spread fast. The Union commanders sent congratulatory telegrams to Washington, and began to put their troops in motion; and while they were thus fancying themselves secure from further molestation, Jackson, with all his troops, was speeding back to the valley as fast as locomotives could drag him. His retreat had been but a ruse to throw the enemy off his guard. At Staunton the Confederate troops left the cars. Here they were joined by the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, — smooth-faced young striplings, who were all enthusiasm at the prospect of following Stonewall Jackson into battle.

The enemy whom Jackson sought was at McDowell, a few miles west of Staunton. Here were about two thousand five hundred Union troops, in command of General Schenck. To attack this force Jackson pushed on hastily from Staunton, sending a force of cavalry ahead to catch and stop any travellers who might give warning to the Federals of his approach. In this, however, he failed, and the Union scouts kept their general well informed of the enemy's approach.

On the 8th of May the hostile armies met. Though outnumbered, the Federal forces showed great gallantry and took the offensive in the battle. Four hours they fought bravely to drive the Confederates from a commanding position they had taken, but to no avail. The shades of evening put an end to the struggle just in time to save the Union force from going to pieces. Under cover of the night Schenck retreated to the westward, whither he was followed next morning by Jackson.

But the Confederates did not continue long in pursuit. Abandoning his operations against Schenck almost as suddenly as he had begun them, Jackson returned to the valley. His object now was to unite with Ewell and crush Banks, who was at Strasburg. For this purpose he made a series of forced marches, often making thirty miles in twenty-four hours. When the order to halt came, his soldiers would be seen throwing themselves at full length upon the ground, half dead with

exhaustion. Yet, though he gave them plenty of marching and plenty of fighting, the members of the "foot cavalry" idolized their commander. The sight of his old gray jacket and faded fatigue-cap was enough to set them madly cheering. They had countless jokes and by-words referring to his peculiarities.

"Why is old Jack, a greater general than Moses?" was one of the queries with which a new-comer in camp was sure to be greeted, and when he had confessed ignorance he was gravely informed, —

"Because it took Moses forty years to lead the children of Israel through the desert, while old Jack, would have double-quickened them through in three days."

On the 23d of May a large detachment of Union troops in camp at Front Royal was suddenly aroused from fancied security by the thunder of Jackson's cannon. Panic seized upon the camp. No one had any idea that Jackson was within a hundred miles of the post. The camp and town were evacuated without resistance; but while the Confederates were plundering the camp — where they found five hundred revolvers and a vast quantity of provisions — the Federals took up a strong position beyond the town and prepared to give battle. Learning this, the Confederates dashed through the town on the double-quick, and reached the Shenandoah river opposite the position held by the Federals. Two bridges spanned the stream, — a wagon bridge and an unfloored railway bridge; the latter was somewhat shielded from the Federal batteries, and one regiment of Confederate troops crossed it, stepping from tie to tie under a severe fire of musketry. More than one man fell between the ties, to disappear in the dark waters beneath. The river once crossed, however, the Confederates, being in overpowering numbers, stormed the Federal position and carried all before them.

Then on marched the Confederate army towards Winchester. Banks was urging his column forward to reach the same point, and reach it before his Confederate foes could get there. It became a race, with two huge armies as the contestants.

At Middletown the roads by which the two armies were marching

meet. Jackson himself rode at the head of his troops, and, coming to the crest of a lofty hill, saw spread out before him a broad and fertile valley. Down the middle of the valley ran a road, and along that road a long column of white-topped wagons, rumbling artillery trains, ambulances, and bodies of cavalry and infantry was slowly moving. It was the army of Banks, and Jackson had arrived just in time to take it in flank. Hastily the artillery was brought into position, and opened a deadly fire on the hostile army. The cavalry dashed forward to cut off the enemy's retreat. The shells from the cannon planted on the hills created the direst consternation in the Union ranks. "The turnpike," says Jackson, in his report, "which had just before teemed with life, presented a most appalling spectacle of carnage and destruction. The road was literally obstructed with the mangled and confused mass of struggling and dying horses and riders."

It was but the rear of Banks's army that Jackson had thus intercepted. The main body of the army had long before passed Middletown on the way to Winchester. As far as the eye could see along the road extended the wagon trains which brought up the rear of the army. To capture these was the task of Ashby, and with his cavalry and two batteries of artillery he set out in hot pursuit. The teamsters strained every nerve to take their wagons out of danger. Freight was thrown out to lighten the load. The road was strewn with guns, knapsacks, oil-cloths, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, small-arms, broken-down wagons, and dead horses. It was like the scene at the retreat from Bull Run. Ashby's batteries would gallop up within a short range of the retreating trains, unlimber, pound away at them until they were out of range, limber up again, and gallop like mad until once more within range. A shell striking a wagon would overturn it, and the road would be at once hopelessly blocked for everything in the rear. Before the wreck could be cleared away the Confederate troopers would be on the ground, and the teamsters would be made prisoners. Before that day's work was done the Federals had lost a vast quantity of wagons, teams, camp equipage, and ammunition, nine thousand stand of arms, and three thousand and fifty prisoners.

The main body of Jackson's troops pressed rapidly along the road in pursuit of the enemy. Hundreds of abandoned wagons, filled with provisions, sometimes overturned or burning, were passed; but the troops had no time to stop and feast upon their contents. On through Middletown and through Newtown the long gray column took its way. The people of the vicinity were loud in their expressions of friendship for the Confederates. "They seemed ready to embrace every soldier," said one of the command; "and so it was all along the road, bringing to them and forcing on the half-starved fellows, as they swept by in pursuit of the enemy, pies, bread, pickles, meat, and everything they could raise."

At Newtown a small force of Federals attempted to check the advancing column, but was quickly swept out of the path. Near the old battle-field of Kernstown, where Jackson had been defeated earlier in the spring, another skirmish took place; but though the Federals, by the aid of an ambuscade, inflicted some loss upon their adversaries, the advance of the pursuing column was not checked. Not until Winchester was reached did the Confederates find any serious obstacle in their path.

At Winchester the contest was sharp and short. At daylight of the 25th of May the Confederates left their camp and began the assault. The Federals held a strong position on a lofty hill that completely commanded the city; to drive them from this position was the first task of the Confederates, and it was quickly accomplished. Then the Federals, seeing the importance of the position they had lost, set about retaking it. Two Union batteries secured good positions and began to pound away at Jackson's line, while a regiment of sharp-shooters found shelter behind a stone wall, and with unerring aim began picking off Jackson's cannoneers. One of the Confederate batteries was driven back by the persistent fire of the sharp-shooters, who shot down the horses and the gunners almost as fast as they were exposed. The artillery-men turned their guns on the stone wall, and with solid shot made the stones fly; but the sharp-shooters still held their ground, and made the vicinity one of extreme peril for the men in gray.

Finding that the Confederates were not to be driven away by

artillery fire alone, the Federals massed their troops for an assault. Jackson prepared to meet them half-way. When the shock came, the superiority of the Confederates was only too apparent, and the Federals did not renew the attack. General Banks, who had already concluded that he was hopelessly outnumbered, gave the order to retreat. The line of retreat lay through the streets of the town of Winchester, and the people were not chary of showing their hatred for the blue-coats. "My retreating columns," said Banks, in his report, "suffered serious loss in the streets of Winchester. Males and females vied with each other in increasing the number of their victims by firing from the houses, throwing hand-grenades, hot water, and missiles of every description." Once out of the streets of Winchester the weary soldiers pressed on to the northward, scarcely halting until they reached the bank of the Potomac river.

Jackson had not time to reap the full fruits of his victory. Though his advance followed Banks's retreating troops to the Potomac, threatened Harper's Ferry, and created a panic in Washington, he had to speedily recall the pursuers and fly for dear life toward the southern end of the valley. Fremont, with some twelve thousand men, was at Franklin, west of the valley. Shields, with nine thousand men, was with McDowell at Manassas, getting ready to move against Richmond. Hasty telegrams from Washington ordered both of these generals to get their troops in motion, make all possible speed to the valley, and, if possible, cut off Jackson's retreat. This was a bitter disappointment to Shields and McDowell, for they had expected to join McClellan in a triumphant assault upon Richmond. "It is a crushing blow to us all," wrote McDowell, upon the receipt of the order. Nevertheless, the order was obeyed, and with promptitude. Shields and Fremont marched rapidly towards the valley, climbing mountain ranges and trudging over muddy roads through five days of continued drenching rains. But they reached the valley just too late to cut off the Confederates, though so narrow was Jackson's escape that the vanguard of Fremont's army reached the crest of the hills about Strasburg in time to see the long

train of wagons that brought up the Confederate rear toiling along the road leading out of the village. A slight skirmish followed, but the Confederate army reached Harrisonburg without a serious conflict.

But, though Harrisonburg was reached in safety, Jackson's army was yet by no means out of danger. Fremont pressed close upon the rear, and Ashby's men were kept busy in keeping his van back. Shields was marching up the eastern side of the valley in a line almost parallel with the Confederates, but unable to attack them because the Shenandoah, swollen by heavy rains, separated them, and Jackson had burned the bridges. The time had now come, however, when Jackson, to save his army, must leave the valley, and move toward Richmond. To do this he had to cross the Shenandoah at Port Republic, but before crossing he was forced to turn and give battle to Fremont.

On the 6th of June, while the Confederates were moving towards Port Republic, their rear was greatly harassed by a series of attacks by the Federal cavalry. Though beaten off time and again,—once with the loss of a prominent officer, Col. Percy Wyndham, who was captured,—the Federals returned doggedly to the attack, and the whole rear of the retreating Confederate column was in danger of being demoralized. A considerable force of Confederates, therefore, turned about to attack the pursuers, but met with disaster. The Federals, it is true, were driven back; but Ashby, the dashing leader, was shot down. He was leading a charge when his horse was shot beneath him. Springing to his feet, he shouted to his men, who showed some signs of wavering:—

“Virginians, charge! Don't fire; give them the bayonet!”

Even as he spoke a rifle-ball struck him full in the breast, and he fell dead, while his men rushed past him to victory.

Ashby was the beau ideal of a dashing cavalier. He seemed to have no dread of death; he positively courted danger. At Bolivar Heights, when his cannoneers were shot down, and the enemy with triumphant shouts were rushing forward to capture his guns, he sprang

from his horse, and with his own hands wielded the sponge-staff, and loaded and fired the guns until the foe were driven back. At Boteler's Mill, when the singing of the bullets made his men uneasy, he rode his white horse to the most exposed point, and stood there immovable, a model for them to copy. On the banks of the Potomac, with eleven men he charged a company of one hundred, in a vain attempt to rescue his brother, who was killed before his very eyes.

The day after Ashby's death Jackson determined to move forward with the main body of his troops, attack Shields at Port Republic, and then return and finish with Fremont. His own army was greater than either one of the Union armies, but smaller than the two together; hence it was necessary for him to defeat any effort they might make to form a junction. Accordingly he left Ewell's division to keep a watch upon Fremont, while he, with the greater part of his army, moved forward to confront Shields.

The Federals, however, had moved with more speed than Jackson had expected, and the Confederate general reached the town only to find that the Federals would certainly occupy it before he could bring up his troops to defend it. Indeed, so rapid was the advance of Shields's column that Jackson himself came near being cut off by it from his troops and captured. He had crossed to the south side of the Shenandoah, leaving his troops on the north side, and with a few staff officers was riding about the country, noting the positions, when there dashed forward a Federal battery, which wheeled and went into battery at the head of the bridge by which Jackson was to recross the stream. Jackson's nerve and presence of mind did not desert him in this trying emergency. Riding quietly towards the bridge, he rose in his stirrups, and called sternly to the Federal officer:—

"Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!"

His manner convinced the Federal artillery-man that he was a Union officer of high standing, and, saluting with due deference, the commander of the battery ordered his guns limbered up. The instant

the guns were unfit for immediate use Jackson put spurs to his horse, and galloped across the bridge. The startled Federals hastily unlimbered and sent three shots after him. It was too late. In their haste the gunners aimed too high, and Jackson and his staff reached their camp in safety.

Nothing more than a sharp skirmish followed the appearance of the Federals before Port Republic that day; but while the skirmish was going on the thunder of Ewell's guns in his rear told Jackson that Fremont had come up in force, and that Ewell was giving him battle.

Ewell had about five thousand men posted on the crest of a bridge that crossed the road, near a tavern whose sign-board bore the device of two crossed keys; hence the locality went by the name of "Cross Keys." Heavy woods covered the dispositions of the troops. In front were broad expanses of open fields, across which an advancing enemy would have to charge in the face of a destructive artillery fire.

It was at sunrise of June 8 that Fremont's skirmishers advanced to the attack. Ewell was ready for the fray, but for some time the battle lagged. Jackson had ordered the Confederates to remain on the defensive; and the Federals showed little inclination to charge across the open field, swept by the bullets from the riflemen in the forest on the crest of the hill above. So for a great part of the day the battle was a mere artillery duel. Towards night, however, Fremont discovered that he had not Jackson's entire army to cope with, but only a small division, and his attack became more vigorous. Twice the Federals charged gallantly upon the Confederate left; but the Confederates, by holding their fire until the assailants were within a few paces, did such deadly work with their rapid volleys that the blue-clad lines fairly melted away, leaving the ground in the Confederate front covered thick with the dead and dying.

Until nightfall the battle raged, then Fremont withdrew, and Ewell's men remained in possession of the field. The Federal loss

was 125 killed and 500 wounded, while the Confederates had lost 287 men.

At early dawn next morning Ewell's troops were put in motion and marched to join Jackson at Port Republic. One brigade was left behind to detain the enemy until after Jackson should have finished with Shields.

It was a little after sunrise that the battle of Port Republic began. Shields had taken a strong position, his right flank resting upon the river, which at that point is so deep and edged with such impassable thickets as to completely prevent the passage of troops. His left flank rested on a wooded ridge, and here, and at other places along the line where slight elevations offered advantageous points for artillery, heavy batteries were posted. In front of the Union line of battle extended a broad field of waving grain. Thus strongly posted, Shields awaited the attack.

The "Stonewall Brigade" led in the assault. Proudly, with gleaming bayonets, marching under the flag of Virginia, with its brigade commander, General Winder, and General Jackson riding side by side, it advanced. The enemy's pickets were met and driven in; but a few yards' further advance brought the Virginians in range of the Union batteries. The plateau across which the Confederates had to advance was swept with grape-shot and bursting shells. The men recoiled from the task. The Confederate artillery was brought up and turned against the Union batteries; but the latter were equipped with rifled-cannon, and were beyond the range of the Confederate smooth-bores. Winder saw that the artillery duel was going against him and ordered a charge. Gallantly the Virginians pressed forward across an unsheltered field, and into the teeth of a murderous fire of shell, canister, and small-arms. Great gaps appeared in the lines. Men dropped on every side. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the advancing line first slackened its pace, then stood still, and then drifted back, a disorganized, broken rabble, to seek shelter in the woods. Then, in their turn, the Federals advanced. Infantry and

artillery came forward on the run. The Confederates, disheartened by their reverses, were retreating, when Jackson came galloping to the scene.

"The Stonewall Brigade never retreats!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

The sight of their leader and the sound of his voice checked the growing panic in the Confederate ranks. Gallantly they held their ground. In a moment reënforcements came. Gen. Dick Taylor's brigade of Louisianians came bursting through the woods. Jackson rode up to Taylor and pointed out the Union battery, which was again belching forth shot and shell.

"Can you take that battery?" said he; "it must be taken!"

Taylor wheeled his horse and galloped to the centre of his line.

"Louisianians!" he shouted, "can you take that battery?"

A cheer was the response, and putting himself at the head of his column Taylor led the way. The ground was rugged and much obstructed by logs and stumps. All semblance of alignment was lost. Every man knew the point to be reached, and each strove to get there, giving little thought to his neighbor. The Federals loaded and fired with wonderful speed and with frightful accuracy. Men were mowed down like grass. "They advanced," said an eye-witness, "in the midst of one incessant storm of grape, canister, and shell, literally covering the valley." At last the crest of the hill is reached. One more deadly discharge bursts from the smoking muzzles of the Federal guns, then the gunners, seeing the enemy's advance still unchecked, turned despairingly to flee. With loud cheers the Confederates rushed upon them. Their bayonets made havoc among the escaping Federals. The captured guns were turned on their former owners. The Federal retreat fast became a rout.

"Jackson came up with intense light in his eyes," writes General Taylor, "grasped my hand, and said the brigade should have the captured battery. I thought the men would go mad with cheering especially the Irishmen. A huge fellow, with one eye closed and half

his whiskers burned with powder, was riding cock-horse on a gun, and catching my attention yelled out, 'We told you to bet on your boys.'"

Upon the possession of this battery and the ground on which it was posted determined the outcome of the battle. Jackson had seen this when he ordered Taylor to make the desperate charge. The Federals saw it now, and immediately prepared to win back again the vantage ground they had lost. Heavy reënforcements were hurried to the spot. Fresh troops took the place of those that had suffered in the sharp struggle for the hill; a charge was made and the guns recaptured. But, before the Federals had fairly taken possession of the battery, the Confederates charged again and regained the lost ground. So the battery was twice won and lost; and when at last the struggle was ended the Federals had recaptured one of their guns, while the rest, with the battle-ground, remained in possession of the Confederates.

So fierce and bitter was the fighting about this battery that gradually both commanders withdrew all their men from the other parts of the field and concentrated them there. But, though the utmost gallantry was shown on both sides, the superior numbers of the Confederates soon decided the contest. They outnumbered the Federals three to one, and so soon as all were brought into effective use the Federal resistance was crushed, and Shields had naught left him but retreat. This he did in fairly good order. Just as the fate of the battle was decided, Fremont came up from Cross Keys in hot haste, with reënforcements that might have turned the scale had he been able to take his troops into action. But Jackson's rear-guard had burned the bridges across the Shenandoah, and Fremont suffered the experience of seeing Shields's army cut to pieces before his very eyes, while he was unable to lend his brother officer the slightest aid.

The battle of Port Republic was one of the most hotly contested of the war. In it the Federals lost one thousand and two men, and the Confederates six hundred and fifty-seven. Great gallantry was shown by the soldiers of both armies, and the victory of the Con-

federates was due largely, if not wholly, to the comparative weakness of the force opposed to them.

With this battle ends the narrative of Jackson's Valley campaign. Upon it rests largely his fame as a soldier and a general. His rapid marches, his quick decisions, his prompt acceptance of dangerous chances, his quick comprehension of what his enemy's tactics were likely to be, are apparent throughout. And, if not methods but results are to be considered in judging the value of his work, let it be remembered that he was sent to the valley solely in order to keep McDowell from moving on Richmond. Had he accomplished this task, and lost his own army, his success would have been applauded. As it was, he accomplished the task, saved his own army by the two victories at Cross Keys and Port Republic, and took that army to Richmond to aid in beating off the foe that was already at the gates of the Confederate capital.





CHAPTER XV.

THE SEVEN DAYS BEFORE RICHMOND. — BATTLE OF ELLISON'S MILLS. — BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. — BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION. — BATTLE OF GLENDALE. — BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL. — MCCLELLAN'S FINAL RETREAT. — CLOSE OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. — THE END.

AFTER the battle of Fair Oaks, McClellan's army rested quietly in the camps about Richmond for thirty days. The time was spent by the soldiers in building roads and bridges, cutting down trees, and throwing up entrenchments. McClellan himself spent much of the time in begging the Washington authorities for reënforcements.

The Confederates were well content with the prolonged inactivity of the Union army. They had suffered severely in the battles at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. Richmond was a great hospital. The delay of the Federals in resuming offensive operations gave them time to heal their wounded and to fill their shattered brigades with fresh troops from the South and West.

General Johnston, who had commanded at Seven Pines, had been

seriously wounded in that action, and in his place Jefferson Davis appointed Robert E. Lee commander of the Confederate army. Though to-day we cannot but believe that the cause to which Lee devoted his later years was eternally wrong, Lee himself must ever stand out upon the pages of history as one of the truly great Americans. A Virginian by birth, he was a connection of the great Washington, in whose armies his father had served during the Revolution. He had been educated to the profession of the soldier at West Point, and had served with credit in Mexico. When the war broke out, no officer in the United States army had such fair prospects. A special *protégé* of General Scott, he had been made a colonel in March, 1861, at the veteran's request. But when the Southern States began to threaten to leave the Union Lee felt himself sorely tried. He loved the Union. He loved the starry flag under which he had so often fought, the blue uniform he had so long worn. But dearer to him than the Union was Virginia. There lay his family estates. There was Arlington, with its hospitable verandas and its spacious lawns. From the earliest history of the State the Lees had been the foremost family of Virginia. Their history and the history of the Commonwealth were one. And so when the moment came when he must decide whether to abide with the Union, or to go with his State, Lee sent his resignation to Washington, and tendered his sword to the Governor of Virginia.

Having taken command of the Confederate forces, Lee laid his plans to assume the offensive. The Federal army was still divided by the treacherous Chickahominy. More than that, the Federal lines were stretched out for nearly twenty miles. Lee promptly determined to send for Jackson, and, with his army thus augmented, to attack the Federals and drive them from Richmond.

His first act was to conceal his purpose from the enemy. Two brigades were taken from the trenches and sent ostensibly to the Shenandoah valley to reënforce Jackson. The trains carrying the troops were blocked all day at Belle Isle, where were thousands of Federal prisoners who were to be exchanged and sent North the next day. How the

Richmond newspapers did storm about this blunder! They declared that now the news that Jackson was to be reënforced would be known immediately in Washington; that the Federals would send more troops with all speed to the valley; that any cause was doomed that was served by such careless and incompetent generals. All of which General Lee read with much satisfaction, and took pains to see that plenty of the newspapers found their way through the lines and into the Federal camp. Meantime the troops which had caused all this controversy were marching and countermarching in the Confederate country a few miles from Richmond, and made no move towards joining Jackson in the Shenandoah valley.

Jackson, meantime, had received his orders to take his army to Richmond, and, like Lee, was trying to throw dust in the eyes of the Federals. His first act was to order his engineers to prepare a series of maps of the valley. The news of this soon got out, and every one thought that Jackson was going down the valley again after Fremont. His next move was more wily still.

After the battle of Port Republic the Federals left a large number of wounded at Harrisonburg. Several Federal surgeons, with a train of twenty-five or thirty ambulances, were sent back after the wounded; but Colonel Munford, the officer in command of the Confederates, who had taken possession of the place, refused to deliver them up until he could hear from Jackson. He promised, however, to send a courier to Jackson at once, and in the mean time gave the surgeons accommodations in a room adjoining his headquarters, and separated therefrom by only a thin partition. After a delay of some hours the surgeons heard the courier coming upstairs with clanking sabre and heavy tread. They eagerly put their ears to the partition.

"Well," said Colonel Munford, "what did General Jackson say?"

"He told me to tell you," answered the courier, in stentorian tones, "that the wounded Yankees are not to be taken away. He is coming right on himself with heavy reënforcements. Whiting's division is up. Hood's is coming. The whole road from here to Staunton

is perfectly lined with troops, and so crowded that I could hardly ride along."

With this important news the Federal surgeons returned to their camp, chuckling over the thought of how they had discovered the enemy's intentions. And that night Fremont fell back and began to entrench in preparation for the attack; while Jackson, for his part, was leading his famous foot cavalry eastward, and had turned his back on Fremont and the Shenandoah valley.

The march was rapid; the men themselves knew not where they were going. Strict orders were issued prohibiting them to ask the people the names of the towns through which they might pass, or tell people whence they had come. To all questions the uniform answer was, "I don't know."

On the 23d of June, about noon, the officers about General Lee's headquarters at Mechanicsville saw a solitary officer on a much-jaded horse come galloping up the road. His clothes were of Confederate gray, ungainly in cut, and covered with dust. A fatigue-cap was perched on his head and drawn down over his eyes. It was Stonewall Jackson, and he had ridden fifty-two miles since one o'clock that morning, leaving his soldiers toiling along the road behind him.

A council of war was held. Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill were present. The commander-in-chief briefly declared it his purpose to attack the Federal right wing, and, telling his four division commanders to arrange the details to suit themselves, left the room. They determined to begin the attack on the morning of the 26th. Jackson was to take the Federals in flank. The others were to move out from Richmond and attack him in front.

When the morning of the 26th arrived Jackson did not appear. The day was clear and bright, and as the Confederate troops from Richmond had assembled about the rendezvous at Mechanicsville, A. P. Hill, after waiting for Jackson until nearly noon, determined to make the attack without more delay. It proved to be a most fatal resolution. The Federal forces before him held an almost impregnable position. In

their front flowed Beaver Dam creek, a sluggish stream about waist-deep, and bordered by swamps and bits of high ground alternately. On the east side of this creek the Federals had a long line of earthworks and rifle-pits. Not one bridge had been left spanning the creek, and along its eastern bank trees had been felled, making the difficult approach to it still more difficult. More than eight thousand men and five strong batteries defended the Union line. A wise commander would have recognized the folly of allowing men to throw their lives away in charging such a position. But A. P. Hill hurled his regiments into the teeth of the Union fire, only to see them decimated by that hail of shot and shell.

The story of the battle of Mechanicsville is soon told. "The enemy had entrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of the creek," writes General D. H. Hill, "and had lined the banks with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain, exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and across an almost impassable stream. The result was, as might have been foreseen, a bloody and disastrous repulse. Nearly every field-officer in the brigade was killed or wounded. It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in rear of Mechanicsville. The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the line of Beaver Dam creek, as in fact it did the next day. We were lavish of blood in those days, and it was thought to be a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or an earthwork lined with infantry."

But though from their snug quarters behind the earthworks the Federal soldiers saw the Confederates fall back, shattered and bleeding, after their gallant but ineffectual assaults upon that impregnable position, the general officers of the Union troops were regarding with some anxiety a dense cloud of dust that could be seen far away in the distance, denoting the approach of some hitherto unsuspected enemy. Could it be Jackson? That was the question which every Federal officer asked himself as he watched the approaching cloud. It was the question which went flashing over the wires to Washington, and was answered by the

military authorities there, that Fremont reported Jackson still in his front in the Shenandoah valley. Only a small division of Jackson's cavalry remained in the valley amusing Fremont; the rest of his army was at that very moment within eight miles of McClellan's lines before Richmond.

While the Federals were awaiting the report of their scouts who had been sent out to discover the meaning of the great clouds of dust, darkness came on and the Confederate attack ceased. The day had been disastrous to the Confederate cause. Hundreds of brave soldiers had thrown away their lives in the impassable morasses of Beaver Dam creek and before the impregnable breastworks of the Federals. Nearly sixteen hundred men were lost by the Confederates, and in exchange for this tremendous deluge of blood they had nothing to show. The battle of Mechanicsville will long be remembered by the wearers of the gray as one of their most desperate and most discouraging battles. With it began that series of sharp and strenuous conflicts, with victory now perching on one side and then upon the other, that determined the fate of McClellan's peninsular campaign, and that is known as the Seven Days' Battles. Mechanicsville was fought on the 26th of June, the battle of Malvern Hill on July 1. In so short a time as this were all the gigantic preparations of the Federals for the capture of Richmond wrecked.

When darkness put an end to the fighting at Beaver Dam creek the Confederates withdrew beyond the range of the Union guns, and made preparations to renew the attack in the morning. About the Federal headquarters all was life and bustle. Scouts were coming in bringing news of Jackson's arrival. Deserters arrived telling of the great preparations the Confederates were making for an attack in force the next day. By one o'clock that night McClellan was so convinced of the seriousness of his position that he ordered the line at Beaver Dam creek abandoned, and a new line formed six miles to the rear. Before sunrise the change was effected, while a battery or two and a handful of skirmishers left in the earthworks kept up a scattering

fire to make the Confederates believe that the whole Federal army still confronted them.

The new line chosen by the Federals was hardly so strong as the position on Beaver Dam creek, but was, nevertheless, a strong position. A shallow, muddy rivulet, Powhite creek, flowed at the base of a semicircular range of hills, upon the crest of which the Federals had thrown up earthworks and built barriers of logs. The artillery in the breastworks could do good service, for the ground in front was clear of trees, and no underbrush was there to protect an advancing foe from the deadly aim of the cannoneers.

Not far from the Union lines stood a large grist-mill, one of the largest and finest in Virginia, and known far and wide as "Gaines's Mill." Still nearer the Union lines was a little settlement called Cool Arbor, known somewhat to Virginians as a summer resort. From each of these places the battle has derived a name, being called in the Union reports as the battle of Gaines's Mill, while the Confederates called it the battle of Cool Arbor.

In command of the Federal forces at Gaines's Mill was Gen. Fitz John Porter. He had before him the task of checking the Confederate advance along the north bank of the Chickahominy until General McClellan should have accomplished the difficult and dangerous feat of transferring his base of supplies from White House, on the Pamunkey river, to a point on James river. How difficult an undertaking this was, may be judged from the fact that over five thousand wagons, loaded with stores of all kinds, and live cattle to the number of two thousand five hundred, had to be taken across the muddy, swampy peninsula. It was, of course, of the first importance that a strong and determined force should stand between this long train of munitions of war, and it was at Gaines's Mill that this check was interposed.

Porter's line at Gaines's Mill was in the form of a semicircle, Morrill's division being on the right, and Sykes's division upon the left. In front of the line was a narrow gully, or ravine, well filled with

sharp-shooters lurking behind trees and rocks. Of the troops that made up Porter's command a great number were regulars, and in the battle which ensued the superiority of these well-drilled soldiers over the ordinary volunteer was made apparent.

Gen. A. P. Hill opened the battle, leading his soldiers with great gallantry against the left of the Federal line. The battle was fought in the woods, the troops manœuvring with difficulty among the countless tree trunks, and the artillery doing as much damage by the splinters struck from the trees by the flying missiles as by the cannonballs themselves. Hill's soldiers had fought the day before in the disastrous battle at Beaver Dam creek, and they had not yet recovered from the fatigue or discouragement of that fatal day. Not the most arduous efforts of their leader could instil into them that enthusiasm and dash by which alone they could hope to drive the Federals from their position. Once, indeed, three Confederate regiments reached the crest of the hill, and for a moment the victory hung wavering in the balance; but the dogged obstinacy and pluck of the Federal regulars, and the rapidity and accuracy with which they served their guns, checked the advance of the assailants, and with a quick charge the Federals regained the ground which they had so nearly lost.

General Longstreet now took up the attack, and when Hill, after an hour or more of inaction, returned to the assault, the battle raged fiercely all along the line. At all points the tide of battle seemed setting against the Confederates. Despite their repeated charges they had wholly failed to pierce the Union line. Their regiments were getting decimated. The afternoon passed rapidly away. Evening was drawing near, and it looked as though the sun would set on a day which should rival the day of the battle at Mechanicsville as a complete and disastrous defeat for the Confederate cause. The ground before the Federal lines was covered with Confederate dead. The field hospitals were crowded with the wounded, and hundreds of poor fellows lay in the woods awaiting assistance.

General Lee had come in person to the field. As he rode through the woods he saw how grave was the situation and how great the danger of defeat. One thing alone can save the day for the Confederates, and that is the arrival of Jackson, with his troops, upon the field before sundown. Suddenly, over on the far left of the Confederate line, arises the noise of artillery; then comes the rattle of small-arms. The noise increases until it becomes evident that a fierce battle is raging in that quarter. The men of Hill's and Longstreet's divisions cheer lustily, and turn with renewed vigor to their work, for they know that Jackson has arrived. General Lee puts spurs to his horse and gallops off in the direction of the cannonading. He meets Jackson at the edge of a wood.

"Ah, General," said Lee, "I am very glad to see you. I hoped to have been with you before."

Jackson acknowledged the salutation with his usual impassive bow. He was mounted on his lean, old sorrel steed. His uniform was dingy and stained with dust. His old fatigue-cap was pulled down over his eyes. In his hand he held a lemon, at which he was sucking, with his whole mind evidently concentrated upon the military problem with which he had to deal.

Lee was trimly, even elegantly, dressed, and acutely alert to all the sounds and signs of battle. The sound of the firing along Jackson's lines seemed to disquiet him, and he said to Jackson:—

"That fire is very heavy. Do you think your men can stand it?"

"They can stand almost anything," was Jackson's response; then, after listening a moment to the noise of battle, he added, "Yes, they can stand that."

Up to the hour of Jackson's arrival the battle had been going against the Confederates. Many of A. P. Hill's soldiers were raw recruits brought up from Georgia and the Gulf States. Before the fire of the Union regulars these men fell into a panic. After Hill had been engaged for two hours with the centre of the Union line he found his troops melting away. "Men were leaving the field in every direction

and in great disorder," said the Confederate General Whiting, in his report. "Two regiments, one from South Carolina and one from Louisiana, were actually marching back from the fire. Men were skulking from the front in a shameful manner." It was at this juncture that Jackson arrived, and by his arrival changed the tide of battle.

The veterans from the Shenandoah valley swung into the Confederate line of battle, between the divisions of A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill. It was the most hazardous spot upon the whole line. Before them stretched a level, open plain, full quarter of a mile wide, and swept by the fire of the enemy's artillery and sharp-shooters. At the edge of this plain rose the sharp declivity called Turkey Hill, sixty feet high and steep of ascent. On the crest of the hill were the Federal batteries. On the slope of the hill, beneath the muzzles of the cannon, were lines of infantry sheltered behind temporary breastworks of logs, fence-rails, and knapsacks.

Against this wall of determined men Jackson hurled his regiments. More than once they advanced across the plain, almost to the foot of Turkey Hill, only to be swept away by the merciless storm of lead and iron from the serrated lines on the hill. Once under the shelter of the woods they would form again, march out once more with cheers and high hopes, only to be again swept back in confusion. And as the battle went on in Jackson's front, so it was going in every part of the field. Everywhere the Federals were holding their ground, and, despite the overpowering numbers of the Confederates, it seemed as though the Union forces would retain possession of the field. Night had almost come, "and," writes General Fitz John Porter, "the result seemed so favorable that I began to cherish the hope that the worst that could happen to us would be a withdrawal after dark, without further injury,—a withdrawal which would be forced upon us by the exhausted condition of our troops, greatly reduced by casualties, without food, and with little ammunition."

But Porter was doomed to disappointment. The sun had sunk in the West, and the shadows had begun to gather, when a suspicious pause

in the Confederate fire, and the appearance of heavy bodies of troops marching through the woods in the direction of Turkey Hill, warned the Federals that a last desperate attempt to pierce their line would be made before nightfall.

It was dusk when the last desperate charge that pierced the Union line was made. General Whiting's division, which held the right of Jackson's line, and was made up largely of Texans, won the honors of the day. Let one of the Texans who joined in that mad rush across the shot-swept plain and up the front of Turkey Hill tell the story:—

"After remaining in the rear, lying down for perhaps half an hour, General Hood came for us, and, moving by the right flank about half a mile, halted us in an open space to the right of some timber, and in rear of an apple orchard. The sight which we here beheld beggars description. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying, while our ranks were broken every instant by flying and panic-stricken soldiers. In front of us was the 'Old 3d Brigade,' who, but a few moments before, had started with cheers to storm the fatal palisade. But the storm of lead and iron was too severe; they wavered for a moment and fell upon the ground. At this instant General Hood, who had in person taken command of our regiment, commanded in his clear, ringing voice: 'Forward, quick, march!' and onward moved the little band of five hundred with the coolness of veterans. Here Colonel Marshall fell dead from his horse, pierced by a minie-ball. Volleys of musketry and showers of grape, canister, and shell ploughed through us, but were only answered by the stern 'Close up—close up to the colors!' and onward we rushed over the dead and dying, without a pause, until within about one hundred yards of the breastworks. We had reached the apex of the hill, and some of the men, seeing the enemy just before them, commenced discharging their pieces. It was at this point that the preceding brigades had halted, and beyond which none had gone in consequence of the terrible concentrated fire of the concealed enemy. At this critical juncture the voice of General Hood was heard above the din of battle: 'Forward, forward! charge right down upon them, and drive them out

with the bayonet!' Fixing bayonets as they moved, they made one grand rush for the fort; down the hill, across the creek and fallen timber, and the next minute saw our battle-flag planted upon the captured breastwork. The enemy, frightened at the rapid approach of pointed steel, rose from behind their defences and started up the hill at full speed. One volley was poured into their backs, and it seemed as if every ball found a victim, so great was the slaughter. Their works were ours, and as our flag moved from the first to the second tier of defences a shout arose from the shattered remnant of that regiment, and which will long be remembered by those that heard it,—a shout which announced that the wall of death was broken, and victory, which for hours had hovered doubtfully over that bloody field, had at length perched upon the battle-flag of the Fourth Texas. Right and left it was taken up and ran along the lines for miles; long after many of those who had started it were in eternity."

Such is the story of the famous charge which, just at the critical moment, pierced the Union line at Gaines's Mill. But what of the blue-coated soldiers who for five long hours had held the crest of the hill against all comers? Their gallantry merits more than a passing word. One single advantage—that of position—they had, but everything else was against them. They were outnumbered nearly two to one by their enemies. They were almost wholly destitute of defences, for the frail structures of rails and knapsacks which they had built were speedily knocked to pieces by the Confederate artillery. Nevertheless they stood their ground gallantly against tremendous odds. When they did retreat it was in good order, with deliberation, and firing at the advancing enemy as they left the field. Said Jackson, in his report, "Although swept from their defences by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and valor, the well-disciplined Federals continued, in retreat, to fight with stubborn resistance." General Whiting said, "The enemy continued to fight in retreat with stubborn resistance, and it soon appeared that we had to do with his best troops." And the French historian, the Comte de Paris, who was present on that bloody day, writes



enthusiastically of the courage of the Union regulars, who, he says, "cared less for the losses they sustained than for the mortification of yielding to volunteers."

One last attempt the Federals made to check the advance of the triumphant Confederates. Five companies of regular cavalry dashed madly against the Confederate line. It was as hopeless and as dashing a charge, almost, as the memorable charge of the Six Hundred at Balaclava. The path the riders had to take lay in such a direction that not only had they to face a withering fire from the Confederates before them, but they received the full force of the Union batteries on the hill. As a result their ranks were cut to pieces. Only one officer who rode in the charge came out alive. Beaten back by the Confederates, the whole troop, with panic-stricken horses, many with empty saddles, went dashing back through the Union lines, spreading panic everywhere. The teams harnessed to the cannon and limbers were stampeded, and in their mad flight spread confusion in the ranks of the retreating soldiery. This unfortunate occurrence finally destroyed all hopes of a rally. The battle was ended, and the Union troops were in full retreat. All that night was spent in getting the shattered army across the Chickahominy.

Few battles of the war were more hotly contested than this fight at Gaines's Mill. The Federals lost in killed, 894; wounded, 3,107; missing, 2,836,—total, 6,837. The loss of the Confederates has never been exactly determined, but was about equal to that of the Federals.

When morning dawned, General Lee saw that the Federals had left his front. He knew nothing of McClellan's intended change of base from the Pamunkey to the James river, and his first act was to send the dashing cavalier, "Jeb" Stuart, with a troop of cavalry, forward to cut the Federal communications with their depot of supplies at White House. Stuart soon discovered that the Federals had already abandoned this line, and when he reached White House he found a scene of wholesale destruction. Here had been a depot of supplies for an army of a hundred and sixty thousand men. Provisions, munitions of war, camp equipage,

everything necessary to provide subsistence for so vast a host, had been gathered at this spot. A great quantity of these supplies had already been moved,—some by means of steamers which were to go down the Pamunkey and York rivers, and come up the James on the other side of the peninsula. While the fighting had been going on at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill, the road which crossed the peninsula in the rear of McClellan's army was thronged with a picturesque procession. First there went a herd of twenty-five hundred head of beef cattle, driven along by cavalry-men, moving slowly, stopping now and then to browse upon the grass by the side of the road, heedless of the thunders of hostile cannon in the distance. Then followed an almost interminable train of white-topped wagons, drawn by obstinate mules, driven by profane teamsters, guarded by soldiers. Through the vast forests of the Virginia peninsula this strange cavalcade wound its way.

But the Federals were unable to remove everything from White House, and to all that was left the torch was set. Stuart found great heaps of provisions, barrels of rice, mountains of flour, and hillocks of hams blazing fiercely. Cannon with the trunnions knocked off, muskets with the stocks smashed, and clothing torn and cut to pieces covered the ground. By sheer hard work the Confederates succeeded in saving several railroad locomotives and about ten thousand stand of small-arms. The rest of the property gathered there, representing an expenditure of more than a million dollars, was wholly destroyed.

When the sun rose upon the scene about the banks of the Chickahominy, on Saturday, June 28, 1862, General McClellan and the army of the Potomac were in full retreat. His course was through the White Oak swamp to Malvern Hill on the James river, where the Union gunboats were waiting to give them aid. The forces McClellan had fought at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill he had left in his rear, on the north side of the Chickahominy river, and as his rear-guard had burned the bridges as they crossed the stream, he was freed from a too close pursuit. But another enemy hung on his flank. General

Magruder, with twenty-five thousand men, had remained on the south side of the Chickahominy during the battles of the two preceding days, and was now in position to deal the retreating Federals a blow. Pressing forward, he came upon them at Allen's farm, and a spirited contest ensued, in which the Confederates were easily worsted. The artillery fire on both sides was terrific, and the Confederates employed among their batteries a new engine of war, in the shape of an iron-clad car mounting one heavy gun, which they pushed along the railroad up to the Federal position. This they called the "land Merrimac," and expected great things of it. There is nothing, however, to show that it ever proved to be remarkably destructive.

Though they had fairly won the battle, the Federal troops (Sumner's division) quickly abandoned the ground at Allen's farm, and retreated to Savage's Station, a few miles beyond. This point had been a supply depot for McClellan's army, and here were collected vast quantities of stores of all kinds. A great hospital, too, was here established, which harbored twenty-five hundred patients; some disabled by wounds, but more by the deadly swamp fever which was making terrible inroads upon McClellan's army.

At Savage's Station the hostile forces again clashed in deadly combat. The Confederates had pressed closely after the Federals, and came near surprising them in their camp. General Sedgwick and General Franklin were riding across the fields to find General Heintzelman, when they suddenly discovered the Confederate advance. "As we rode over the open field," writes Franklin, "we saw a group of men come out of the wood on the north of the railroad, but some distance from the place where we expected to find Heintzelman. I thought they were our men, but General Sedgwick looked at them more closely, stopped, and exclaimed, 'Why, those men are rebels!' We then turned back in as dignified a manner as the circumstances would permit. But we had hardly started when they opened on us with a field-piece, keeping up a lively and uncomfortable fire. A second piece soon joined the first, and they kept up the fire until they were silenced

by our batteries. This ludicrous incident prevented what might have been a disastrous surprise for our whole force."

The Confederates pushed forward their artillery, among it the celebrated railroad battery, and opened fire on the Union lines. The forces engaged were the same that had grappled at Allen's farm the day before. The Confederates did not long rely upon their artillery, which at no time during the war was a match for that of the Federals, but speedily brought up their infantry, and hurled against the Union line. The assault was met by the brigade of General Burns, supported by those of Brooke and Hancock. Throughout the battle, which was bitterly contested, Burns behaved with the utmost gallantry. An eyewitness speaks of him as "with his clothes and hat pierced, and face covered with blood, still rallying and cheering his men." And at one time in the battle, when defeat seemed to have come to the Union troops, when the Confederates were exultant in their prospects of victory, and when two companies of Federals who had long held an exposed position were discouraged, and were about to march off the field, "the general expostulated, entreated, commanded them, all in vain. At length, taking off his torn hat and throwing it down, he besought them not to disgrace themselves and their general. This last appeal was successful. They returned and fought more desperately to wipe out the disgrace of a moment."

After fighting until nightfall, the Confederates sullenly drew off, leaving the Federals in possession of the field.

But, though in itself a victory, the battle at Savage's Station was fought only to cover a retreat. All the time that Sumner's guns were thundering out in front, the work of breaking camp and joining the vast train of wagons moving along to the southward, through the gloomy shades of the White Oak swamp, was going on in his rear. But the camp at Savage's Station contained much that could not be moved. In the tents of the great field hospital were twenty-five hundred sick or wounded soldiers who had to be left to the tender mercies of the enemy. Vast quantities of provisions and ammunition were de-

stroyed. A railroad train was loaded with powder, shells, and explosives of all kinds. An engine, with steam up, was attached to it, the train set on fire, and the throttle of the engine opened. With a roar it dashed off up the track, with the flaming train rumbling behind it, the flames growing fiercer as they were fanned into fury by the rush of the air. A mile or two from the station the railroad crossed the Chickahominy on a trestle-bridge which had already been set afire, and when the train reached the blazing bridge it went through with a crash, to smoulder in the muddy bed of the sluggish creek. Several other locomotives which were at Savage's Station were disposed of in the same way. How great was the destruction of property at this point may be judged from the description given by Mr. Dabney, the biographer of Jackson, of the scenes along the line of the Union retreat. "The whole country was full of deserted plunder," he writes: "army wagons and pontoon trains partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice and hillocks of dressed beef smouldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp-kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine-chests with their drugs stirred into a foul medley, and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and with overcoats torn from the waist up. For weeks afterward agents of our army were busy in gathering in the spoils. Great stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more were destroyed."

Such was the scene that met the eyes of the Confederates when they advanced upon Savage's Station on the morning after the battle. The Federals had withdrawn during the night, though it required an imperative order from McClellan to induce Sumner to leave the field on which he had won a victory. Indeed, the doughty division commander, after the repulse of Magruder, had sent to McClellan for "orders to push the enemy into the Chickahominy." His chief, however, dampened his enthusiasm with a curt reply to the effect that "the rear-guard will follow the retreat of the main body of the army." Sumner was sorely disappointed, and his men were on the verge of mutiny; but the order was

obeyed. One battery, that of Captain Hazzard, was left behind in the retreat. Its commander had no idea that the field would be abandoned, and, wearied with constant marching and fighting, had thrown himself down with his men, among the guns, for a good night's sleep. When morning came all were awakened by the sound of the *reveille* from drums and trumpets in a quarter where all knew no Union troops could be. All sprang to their feet and looked around. Not a blue uniform nor a Federal flag was to be seen. Before them were the Confederates in great numbers, but evidently not suspecting that a Yankee battery was within their very grasp. Quickly hitching up, Captain Hazzard took his battery off the field at a walk, that the suspicions of the enemy might not be aroused. Once out of sight, however, he lashed his horses to a gallop, and reached White Oak bridge just as the rear-guard of the retreating Federal column was about to burn it.

The success of the Federals at Savage's Station insured for them an uninterrupted retreat through the swamp. Part of the Confederate army followed in their rear, while the remainder made a *détour* around the end of the swamp and came down on its south side, to take McClellan in the flank. Two miles south of the edge of the swamp the hostile armies met.

As in the other battles of the bloody Seven Days, the Federals maintained a defensive attitude. They had at one point on their line a hastily constructed breastwork of logs and two log-houses, which gave shelter to riflemen. General McCall's division bore the brunt of the battle, and was gallantly supported by the troops under the command of the gallant Phil. Kearney.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of June 30 that the battle began. The troops of Longstreet and A. P. Hill advanced gallantly to the assault. Longstreet hurled his columns against McCall's Pennsylvanians, but found a veritable stone wall in this brigade, which had come to the peninsula with ten thousand men, lost four thousand, and now contained six thousand soldiers ready to follow their departed comrades, if necessary. Against these grim veterans Longstreet's line was dashed to

pieces. Then the Pennsylvanians in their turn charged, driving the enemy to the woods, where they turned savagely and beat the Yankees back. Scarce half an hour was occupied in this charge and counter-charge; but when the lull came the field was seen to be strewn with the dead and wounded, and each side had taken many prisoners. For a moment there was quiet, then the storm of war burst again. Here, the Confederates took a battery, cutting and shooting down the cannoneers at their guns; but even while they cheered a rush of blue-clad soldiers swept down upon them, drove them back, recaptured the guns, and with them the standard of a Georgia regiment. Two German batteries were forced back a hundred yards. General McCall orders them back to their first position. The gunners go unwillingly, and when the general looks again he sees the guns deserted. The gunners have cut loose the horses and galloped to the rear. The log redoubt has long been abandoned. A flank attack early in the battle drove out its defenders, and their disorderly flight was the one incident of the day which failed to reflect credit upon the Northern troops.

Two hours have passed. The fighting has been desperate. The roar of the artillery and the rattle of the musketry have not ceased for an instant. But still the Federals have held their ground, beating back charge after charge. But now the Confederates nerve themselves for a supreme effort. They throw aside military rules, discard all caution. In a wedge-shaped column, offering the best possible target for artillery, with their arms trailed, they dash forward with fierce and deafening yells. Randol's battery is their object. The gunners stand manfully at their pieces, and load and fire like mad. The shells tear great gaps in the advancing host, but still the foe comes on with irresistible force. Back of Randol's guns is the Fourth Pennsylvania. It pours in its musketry fire. The cannon thunder again. Then, before there is time to reload, the huge mass of shouting, yelling, cursing men sweeps down over guns, gunners, horses, limbers, and all. One company only of the Fourth Regiment holds its ground; the rest are swept away in the vortex. General McCall rides into the thick of the fight to rally and support his men. He

sees a hand-to-hand struggle in which all semblance of military formation is lost. Men fight with bayonets, with clubbed muskets, with sponge-staffs and rammers. Recognizing the hopelessness of all attempts to rally his men, McCall rides out to one side. General Kearney comes up. His division had been tested with just such a charge, but had beaten the Confederates back by sending the artillery to the rear and using musketry. He says to McCall: —

“If you can bring on another line in a few minutes I think we can stop them.”

McCall rides off in a direction in which he thinks he can find some troops. It is growing dark, but he remembers where a part of his division had been stationed, and rides thither, accompanied by two cavalry-men. In the middle of a road in the pine woods he sees some officers about a camp fire.

“What command is this?” he demands.

“General Field’s.”

“General Field! I don’t know him.”

“Perhaps not,” answered the other, who was a Confederate, and quickly took in the situation; “you are evidently in the wrong place.”

McCall wheels his horse and turned to run. A soldier of the Forty-seventh Virginia springs to catch his horse by the bridle, crying, “Not so fast!” The general is a prisoner.

Darkness coming on put an end to the battle. One decided success the Confederates had won in their capture of Randol’s battery; but they had failed in their chief object, which was to sweep aside this detachment of troops and get at the flank of McClellan’s retreating army. Had Stonewall Jackson come up, this purpose might have been accomplished, but all that afternoon he was held in check in the recesses of White Oak swamp by the determined men of McClellan’s rear-guard. And so this battle, called by the Federals the battle of Glendale, was fought without him. It was the last opportunity the Confederates had to crush McClellan’s army, and they failed signally to grasp it. When the sun next arose after the battle of Glendale, the Federal army had

reached the James river, and had established itself in a position from which no force could drive it. How Lee attempted the perilous task, and how complete and crushing was his failure, we shall see.

On the north bank of the James river, two miles from Glendale, rises the acclivity called Malvern Hill. About sixty feet in height, it presented a smooth front to the north, while on the east and west sides it sloped down into meadows or wooded swamps, threaded by deep streams, and impassable for troops in the face of an enemy's fire. On the south side was the deep and swiftly flowing James river. Up the northern front of the hill ran a road, and on either side of this, from the low lands to the very crest, were guns. Hither came all the Federal batteries after their six days' march through swamps and forests. The hill-front fairly bristled with guns, so posted that their muzzles could all be turned upon an enemy trying to scale the hill. The Confederates were to be like the gladiators in a Roman arena, only instead of a thousand cruel eyes glaring down upon them they were to be hemmed in by ten thousand rifles and threescore of cannon. More than one of the lesser officers of the Confederate army, when they heard of the strength of the Federal position, questioned the wisdom of attacking it; but General Lee had driven McClellan from Richmond, he had chased him across the country for six days, and now he was determined to drive him into the James, or force him to surrender. Caution and discretion are no less a part of successful generalship than are daring and determination. It would have been well for Lee had he heeded the dictates of caution when he came upon McClellan's serrated batteries at Malvern Hill.

General Fitz John Porter is in command at Malvern Hill. McClellan has retired to one of the gunboats on the river, and stays there until messengers are sent to tell him that his troops notice his absence from the field and are discouraged by it. Porter, from his position on the crest of a hill, watched the Confederate regiments forming in the woods on the morning of July 1, and wondered if Lee could possibly be intending to tempt fate by trying to storm a position which Nature had

made impregnable. Nevertheless, this was the intention of the Confederate general, and he announced his determination by keeping up a lively cannonade during the forenoon, while preparing his troops for the attack in the afternoon. Of that attack, and the complete victory of the Federals, an eye-witness among the Confederates thus tells the story: —

“General McClellan had prepared, in the language of one of his officers, ‘to clothe the hill in sheets of flame.’ Every ravine swarmed with his thousands, and along the crest of every hill flashed forth his numerous artillery, having for the most part an unbroken play over the ascending slope and across cleared fields of twelve hundred yards in length.

“Notwithstanding the formidable nature of this position it was determined to attack him, and late in the afternoon of Tuesday, July 1, this tremendous contest commenced. Soon Malvern Hill was sheeted with ascending and descending flames of fire. Thirty-seven pieces of artillery, supported at a distance by heavy and more numerous batteries and by his gunboats, kept faithful ward over the enemy’s position, and ploughed through our columns, even before they could see the enemy or deploy into line of battle. Undismayed by the most terrific cannonading of the war, the advance of Magruder’s forces commenced. Onward, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, they pressed forward until within musket-range of the enemy, and then they opened their fire. Whole lines of the enemy fell as they stood, or, attempting retreat, were overtaken by the bullets of our troops, who never veered in their aim or recoiled while the enemy’s infantry remained in range; and when forced back for a time by the avalanche of converging artillery, yet when the infantry of the enemy ventured again beyond their batteries, our lines advanced with shout and bayonet, and drove them back among the reserves and behind the wall of fire which flamed along the mouths of the circling cannon. Thus the contest ebbed and flowed, until night spread its mantle on the battle-field.”

That the Confederates showed magnificent gallantry upon this bloody



day is beyond dispute, and so equally was the fact that they were completely, overwhelmingly, crushingly defeated. By the murderous fire of the batteries upon the hill they were fairly cut to pieces. Some one had blundered in planning the battle, and even while the fight was going on both officers and men recognized the hopelessness of their efforts. "Come on, come on, men!" cried one colonel, leading a desperate charge; "do you want to live forever?" The troops were willing enough to undertake the most perilous feats, and their leaders, from Lee down, were merciless in sending them into the deadly field of carnage. The colonel of a regiment in Jackson's division who had been ordered to storm a Federal battery ventured to protest.

"Did you order me to advance on that field, sir?" he asked of his commander.

"Yes," answered Jackson curtly, his steel-blue eyes flashing with a suggestion of impending wrath.

"Impossible, sir!" exclaimed the officer. "My men will be annihilated! Nothing in the world can live there. They will be annihilated!"

"Sir," answered Jackson steadily, looking the officer full in the face, "I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. You have heard my order,—obey it."

The charge was made, but it was as fruitless as those that had gone before.

Nightfall found the Union troops victorious everywhere. Both in numbers and in position they had greatly the advantage of their foes. The Confederates, despite their desperate charges, had at no time penetrated the Union line; had never even come so close to it as to arouse the anxiety of the Union commanders. When night came McClellan might have concentrated his army and marched straight through the shattered ranks of his foes and on to Richmond. But instead of doing this, what was his action? On the very heels of victory came an order to retreat; to tamely abandon the ground bought with the blood of a thousand gallant soldiers, and fall back

to Harrison's Landing, some distance down the James. To preserve his communications, and to keep under the protection of the gunboats' were the reasons assigned by McClellan for this extraordinary order. His foremost officers were astounded. Fitz John Porter protested warmly. The impetuous Kearney burst out with the indignant assertion: "I, Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for a retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the army and take Richmond; and in full view of all the responsibilities of such a declaration I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason."

Kearney's burning words found many an echo about headquarters, in the camp, and throughout the nation. Nevertheless the retreat was begun that very night, and by daybreak the Confederates were in sole possession of a field on which they had sustained a crushing defeat. By that time General McClellan's army had reached its new camp at Harrison's Landing, where it was destined to remain in shameful inactivity for more than two months.

So ended the famous Peninsular campaign. A more magnificent army than that with which McClellan set out from Fortress Monroe the world has probably never seen. Magnificently disciplined,—for as a disciplinarian its commander has never been excelled,—splendidly equipped from out of the lavish wealth of a great nation, supported by the good wishes and prayers of a great people, the army had set out upon its march. Blunder succeeded blunder. Over-caution was everywhere apparent. Always overestimating the strength of his enemy and underrating his own, McClellan threw away more than one opportunity to take Richmond by mere force of numbers. Outgeneralled by Lee and forced to undertake the perilous expedient of a change of base, he handled his army, during the Seven Days' retreat, with consummate skill. It seems like satire to declare that in all the operations of the Peninsular campaign General McClellan's military genius was shown only in his conduct of the retreat; but such is none the less the fact. In convoying his vast wagon trains, loaded with provisions, across the

swampy peninsula, and all the time beating back the attacks of an army of determined men almost the equal of his own in numbers, he accomplished a feat hardly paralleled in military annals. Losing in all 15,249 men, he inflicted upon the enemy a loss full 2,000 men greater. But when the decisive victory of Malvern Hill gave him an opportunity to drop the defensive and assume the offensive, to abandon the retreat and begin an advance, to throw aside all fear for his own safety and threaten the enemy's capital, he was found wanting. There come in the careers of all men critical moments. Grant's was at Donelson. He grappled with a momentary reverse and overcame it. McClellan's fate came to him at Malvern Hill, and the history of his decline in military prestige dates from his unnecessary and untimely retreat from that hard-won field.

With the termination of the Peninsular campaign ends that part of the Civil War which I have made the subject of this volume. We have seen how the war spirit grew, and plunged the nation into a fratricidal strife. We have seen the confidence with which the South entered upon the war, and the early victories of the Southern soldiers followed speedily by serious reverses. How both factions for a time hesitated to enter upon a war of invasion, and how the Federals first moved bravely into the territory of the seceded States, invading Virginia, Tennessee, and Louisiana, has been told in this volume.

In a succeeding work the present author will describe the events of the second period of the war. Rallying for a supreme effort, the Confederates drove the Federals from their territory, and followed them into the States which had always remained loyal, or had come back into the Union. Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were thus invaded, and for a time the people of the North had the war at their

very gates. But the invaders were beaten back, and a summary of the events of the second period shows that marked and decided progress was made toward the reëstablishment of the authority of the Federal government in all parts of that country which to-day reverences and glories in the flag of our reunited nation.





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